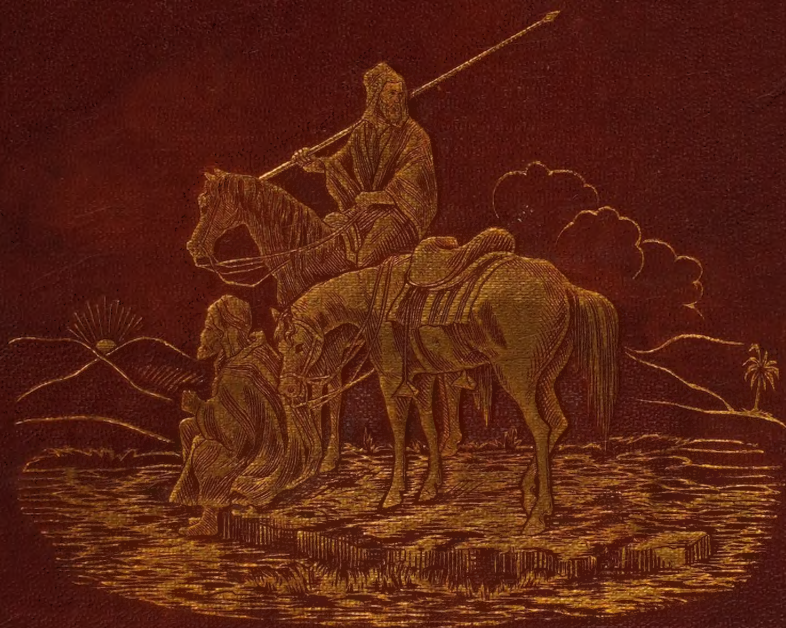
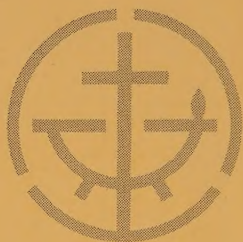


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THE LORD'S LAND:

A NARRATIVE OF

TRAVELS IN SINAI, ARABIA PETRÆA, AND PALESTINE,
FROM THE RED SEA TO THE ENTERING
IN OF HAMATH.

BY HENRY B. RIDGAWAY, D.D.

111

They shall not dwell in the LORD'S LAND.—Hosea ix, 8.
The Land is MINE.—Lev. xvi, 23.

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INTRODUCTION.

THE veneration which is felt in the hearts of all Christians for the soil which was pressed by the feet of patriarchs, prophets, and apostles, and above all, by the feet of Jesus himself, must always lend a certain charm to every line of pen or pencil which helps to make it more real to the mind. As a subject of description, in the various ways which the tastes of different observers may lead them to adopt, whether of scientific exactness or cursory delineation, it can never be exhausted, because the persons and events with which it is connected are closely united with the undying faith of myriads of mankind. Far beyond the interest which exploration may impart by shedding new light, through special discoveries, upon the past and present condition of the country, is the deeper underlying sentiment of love for the Land itself. This it is with many that makes the desire to see it, to touch it, the dream of a life-time, and imparts to the plainest narrative a fascination which can only be explained by the unfailing freshness of the great themes of which the Bible treats.

But, besides this sentiment, it is clear that the last few years have been marked by an increasing desire in a

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large class of readers to understand more thoroughly the Land of the Bible in order properly to understand the Bible. The methods of study now pursued are leading to a closer investigation of the historical portions of the holy Scriptures. With a less strictly theological spirit, but with no less reverence for truth, the disposition is to look at the doctrines of the Scriptures as they stand related to the occurrences, persons, and sayings with which they are associated. It is felt that, to interpret the facts in which divine revelation centers, they must be studied in the light of their physical, historical, social, and religious surroundings.

In offering the present volume to the public my wish is to minister to a devout feeling; to answer, in some degree, the growing demand for information; and at the same time to further stimulate an intellectual awakening which I believe to be so entirely wholesome. As the traveler in the Land finds the Bible the best guide book for his direction, so a book containing a faithful account of the Land may prove the best commentary upon the Bible.

The tour which I made, embracing, as it did, the Desert of the Exodus, Arabia Petrea, and Palestine proper, inclusive of the land of Moab, has enabled me to embody in a single book a completeness of information touching these several districts which I think no other single work contains.

While I have availed myself of the researches of

other writers, even to those contained in the latest periodical publications, I have in the main sought to give in a perspicuous and attractive form the results of my personal observations. The book is designed for the general reader; hence, as far as possible, I have avoided technical phrases, and sought to enliven the narrative with incidents of travel by the way. I may indulge the hope, however, that the more scholarly will not find these pages unworthy of their perusal. The necessity of covering so much ground in a limited compass will explain the absence of that fullness of detail which all the requirements of such would suggest.

I am the more encouraged to ask attention for these pages because of the typographical and artistic excellence with which they are executed and illustrated. The engravings are from original photographs and sketches; drawn on wood by such artists as MORAN, WOODWARD, GIBSON, WARREN, and PERKINS, under the supervision of Mr. J. D. FELTER.

The accompanying maps and diagrams, while substantially correct, are designed rather as guides for reading than for minute scientific study. For an exact and full map of the route described, and of the whole country, I commend the one which is in course of publication by Messrs. Strong and Ward of our party. It promises to be a standard map, and will probably not be superseded for popular and critical study until the results of the English and American Exploration Societies are made

public. The engineering corps of these two societies have already triangulated about three thousand square miles west and east of the Jordan, and are pursuing their work with commendable dispatch and thoroughness; but it must be many years before the task is fully completed.

If my readers derive from the scenes which I have here described a tithe of the pleasure which they afforded me in the seeing, they will be highly gratified, and I amply rewarded. I trust they will be brought to share the impression which, above all others, was left on my mind at the end of my journey—the marvelous accuracy of divine revelation as confirmed by the present condition of the Land where it was given.

May, 1876.

H. B. RIDGAWAY.

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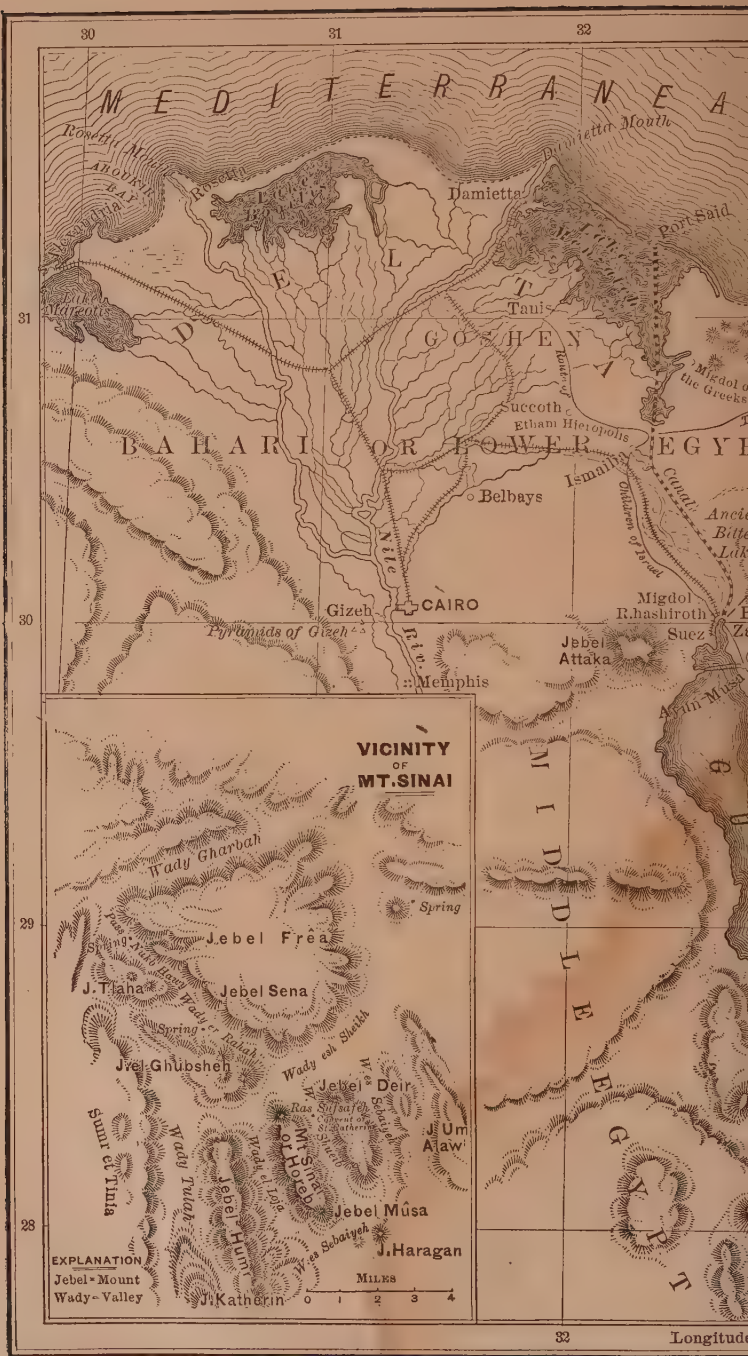
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THE LORD'S LAND.

CHAPTER I.

FROM CAIRO TO THE DESERT.



Bedawin at Fountain.

ON the morning of March 6, 1874, at a little after nine o'clock, I took the railway train at Cairo (Egypt) for Suez, by way of Benha. It was not easy to bid adieu to the wondrous ruins and the varied life which so strangely blend the Past and the Present all along the far-extending Nile, and turn my face to the Wilderness of Sinai, with the prospect of from thirty to forty days'

journeying beyond the limits of ordinary civilization.

I acknowledge, however, that to make the tour of the Holy Land from the point of the exodus of Israel to the farthest verge of Northern Palestine was my great object in visiting the East, to which the passage from Alexandria to Philae was but an incident. Though hesitating at the possible risks to health, patience, and

personal safety, unduly magnified by the fears of many friends, I felt the rising of no slight enthusiasm, bordering on the romantic, as I anticipated lodging for so long a time wholly in tents, and traveling altogether on the camel, with the wild Bedawin for hosts and companions. The Arabs who were to conduct us through the Desert of Sinai had already reported at Cairo, where every arrangement had been made with them for our transportation.

At Benha I was met by the Rev. Dr. S. M. Vail, who had hastened from Germany to join our party. The railroad from Benha runs nearly due east, following the line of the old canal, to Ismailia. From Ismailia it runs southeast, within sight of the Suez Canal and of the Bitter Lakes on the east. These lakes are fringed, here and there, by low, wet, reedy patches of land; and beyond them, to the west, stretches the desert between Cairo and the Red Sea, a vast, desolate waste as far as the eye can see. Formerly, through this desert there was a railroad directly from Cairo to Suez, but it was found impossible to keep it open on account of the shifting sands. Snow-drifts are, in America, only for a season, and yield readily to heat and timely labor; but this unending drifting of sand day by day and year by year baffled the energy of even the present Khedive of Egypt, and the road was finally abandoned.

It was seven P. M. when the train arrived at Suez, so that the darkness shut out our view of the immediate approaches to the town. The servants of our com-

pany met us at the station, and, aided by any number of willing helpers, conducted us to the little camp pitched only a short distance away.

Upon inquiring for those of the company who had preceded me from Cairo the previous day, I was told they had gone off to try their camels.* They concluded they would ride a short distance below Suez and around Jebel Attaka, with a view of determining, if possible, the point of the "passage of the Israelites," or at least of making some observations which would aid in solving that difficult problem. Those of us who were in camp waited till ten o'clock, when, the adventurers failing to arrive, we sat down to dinner. They did not return till midnight, all thoroughly tired out, and already disgusted with camel riding. If they did not discover the "passage," they found out that nothing can be more deceptive than distances in an Egyptian or Syrian atmosphere.

The full novelty of our situation did not appear to me till the next morning, when, on awaking, my eyes opened on the snug little tent which sheltered three others besides myself. On going out into the open air to make my toilet I saw all the tents grouped in a circle, the servants busy getting breakfast, and the camels and their

* Our company consisted of Dr. Strong, of Madison, N. J. ; Rev. Dr. Harvey, of Hamilton, N. Y. ; Rev. Dr. Chambers, of New York ; Rev. Dr. Vail, of Rhenish Bavaria ; Rev. Mr. Dobbs, of Cleveland, Ohio ; Rev. Mr. Townsend, of New York ; Mr. Jackson, of Leipsic, and Mr. Albright, of Halle, Germany ; Mr. Dotterer, of Philadelphia ; Mr. Ward, of Jersey City ; Mr. Bankart, of London, England ; and myself.

drivers lying and lounging around. At breakfast all our company—twelve persons in all—put in appearances, and discussed with a relish the savory meal prepared for us. This was probably the largest single party of tourists which had been moved through the Desert from Suez to Sinai, Akabah, Petra, and out to Hebron, for many years. We had already, with two exceptions, become well acquainted by our contact on the Nile, and as we were all imbued with the spirit of investigation, and a devout reverence for the word of God, there was every indication that the party would be homogeneous and act in concert throughout.

By tacit consent, Dr. Strong was regarded as head of the company. His decision, it was agreed, should be final on all questions regulating our movements. Dr. Strong had organized the party in New York, and for this reason, as well as because of his experience and scholarly reputation, the position properly fell to him. His practice was invariably to consult the wishes of the company, and he never had occasion to act independently of their judgments and feelings. It was arranged that we should dine at the close of the day, and immediately after dining have family devotions; and also, that we should never break camp on Sunday unless in extreme necessity, and that the day should be observed by public religious worship.

It is proper to give some notion of the extent and outfit of our caravan. I had never dreamed of the com-

pleteness of the arrangements which would be made for us. Our dragoman, 'Ahmet el Fishewi, gave me the following list:—

One dragoman, four servants, thirty-five camels, and thirty-five men and boys. As to equipage and provisions—five large and two small tents, all brand-new but the cook tent, and made for strength and beauty; twelve iron bedsteads and twelve mattresses, with bedding and linen to match; three large and ten small carpets; two hundred and fifty chickens, fifteen turkeys, twenty pairs of pigeons, three live sheep, two thousand eggs, twelve hundred oranges, twenty-four pounds of nuts, one hundred and twenty pounds of raisins, five hundred pounds of camel biscuits, ten dozen jars of jam, thirty pounds of butter for cooking, ten jars of English butter for the table, one hundred and thirty loaves of bread, ninety pounds of flour, one hundred and twenty pounds of rice, two hundred pounds of sugar, twenty pounds of tea, ninety pounds of coffee, one hundred pounds of table biscuit, twelve pounds of coarse pepper, four boxes of table pepper, ten bottles of pickles, ten bottles of olives, ten boxes of salt, two hundred and fifty pounds of potatoes, one hundred pounds of onions, two hundred pounds of soup and macaroni, three hundred and nine pounds of beef and mutton, two hams, six jars of tongue, thirteen tin cans of beef, three dozen boxes of sardines, two dozen of salmon, half a dozen of lobster, seventeen dozen of vegetables, four hundred pounds of wheat for chickens, one hundred and twenty

pounds of tobacco, (for backsheesh,) four dozen plates, five large dishes, and fifteen saucepans, fifteen bottles of wine and brandy, etc., etc. I don't know that many *et ceteras* need be added. Surely from this inventory it was not possible that we could suffer so far as to require a miraculous interposition of manna and quails. And yet we needed to replenish at Sinai and at Akabah.

In addition to these stores were large casks of water, the personal baggage of the gentlemen and servants, and the grain for the camels. The whole arrangements for the tour through the Desert, as well as that subsequently through Palestine, were under the supervision of Mr. Alexander Howard, the eastern partner of Messrs. Cook, Son, & Jenkins. He is a native Syrian, speaks several European languages fluently, and is a man of pleasing address and rare executive abilities.

Breakfast over, the camp was quickly broken, and all the furniture, baggage, and provisions readily packed for camel back. First the *howadjii*—gentlemen—selected their camels or dromedaries.* I got about the twelfth choice, a medium sized camel, blind of one eye, with a little, shriveled up Bedawy for a driver: A'Tiér, my driver's name; A'Tiék, my camel's name—not very promising, to be sure, but never mind; neither men, horses, nor camels can always be judged by first appearances.

It is said that the start of a caravan is always a scene,

* Among the Arabs of Egypt and Syria, and the Peninsula of Sinai, the camel is the burden-bearing, and the dromedary the riding animal.

but I was far from being prepared for the confusion which occurred. Imagine thirty-five Arabs dashing at and hitting each other, every one snatching up the smallest piece of luggage he can find, and trying to skulk off with it ; a dozen at once seizing a single rope each for his convenience, all in a heap scuffling, and tumbling, and yelling, every man at the top of his voice, in a seemingly senseless lingo of explosive gutturals, and some notion of the fray can be formed. Yet nobody was hurt. The sheiks soon quieted them. Our dragoman simply said it will not be so again. In a few minutes the burdens were apportioned, and all was ready. Had there been such a fuss among so many Irishmen, heads would have been broken and blood spilled, but in this case there was no violence and no damage. They all walked, talked, and sang together the same hour. A more clannish and amiable set cannot readily be found than these same excitable Towarah Arabs.

The Towarah Bedawin, who composed our escort from Suez to Akabah, occupy the whole Sinaitic Peninsula south of the et Tih mountains. They number from four thousand to five thousand, and are divided into three tribes. One of these, the Sawâliheh, comprises three subordinate branches, and constitutes the most important tribe, and does most of the business of the Desert. As a race, they are peaceable, tractable, and polite. Their honesty is proverbial ; theft is unknown among them. They not only do not steal from each other, but the

property of the traveler, even to the least trifle, is protected with the utmost care. If a camel dies on the road the owner simply draws a circle around it, and goes off, perhaps for days, to his home in some distant wady, leaving all the goods with the dead animal, and returns with another camel to find the whole property undisturbed. They are very poor, the herbage of the Desert affording but scant pasturage for their flocks, and neither the soil nor their habits are adapted to raising grain. Their principal income is from "carrying"—transporting travelers, or supplies for the Mecca pilgrims—or in the season when travel is suspended, taking camel-loads of charcoal to Cairo.

Their dress is exceedingly simple and meager, consisting of a loose abba, made mostly of goats' or camels' hair, under which is a closely-fitting shirt reaching down to the knees. Sometimes there is also a sheep or goat skin jacket. The legs are bare, and on the feet are illy-adjusted sandals, made of fish skin. The head is usually covered with a turban, which protects alike from excessive heat and cold. Each man goes armed, either with gun, or sword, or pistol, or all. They must keep up the show of defense, whether they have occasion to fight or not. Their government is patriarchal; the sheikship, though not necessarily hereditary, is usually transmitted from father to son by consent. If the son be especially unworthy he is superseded. There are grades among the sheiks. While some live at home at their ease, and sim-

ply govern, others are appointed conductors, and must travel with and superintend the caravans.

Notwithstanding their poverty, no happier people can be found. A little satisfies them, and they are entirely contented to live in their mountain fastnesses, emerging only to obtain the necessary supplies for sustaining their simple lives. One day as I was riding along, having changed my dromedary and driver at Sinai, I said to my boy, "Well, Hammet, wont you go to America with me?" His black eyes glistened, for he was a handsome fellow,—

"No," said he.

"Why not?" I asked. "I will get you a place with a gentleman who will pay you fifty pounds a year, and give you all you can eat and wear."

"No, no, I cannot go. I would not leave my father for a thousand pounds."

The whole property of his father was two camels, and at least one dutiful son. He made no reference to his mother; she was of no account.

In religion these people are, as far as they have any definite faith, Mohammedans. There is among them, however, very little of the external observances common with their sect. In Egypt the devotions of the people are excessive. At every turn you meet them at their prayers; but I do not remember to have seen a real Bedawy pray in all my journeyings. They are extremely superstitious, like most people in a low state of civilization, believing in evil genii, charms, impressions, and it is

almost impossible to overcome their notions. They pay little or no respect to Friday, the Mohammedan sabbath, and are as ready to travel on that as on any other day.

I was quite willing to defer mounting the camel as long as possible after the experiences of my companions the previous day, and so, with a few others, I accompanied the dragoman through the town, while most of the party went around by the bridge across the canal. The cool inclosure of the English hotel afforded a pleasant retreat while we were waiting for 'Ahmet to gather up some additional stores for the larder. On his arrival we took a sail-boat, which was poled down the harbor along the flats until we reached the deep water at the mouth of the canal. Outside of the narrow and shoal harbor, a mile or two to the south and west, the large ships lie at anchor. A little below the mouth of the canal are from six to eight painted poles sticking above the water, to indicate the direction of the channel. Turning up the canal, in a few moments we were landed on the other side, and for the first time touched the soil of the great and terrible Desert. The lunch tent was spread, and we waited for the arrival of our companions.

This delay gave good opportunity to notice the canal, to recall its history, and to speculate about its future possible results. As I loitered by its banks two noble iron steamers, heavily freighted, their saloon decks alive with passengers, passed out, bound for India. The next day I saw two others, either going or coming.

This great work, one hundred and twenty miles long from Port Said on the Mediterranean to Suez at the head of the Red Sea, with an average depth of twenty-four feet, and a breadth of three hundred and thirty feet on the surface, was commenced by a company organized by M. Ferdinand de Lesseps, a French engineer, in 1859, and successfully completed by him in 1869. It was formally opened to navigation, in presence of the Khedive of Egypt, the Emperor of Austria, the Empress of the



Suez Canal.

French, and other illustrious persons, on the fifteenth of November, 1869, the whole party, with forty-five steamers, leaving Port Said on the fifteenth and reaching Suez on the twenty-first. The fleet started from Suez on its return on the twenty-second, and arrived at Port Said within two days. Thus was accomplished one of the greatest triumphs of modern enterprise and skill. By it the distance from London to a central point in the East Indies is shortened

one half; from Marseilles, sixty-two per cent.; and from New York, forty per cent. What was deemed by many an idle chimera has become an established fact, and has so far affected the course of commerce as now to be deemed indispensable to its success. England, though heretofore standing aloof, and refusing both confidence and capital, has now become the largest stockholder.

Well, here I am singularly mixing modern enterprise with the old Desert, the traits and methods of the inhabitants of which remain as they were when Moses tended Jethro's flocks. It is enough! Good-bye to steam, mails, and telegraphs: I mount the ship of the Desert, the ever faithful camel, which can penetrate trackless wastes of arid sand that defy the locomotive and the horse, throw off the rope, and launch out. The first effort of seating myself on my animal was a problem. A grunt and a growl, and he rose on his fore legs; another lurch, and up came his hinder parts, pitching me forward with such violence that I could retain my position only by holding on to the pummel of the saddle with both hands; then settling to a level at his full height, I was firmly and safely seated. He moved off with his long, slow, steady stride, his neck depressed, his head slightly elevated, his one eye peering toward the Wilderness, his nostrils scenting the breath of home!

Ah! it was not so bad, but easy and agreeable: I really liked it. One mile, two miles, ten miles—very good. I could have gone on farther. The first halting

place was reached. My driver, with a low, continuous "*Sheeh, sheeh, sh-e-e-h,*" calls A'tiék to his knees. He groans and grunts awhile, and down he comes headforemost, like a ship pitching into the trough of the sea, nearly throwing me over his head. He then settles backward on his haunches as solid as a rock, and I spring off, not a muscle tired. No stiffness that night, nor next morning. Immediately all was confusion, but soon, as if by magic, our servants brought order out of chaos. Our camp was pitched and arranged, and we were at home, the tents as bright and cheerful as could be desired.

We had reached 'Ayun Musa—the Wells of Moses—a little oasis in the midst of the sand; supposed to be the first camping ground of Israel after crossing the Red Sea. This was an agreeable spot to spend our first Sabbath. Our camp remained intact, but much speculation and some research were indulged relative to the precise point where the "passage" of Israel took place. The twelve could not agree. Like many who have preceded us, we could not decide where there are not enough data upon which to base a decision.

While it is true that it is impossible for the modern observer, in the absence of sufficient landmarks, to determine the point of the crossing, it is quite clear that the facts were abundant and explicit when the sacred account was written. A narrative could not have more the air of both geographical and historical exactness. The description is so circumstantial, with the evident conviction in

the writer's mind that the features of the country and the habits of the nations involved were well understood, that it is only by violence that the event can be pushed into the regions of myth or poetical exaggeration. The Egyptians, and their grand history prior and subsequent to this signal event; the Israelites, with a tradition to this event like unto no other people; are points in which sacred and profane accounts so agree as to make the biblical narrative an historical verity.

If the localities which are spoken of at the time of the occurrence could now be ascertained, all difficulties would be at an end. The accuracy with which they are described in the Bible none can question; but such are the changes wrought by thousands of years that all traces which then marked them have mostly disappeared. The sites of Goshen, Rameses, Succoth, Etham, Pi-hahiroth, Baal-zephon, and Migdol cannot be fixed with any certainty. Our knowledge of the positions of these places is mainly conjectural. Archæology and philology afford a slight clew to some of the points, but the hints are too meager to furnish a clear explanation of the difficulties.

Still it must be allowed that some progress is being made toward the solution of the problem. The latest and most reliable researches locate Goshen in the district lying between the Pelusiac, or eastern, branch of the Nile and the Desert, and to the north of the ancient canal, in latitude somewhere about 31° north, and longitude $31\frac{1}{2}^{\circ}$ east. Here science coincides with the facts of

the scriptural account of Jacob's coming into Egypt. Nothing is more natural than that Jacob and his sons, on reaching the land of Egypt, should stop near its confines and await directions. And Joseph, on hearing of the arrival of Jacob, said, "I will go up" to meet him, showing that he lived southward, and had to journey northward to meet his father and brothers. The distance from Noph, or Memphis, or say from Heliopolis, to the region claimed as Goshen, could not have required more than a day's ride in a chariot on the smooth, level roads which then existed; and such distance would well answer to the action of Joseph in the case. It thus appears that the presentation of Jacob to Pharaoh, even at Memphis, could have taken place within a few hours after his arrival, as the narrative seems to require. Goshen was a fertile district, and coveted by Joseph for his brethren, and he makes its remoteness and separateness a plea to satisfy the race-prejudices of the Egyptians. On account of the Egyptians' dislike of shepherds—possibly because their country had been once subdued by shepherd kings from Asia—Jacob's petition was readily granted.

If the position of Goshen be conceded, the difficulty of the problem lessens, and the shore of the sea below Jebel Attaka, at the mouth of Wady Tawarik, must finally drop out of the question; so that we are no longer embarrassed by the great width (fifteen miles) and depth of the sea at that point. Even if Rameses, according to Pasha Brugsch,*

* Bibliotheca Sacra, January, 1875; art. xi.

was identical with the ancient Zoan, (modern Zan,) near Lake Menzaleh, it would be entirely practicable for the Israelites to march from that place to the head of the Red Sea within three days. Their starting was not unexpected, not a panic-stricken flight, as Colenso intimates, but after thorough preparation and waiting. While Moses and the leaders must have commenced their march from Rameses, the people generally, with their children and flocks, could have either joined their ranks as they came along, or by a concerted signal have taken up the march in advance.

It is reasonable that the whole multitude, animated with the spirit of Moses in the decisive struggle for freedom, would be nerved, apart from miraculous help, with extraordinary courage for a bold and final push for their liberty. Six hundred thousand men harnessed for war, with an equal number of "lively" women, presupposes strength enough to have carried along easily all the children, the sick, the dying, and the dead. Accustomed as the children of Israel had been for four hundred years to receive the brunt of all incursions into Egypt from the east by reason of their border position, and disciplined to endurance, to promptitude, and invention by the demands of hard taskmasters, it is reasonable to suppose they were any thing but a timid, weak, and helpless peasantry. The plea of a three days' journey into the wilderness to offer sacrifices to God, whether a mere pretext for the opportunity of escape or not, had wrought in the souls of the people until it had become a universal passion, and this passion

like all living thought, would create a method and way of its own.

The first day's march brought the people to Succoth, (the place of booths,) possibly a shepherds' village, where those who tended the royal flocks and herds concentrated; at the end of the second day they camped at Etham, on the edge of the wilderness. This wilderness was not the desert lying between Cairo and Suez, but that lying directly to the east and south-east of Northern Egypt, and Etham was probably the caravan post where the last fringe of Egyptian green was lost in the waste of that desert. Thus far the Israelites had followed the ordinary road from Egypt to Canaan; that by which Abraham and Jacob had gone down, and which, even to this day, is the natural and direct route of the caravans. It was probably by this route that the Pharaohs formerly invaded Syria and Assyria, and by which the Assyrians, in their turn, invaded Egypt.

After the Israelites had reached Etham, Moses was directed to "turn and encamp before Pi-hahiroth, between Migdol and the sea, over against Baal-zephon." *Exod. xiv, 2.* This change of direction was for the double purpose of saving the Israelites from a too early conflict with the Philistines,—which would have been inevitably brought on by the attempt of so large a multitude to escape through a neighboring territory, and which might have at once disheartened them, and led them to turn back to their late oppressors,—and that Pharaoh and his

hosts, lured on to the pursuit of the fugitives, might be signally destroyed.

That the "turn" which the Israelites made was to the right and south it is necessary to conclude from all the descriptions given. God determined to lead them by the way of the Wilderness of the Red Sea, and therefore to have suffered them to go up to Lake Sarbonis, on the Mediterranean Sea, would not have agreed with this design. To suppose, according to Dr. Brugsch, that Pharaoh and his hosts perished in the Sarbonitic marshes while pursuing the Israelites, is to suppose that they took a direction wholly at variance with the obvious requirements of the Scriptural narrative: for how could Israel have turned toward the Mediterranean Sea and encamped against Migdol—the Magdolus of the Greeks? Besides, the avowed object was to turn them away from the direction of the Philistine coasts.

It is reasonable to infer that Pi-hahiroth, Migdol, and Baal-zephon were located somewhere near the head of the Gulf of Suez. The head of the sea, it is conjectured, flowed up at least twenty-five miles above Suez within historic times. The probability is, that it connected directly with the Bitter Lakes. The rapidity with which the sand of Egypt trenches on whole districts, burying cities and temples, is well known.* And nothing seems

* In 1860, '61 M. Mariette excavated the Serapeum (Tombs of the Sacred Bulls) and the Tomb of Tih at Sakkara, which had been buried by the sand, and lain unknown for ages.

more reasonable than that the line of the present canal, from Suez up to the Bitter Lakes, (then a part of the gulf,) may have been miles wide and many feet deep. For a purpose concealed from the people, and possibly from Moses himself, they were miraculously guided by the pillar of cloud to a position which, to their surprise, put them between the sea and their enemies.

Pharaoh, learning of the apparent error of the course of the Israelites, supposed them at their wits' end, without ability to execute their design; and now, recovered from the blow which had smitten him in the plagues, and awakened to the great loss which the escape of so many slaves involved to the nation, he repented of the hasty consent he had given to their freedom, and immediately began to pursue them. The very flower of the Egyptian army was promptly set in motion; the charioteers shot swiftly over the firm, level roads; and soon a great army menaced the flank and rear of the astonished Hebrews.

But a day ago at Etham, on the edge of the wilderness, liberty seemed to be within the grasp of the Israelites; and now, wedged in between the wilderness and the sea by Pharaoh's host, all hope was cut off, and naught was left for the unhappy fugitives but to fall back into the hands of their oppressors. As before, when at every tightening of the chain Moses was the object of blame and hate, so now again upon him, the presumed cause of all their troubles, their indignation was vented. "And they said unto Moses, Because there were no graves

in Egypt, hast thou taken us away to die in the wilderness? wherefore hast thou dealt thus with us, to carry us forth out of Egypt? Is not this the word that we did tell thee in Egypt, saying, Let us alone, that we may serve the Egyptians? For it had been better for us to serve the Egyptians than that we should die in the wilderness?" Exod. xiv, 11, 12.

But Moses was no more disconcerted now than when, in Pharaoh's palace, he stood before that monarch. His faith in God was still unshaken. He believed that He who had wrought wonders by him "in the field of Zoan" could crown those wonders with a yet greater work. Hence he said, "Fear ye not, stand still, and see the salvation of the Lord, which he will show you to-day: for the Egyptians whom ye have seen to-day, ye shall see them again no more forever." Verse 13.

God opens a way for them through the sea. The pillar of cloud, here called the Angel of God, (verse 19,) removed from before the Israelites to their rear, between them and the Egyptians, throwing the Egyptians into darkness and making it light to the Israelites, so that the one came not near the other all the night. "And Moses stretched out his hand over the sea; and the Lord caused the sea to go back by a strong east wind all that night, and made the sea dry land, and the waters were divided." If the sea extended to the Bitter Lakes, then the head waters were likely deeper, judging from the present great depth of the lakes, than the waters between them and the

present head of the gulf. For some distance the waters were probably comparatively shallow where now they have altogether disappeared. The miracle consisted in supernaturally using the natural elements for the accomplishment of the purpose. The occasional violence of the winds in the East is well known. It is, therefore, not incredible that a wind from the east, blowing all night with great force, drove the waters from the shoals on to the western beach, whence they receded to the deeper channels above and below. Then the wind-current, by its great vehemence, held in check the waters from above and below, and dried rapidly the bed of the sea by its intense heat, and thus a way was opened.

Whatever allowance may be made for figurative expressions, to all practical ends the waters stood on either side as walls, the bed of the sea was rendered dry, and the multitudes of Israel entering promptly—possibly thousands abreast, for the passage must have been three or four miles wide—could readily have gained the opposite shore within an hour or two if the point of the passage was not below the bar which now stretches down the harbor of Suez.

The last Hebrew had barely placed his foot on the gravelly beach of the other side ere the hosts of Pharaoh entered. It was the morning watch, two o'clock, but the day had not yet broke as the pursuers went in ; and now God looked out upon them from the pillar of fire and cloud. The cloud, which had been dark toward them,

suddenly flashes like lightning upon the hosts, frightening the horses, blinding their drivers, and throwing all the ranks into confusion. Meanwhile Moses has again stretched his rod over the sea, and the wind ceasing to blow, or immediately veering to the north or to the south, the waters begin to return, the chariots drag in the mire, the wheels are jostled off, and by the morning light the hosts of Pharaoh are drowned in the sea.

The Israelites awake as from a dream. Their escape is effected, their freedom made complete. Not only are they delivered from the land of bondage, but their oppressors have utterly perished, and all possibility of pursuit and recapture is forever cut off. Thus were two millions of people suddenly emancipated by the hand of God, and thrown out upon their own resources for subsequent subsistence and growth. The thought of the Future did not yet obtrude itself upon their hearts; they were too full of the Past and Present. The feeling which most strove for utterance was that of joy for their marvelous deliverance. Quickly Miriam, thronged by the maidens of Israel, led the dance in the glowing song which, from that day to this, has been the grand epic of the nation's birth.

As I rode along the firm plain, or wandered over the sandy slopes from 'Ayun Musa toward the shore, I could imagine the bright morning when the whole region rang with the cheery note and quick step of victory. "Sing ye to the Lord, for he hath triumphed gloriously: the horse and his rider hath he thrown into the sea."

CHAPTER II.

IN THE DESERT OF SINAI.

WE had now entered the confines of the land upon which the ancient people of God first trod in their independent existence as a nation. Whatever of importance it possesses in history is due to the fact that it was the scene of their wanderings and of the giving of the law, which they received preparatory to the possession of the Land of Promise. Otherwise the Peninsula of Sinai, an insignificant connecting link between the continents of Africa and Asia, would have remained comparatively unknown and uncared for. A wild, mountainous region, almost wholly destitute of fertility, and with only moderate mineral resources—rejected in contempt by the haughty Arabs as not being a legitimate part of their country—it would have continued in obscurity, visited only by the lone and casual traveler, or the curious student of nature, had it not been that within its bounds the Hebrews were fashioned, through the discipline of protracted suffering and personal divine teaching, into a mighty race.

But as it is, this barren country of triangular shape, lying between the two arms of the Red Sea, (the Gulf of Suez and the Gulf of Akabah,) “with the escarpment of the Tih plateau projecting wedgewise into its northern

base," and covering an area of eleven thousand six hundred square miles—hardly more than that of the State of Maryland—gathers about it an interest which the lapse of time rather increases than diminishes.

'Ayun Musa is located about two miles from the sea. There is a principal fountain of ancient masonry, near which is a rude hotel, surrounded by a grove of palms and tamarisks. Two or three other springs are in the



'Ayun Musa—Wells of Moses.

immediate neighborhood. The waters are all brackish. Some was given to me in the morning for washing; it was offensive to smell, taste, and touch, producing an acrid taste and a slimy feeling. These springs are occasionally resorted to by invalids for the sanitary effect of the dry atmosphere of the Desert. Before leaving the vicinity some of us sailed across the gulf to the opposite

shore, in the hope of getting below and to the west of Jebel Attaka, but were baffled for the want of sufficient wind. On the return the wind blew so violently as to remind us of the caution we had received against venturing on the gulf in a small boat.

On the morning of March 9 we breakfasted at seven o'clock, and by eight were on our way, some on camels, and some on foot. The confusion and strife of the first morning did not recur. To me such a pile of heterogeneous articles to be strapped and packed seemed an endless job; but soon it disappeared, each piece to its place, and off moved the burden-bearers. The air was crisp, the sea lay calm and blue toward the west and south, the range of Rahah, bordering the great and terrible Desert et Tih, was on the west. In the hard, gravelly soil were the paths worn by the caravans of ages. Sometimes there were as many as a dozen running parallel for miles, showing that the Bedawin like, when the way will allow of it, to travel abreast, as thus good fellowship is promoted. At noon the lunch tent was pitched in a dry wady called Lassa, and we had a good lunch of sardines, cold chicken, cold mutton, eggs, nuts, dates, and oranges. While we were resting our pack-train passed. We expected that evening to have reached Wady Wardan, but fell short, and encamped at Wady Taieb, a dry and utterly barren region.

It was amusing to see the burdens unloaded, especially the poultry. The camels, as they knelt and were divested

of their huge loads, uttered the most unearthly growls, whether of complaint or satisfaction I was yet too ignorant of their lingo to understand. The turkeys went p-e-et, p-e-et, p-e-et-ing around; the chickens flocked about, jumping and dodging hither and thither for feed and water; the roosters crowed; the hens sang; the pigeons fluttered around, essaying their clipped wings, the younger ones poking their bills to the bills of the older ones in vain; the sheep stood around meekly and gently, with not a green thing to nibble; while the Arabs, yelling, gesticulating, hammering, and pulling, were pitching the tents. If the camel be the ship, the Bedawy is the sailor, of the Desert. Never could an old salt handle the tackling of a ship at sea more adroitly than an Arab the canvas and ropes of a tent. This night I received my first distinct impressions of the silence and solitariness of this weary waste.

The next day we broke camp at forty minutes after seven A. M., and stopped at noon near a spur of the Rahah range, which abounds in mica. At four P. M. we reached 'Ayun Hawwarah, the supposed Marah or Bitter Waters. The distance we had come would well answer to the three days' journey of the children of Israel after leaving their camp at the Wells of Moses. "So Moses brought Israel from the Red Sea, and they went out into the Wilderness of Shur"*—through which we were now

* Shur means a wall, and is used to denote the wall-like appearance of the Shur front, as seen from 'Ayun Musa.

passing—"and they went three days in the wilderness and found no water. And when they came to Marah they could not drink of the waters of Marah, for they were bitter: therefore the name of it was called Marah." Exod. xv, 22, 23. We rode our dromedaries up to the mouth of one of the wells, but found the well dry and nearly filled with sand. The ground is slightly elevated and crowned with a few stunted palm-trees. At this point the plain becomes much narrower. We soon entered Wady Gharandel, and were quite shut in by hills between us and the sea, with Jebel Wutah rising boldly in our front. East of Jebel Wutah, and running down south-east and falling into Gharandel, is Wady Wutah, which skirts the southern borders of the et Tih Desert.

We overtook our pack camels, browsing along leisurely, and reached the usual camping site at a quarter past six P. M. Our tents were not pitched for an hour, and we did not get dinner till nine o'clock. The evening was windy and cold, the march of the day was long and hard, so that when our hot soup was ready it was thrice welcome. This is the Elim of Scripture, one of the encampments of the Israelites; "where," says the sacred historian, "were twelve wells of water, and threescore and ten palm-trees." Exod. xv, 27. The exactness with which it corresponds to the circumstantial account of Moses at once struck me. There are two or three streams of water running through the valley, though nothing in the shape of wells, and I counted forty-six palm-trees, and did not

go down far below our camp. The precision with which this spot is identified is a helpful key to the journeyings of Israel as marking an important step, and so indicating unquestionably the direction they took after leaving the Red Sea. To the tired multitudes this green and well-watered dell, amid the desolation and glare of the chalky cliffs, must indeed have been refreshing.

On quitting Wady Gharandel we began an ascent over very rough ground, passing through Wady Useit and Wady Goweisah, with occasional glimpses of the sea on our right, and Jebel Serbál slightly in front; and then leaving Wadies el Hamr and Shebeikeh, the northerly route to Sinai, on our left, we wound southward and westward through Wadies Thal and Taiyebah, till, between bold cliffs on either hand, we descended suddenly upon the sea-shore.

Some of our company had, in the morning, proposed to take the route down Gharandel and around between Jebel Hammam Far'un, "the Hill of Pharaoh's Bath," and the sea. But as the path is difficult for a footman, and wholly impassable for camels, the proposal was abandoned. The name of the mountain originated in the Mohammedan tradition that it was at this point that the passage of the Israelites was effected, and the destruction of Pharaoh and his host took place. The Hot Springs, Hammam Far'un, or Pharaoh's Baths, are found in a rock at about ten feet above the sea level. There are a number of cavities sending forth steam and heated

water. The waters are said to possess medicinal properties, and to be resorted to by the sick. A Mohammedan grave-yard near by attests that some have sought its healing powers in vain.

The flat, sandy strip we had now reached, Ras Abu Zenimeh, was probably the next camping ground of Israel after Elim. Num. xxxiii, 10. The Red Sea is not given in Exodus as a station, but its distance from Elim, sixteen miles, indicates it as a fair day's march from that point. I could imagine how the tired multitude felt, as, after a toilsome march through a net of low, barren hills and dry wadies, the sight of a broad, level beach, and of the soft, quiet sea, unexpectedly opened before them. Eagerly two or three of us pressed forward to the water's edge to take a bath and to enjoy the view and the gentle breeze. The water was as warm as the surf of the North American coast in midsummer.

While we were thus sporting, the African hills were crowned with a gorgeous sunset. The effect was very different from the sunsets on the Nile. The clear, delicate, greenish-yellow hues, with not a fleck on the sky, were wanting. In this instance the sun was behind a cloud for an hour before he set, and as he neared the horizon, the cloud partially lifted, and the rays burst through, lighting it up with the richest crimson and gold. The irradiated cloud resembled a great wheel resting on the sun as its axle. The waves of the sea quivered with the beams of mellow light. Possibly Israel

looked upon just such a scene; for it was likely eventide when they settled on the shore. And we may well imagine that many of them—men, women, and children—ran for the water, sported in its waves, and amused themselves with the variegated shells which sprinkle the beach. Nor is it too much to suppose that homesickness stole over some of them as they remembered the land of abundant water and green under the sunset beyond the opposite hills.

After bathing, Mr. Townsend and I walked across the gravelly flats to our camp, which was already pitched. As we came near to it, situated midway the plain, the bustling around, and the savory smells from the cooktent, made the scene quite homelike.

March 12, we commenced our journey at half past seven A. M. I let A'Tiér lead A'Tiék along with the train, and I walked for two hours by the shore, picking up shells and sea-grass, and dodging between the shelving shore and the waves. The action of the water has produced, here and there, deep caverns in the limestone rocks, particularly where the bold headland, Zenimeh, projects abruptly into the sea. Crossing the bluffs here we soon entered the open plain of El Markha, of triangular shape, about six miles across. This is thought to be the commencement of the Wilderness of Sin, which, beginning here, trends south-east along the sea-coast, and merges into the modern plain, El Gaah, a broad, sandy level, which occupies much of the southern extremity of the

Peninsula of Sinai. As the Israelites are supposed to have followed the coast as far as the mouth of Wady Feiran, it is not likely that they camped at all in the plain El Markha, yet it is possible, since "the Wilderness of Sin, which is between Elim and Sinai," is a somewhat indefinite phrase, and covers a long reach of country. When they pitched in the section thus designated they had come to the "fifteenth day of the second month;" in all, thirty days "after their departing out of the land of Egypt." The utter sterility and dryness of this plain answer well to the scriptural descriptions of the "great and terrible wilderness."

We began now to realize, as our dromedaries strode along amid the arid waste and we felt ourselves shut in by glaring mountains as in an oven, how the Israelites came to rebel, and longed again for the flesh-pots, the leeks, the onions, and the melons of Egypt. Moses understood the situation. He knew there was something better beyond; and besides, he had the inspiration which every great leader always feels, to sustain him; but the ignorant men, women, and children had known nothing but green fields and fat pastures, and were too feebly pervaded with the design of their going forth to sustain them fully under such discouraging prospects. The scanty provisions brought with them in their hasty flight were now exhausted, and as the bare mountains stood like a wall between them and adequate supplies, it is not surprising that their hearts fainted and their lips murmured.

Now occurred the second great miracle. The first was the dividing of the Red Sea for the deliverance of this people, and now food was given from heaven for their preservation. In neither case did the Divine Hand interpose until their needs required. As they looked toward the wilderness the cloud which led them was aglow with the glory of the Lord. "And the Lord spake unto Moses, saying, I have heard the murmurings of the children of Israel: speak unto them, saying, At even ye shall eat flesh, and in the morning ye shall be filled with bread. And at even the quails came up and covered the camp; and in the morning the dew lay round about the host. And when the dew that lay was gone up, behold, upon the face of the wilderness there lay a small round thing, as small as the hoar frost on the ground." *Exod. xvi, 11-14.* An east wind brought the quails, so they must have come from the interior of the Desert, because they had already passed on in that direction, and now an east wind was necessary to blow them back. I do not remember to have seen quails until we had gone as far east as the Wady el I'thm, beyond the Arabah. There they abounded.

The origin of the manna is not so easily explained as the supply of quails. It is a question which has perplexed travelers from Bernard von Breydenbach, a German, who wrote in 1483, and Pierre Belon du Mans, a Frenchman, who visited the East in 1550, to those of our day. In this wilderness there is found, in the months of

June and July, a substance which exudes from the tamarisk tree, (the Arabic tarfa, scientific *tamarix gallica*,) which, in some of its properties, closely resembles the manna of Scripture. It is yellowish white, sweetish, (like honey,) usually falls at night with the dew, is in little particles from the size of a pin's head to that of a pea, and melts and disappears when the sun grows hot. The Arabs gather it, boil it, and press it through a goat's skin, and so preserve it from season to season. It is with them not only an article of food, but also of commerce.

Dr. Ehrenburg was the first to suggest (in 1824) that the manna is the product of an insect which punctures the tamarisk at the time of pairing, and deposits a honey-like substance, which afterward exudes from the incision;* which view seems sustained by the fact that it is generally found on the twigs of the trees, and also is of so perishable a nature. Singularly enough, the Arabs call it *man*, which means "gift." This substance, it is claimed by many, was the manna which sustained Israel. Some go so far as to assert that the natural supply was enough; others, that the quantity which came in a natural way was indefinitely increased by Divine power.

There are others again who deny altogether any connection between this natural product of the Desert and the manna which sustained Israel. The quality of hardness, admitting of its being ground in a mortar, its assumed

* Ritter's "Comparative Geography of Palestine," vol. i, p. 276. English edition.

resemblance to flour,—for it was made into bread,—and its coming in such immense quantities at all seasons for forty years, and that in all places, are regarded as fatal objections against the Arabic *man* as the scriptural manna.

It must be conceded that the view that the natural supply was enough for the sustenance of the Israelites for forty years is wholly incredible, unless the number of the people were much less than the account in Exodus calls for, or the supply was very largely beyond any thing known in modern times. Seven hundred pounds in one year is the greatest yield which has been ever reported. There is, however, nothing inconsistent with the facts narrated in the Bible in the assumption that this natural product was the basis of the miraculous manna. There is certainly a marked resemblance to the Biblical account in the character of the substance and the method of its coming; and it is easy to conceive that the power which so indefinitely augmented the supply could also modify the qualities to adapt it to all the necessary conditions of the manna which subsisted Israel. Here—as elsewhere the dividing of the Red Sea, the multiplication of the loaves and fishes, the swarms of locusts sent upon Egypt—the employment of nature as the foundation of a supernatural display of God's power, instead of lessening the force of the miracle serves rather to increase it, by showing that the Divine Being is the God of nature, to whom at all times and in all ways it is amenable.

The literature of the whole subject is admirably set forth in Professor Ritter's "Comparative Geography of Palestine." He strongly inclines to the opinion that the manna of to-day is the same substance which was miraculously supplied to the Israelites. In closing the discussion he gives the words of Hengstenberg in his Commentary on the Pentateuch: "Although all the auxiliaries which the Desert affords be taken into account, yet with its soil and with its climate the whole supply of food must, under the most favorable circumstances, be very small, and utterly inadequate to the continual wants of a large body of people, not living in the most fertile region, but obliged to cross extensive tracts of land entirely barren. There they must have been miraculously supplied by God or they would surely have perished. And the fact that this miraculous help only supplemented the supplies of nature does not at all diminish our wonder; it rather increases it, making what is extraordinary the more apparent, inasmuch as it rests upon such a slender base of ordinary supply." *

From the plain El Markha we struck into Wady Lackham, and thence passed through Wadies Shellal and Bureira. Here the route is very tortuous, the mountains are perceptibly higher, and their colors begin to change. The porphyritic and sandstone formations appear, with dark, reddish shades, greatly heightening the effect of the scenery, and rendering the mountains as attractive to the

* Ritter: "Comparative Geography," vol. i, p. 291.

eye as though covered with foliage. Quite early in the afternoon we overtook our pack train, and found the men, to our surprise, unloading. Forbidding them to stop we hurried on, making in a short time the passage of Nagb Buderah, or the Sword's Point, a sharp and narrow ascent, whence, descending rapidly, we nestled for the night in a beautiful little basin-like wady, called Kineh. The black mountains loomed up around so close and high as to allow only a speck of blue twinkling sky above for light.

In the morning we walked through the mouth of Wady Magharah to the great cave. The climb to the mouth of the cave is steep and difficult, and the cave is so filled with rubbish as to render its exploration laborious. Inside we were obliged to stoop all the way. Nothing was seen to compensate for our toil. On the face of the mountain, and on broken rocks, are a number of pictures and hieroglyphics, such as are to be seen on the temples in Egypt, showing conclusively that these caves—for there are several—were, at a very early period, worked by the Egyptians for the copper which they contained; as early, some think, as three thousand years before the Christian era. According to Lepsius, these walls received the traces of the hand of man before the Pyramids of Ghizeh were reared. Here was the king, holding the heads of his enemies in his hand, ready to sever them with a single stroke of his cimeter; also the asp, the butterfly, the vulture—symbols of life, wisdom, and royalty.

On returning from the cave we mounted our camels,

and soon entered Wady Mukatteb, the "Valley of the Writing." For ages this valley has been a highway for caravans of merchants, miners, pilgrims, and excursionists, and the soft sandstone rocks, rising squarely from the ground, have tempted them to engrave upon them. Some travelers have examined the characters with great care, and think they have found some significance in them, but upon me they made little impression. They are now so obscure that some of our party rode by without noticing them. Undoubtedly they afford evidence that the wilderness was once more frequented than at present, and by persons of remote times and of different nationalities.

As to the value of these inscriptions there is much diversity of opinion among archæologists. Robert Clayton, an Irish bishop, offered five hundred pounds to any one who should copy them all. He had the impression that they were Israelitish in their origin, and if they could be deciphered would throw much light upon the journey of the Hebrews. Although as many as seventy-five were copied, I do not learn that their study has resulted in any important information. Laborde quotes from a Franciscan monk, who visited the spot with a company of his brethren, among whom were those who could speak the Arabic, Greek, Hebrew, Syriac, Coptic, Latin, Armenian, Turkish, English, Illyrian, German, and Bohemian languages, and yet no one could read these inscriptions. The conclusion of the monk was, that they may be a record of important facts now unknown, and

may have been made before the time of Christ by the Chaldeans or others.

Niebuhr procured copies of nine of the inscriptions. He could not visit the spot in person; but after a thorough study of these copies in the light of a knowledge of all which had been written about them in his day, he was of the opinion "that they would hardly prove to be more than the names and careless drawings left by old travelers, and of almost no historical interest." According to Ritter, the most able and thoroughly furnished mind which has recently studied these ancient traces is Lepsius. Lepsius coincides with an earlier traveler that it is in consequence of the sheltered position of Wady Mukatteb from the mid-day sun that travelers on their way to Feiran were invited to engrave on the soft rock their names and short mottoes. He found similar inscriptions scattered in various, and frequently very remote, places of the Peninsula; and taking them altogether, he had no doubt whatever that they were engraved by the inhabitants of the country during the first centuries before and after Christ. He sometimes found them cut over more ancient Greek names, and not unfrequently Christian crosses connected with them. He thinks the main center of all the inscriptions to be found in the Peninsula is Mount Serbál.*

*For the literature of the subject see Ritter's "Comparative Geography of Palestine," vol. i, p. 330, etc.; also "Methodist Quarterly Review" for January, 1871.

As we rode south-eastward through this broad, smooth valley, the prominent object which arrested all eyes was the noble form of Jebel Serbál, towering above all the surrounding mountains.

At noon we made Wady Feiran, getting again on the track of Israel—if, indeed, we had not for some time been following in the track they had taken—and crossing it obliquely, we were glad, on account of the sun's rays, to avail ourselves of the shadow of a great rock. Our lunch was spread, and beneath the deep cool shade we refreshed ourselves, prizing most of all the luscious orange, the juice of which was very grateful to our parched throats. The ride this afternoon was impressive for the vividness with which the thirst of Israel at this very point came home to us. The clamor of our whole company, howadji and Bedawin, was "*Miah!*" *water! water!* Such was the heat and dryness of the atmosphere that it literally drew all the moisture out of the body.

Mr. Albright and I, seeing one of our boys slipping across the valley, ran after him, and he led us through a fissure of the rocks, where, fifty feet above the plain, he showed us a pool of cool water in a bowl of the rock. The water was dripping from heights and depths beyond. The spot was wild and delightfully cool. We drank freely, and then bore some of the precious beverage to the thirsty lips of our companions. Near sunset we passed, on our left, a huge boulder, which some convulsion had evidently thrown from the mountain side. This the

Arabs affirm to be the rock which Moses smote in Rephidim. The valley from this point begins to show signs of verdure. At nightfall we arrived at a little village and grove by a stream of water, and camped within full view of Jebel Serbál. The travel to-day had been the longest and most fatiguing day's journey we had yet performed.

It was too late, when we arrived, to notice our surroundings; but the next morning the beauty of the location was fully appreciated. It was in marked contrast to what we had been looking upon for days. The immediate vicinity is called the Gem of the Desert, and has been highly prized by its inhabitants in all generations. There is an ample stream of water flowing through the wady for a mile at least, and its course is fringed with palms, the tamarisk, the sidr, called nebbuk, (bearing a little apple about the size of a cherry,) with a single pit, and other trees; and here and there are patches of wheat and gardens of melons, irrigated from the stream by the shadûf, such as is used on the Nile, and much like the well-sweep in America. I climbed up the mountain adjoining Serbál, and found twenty-six little stone defenses, which the Towarah had thrown up a few years before to resist the troops of the Khedive of Egypt.

After a survey of the sides, peaks, and base of old Serbál, in which I could see no evidence of any plain near the foot of the mount, I descended and found myself behind the whole company. I wandered through the groves, enjoying the scent of shrubbery and the songs



MOUNT SERBAL.

of birds. I noticed a bluish-brown bird, with notes a mixture between our bluebird and bobolink, with an occasional strain like the French mocking-bird; also a black-bird, with red wings like our own, but with a different song, and also little pewits skimming and twittering by the water's edge.

Thus alone and musing, with the split, gothic-like summits of Serbál shooting above the masses of mountains six thousand seven hundred and thirty-seven feet above sea level, the fresh life of this little oasis filling my veins, I did not awake from my reverie till I had fairly gotten through the groves, when, coming to a turn, and not seeing any sign of the caravan, the thought of being lost in the Desert suddenly flashed across me. I hallooed lustily for 'Amet'Tér, but there came back no response. I had not been out of sight of the camels before, and as traveling in the Desert was yet a novelty, for a moment my feelings were oppressive. I quickened my pace, following the camel tracks, and soon I caught a glimpse of A'Tiéek. 'Amet'Tér, feeling a little anxious for his *howadji*, had stopped behind, and as I came up he greeted me with his pleasantest smiles. He called A'Tiek to his knees; I mounted, when, quick as lightning, he sprang to his feet, throwing me sprawling behind him. Fortunately I fell on a soft spot. It was hard to get him down again, and to keep him still until I was seated. He growled lustily. He was angry because he was behind and separated from his companions. The camel is

far from being the amiable animal which some persons think him to be. His temper is terrible when aroused, and his waywardness is sometimes hard to control.

Jebel Serbál cannot be left behind without reference to its importance. As chief in the middle tier of the Sinaitic mountains, it stands in dark and solemn grandeur, prominent, not alone for its physical pre-eminence, but also for its historical association. From a remote period it has been claimed by some that it is the true Sinai, the Mountain of the Law; nor is the claim without some support. It has been regarded from antiquity as a holy mountain, and called the Mount of God. Inscriptions are quite numerous in its adjacent valleys. The oasis of Feiran was undoubtedly the site of the city of Paran, where, until the fourth century, was an episcopal see, which had the oversight of the thousands of anchorites who swarmed into all the neighboring wadies and caves. This would indicate that the monks regarded it with reverence. The strongest argument for it, however, is, that which makes Wady Feiran, just below the groves, the Rephidim of Scripture. It is maintained that this fertile valley would naturally be guarded by the Amalekites with great care; for to keep back the invaders, both from the streams of water, and from farther advance toward their borders, would be to them important objects. Moses knew there was water here, but, unable to get at it, the people were driven to frenzy; and so, to satisfy their wants, he was directed by God to smite the rock, and

thus at this point the first miraculous supply of water was granted.

It must be allowed that there is plausibility in this argument for the identity of Wady Feiran with Rephidim. But the two camping places whither the Israelites went after leaving the Wilderness of Sin, (Dophkah and Alush, Num. xxxiii, 12, 13,) would seem to make it impossible that Rephidim could be so near that wilderness as is this oasis. If, therefore, Rephidim was farther east than the present Feiran, then the mountain of the law must have been farther east than Mount Serbál, which is at Feiran. Moreover, it is distinctly stated that the Israelites left Rephidim and pitched in the Wilderness of Sinai. Num. xxxiii, 15. If Serbál were Sinai, and Feiran were Rephidim, why should the hosts have left Rephidim to reach Sinai, when Feiran is at the very base of Serbál?

There is also the topography of the immediate surroundings of Serbál, which, to my mind, presents an insuperable difficulty in accepting it for the true Sinai. The part of the valley nearest the mount where we encamped is only four thousand two hundred feet by six hundred feet large, a space entirely insufficient to accommodate two million of people, so that they could be in hearing and seeing distance of the mount. Neither is there any plain near by which is large enough. And the base of the mount, far from being of easy approach—"the mount that might be touched"—breaks into several spurs,

which render the mount itself quite inaccessible. To these weighty considerations must be added the additional one of tradition. The Israelites "left Rephidim, and pitched in the wilderness of Sinai;" and as far back as any authentic accounts take us, the group of mountains, of which the popularly understood Mount Sinai is the center, has been called the Mountains of Sinai; and the principal plain, Er Raha, which they inclose, as the particular Wilderness of Sinai designated as the camping place of the people after Rephidim.

Arriving at the head of Wady Feiran, which is a sort of natural gate-way through the solid rock, we found ourselves at the junction of Wadies es Sheik and Solaf, the former bearing almost due east, and then sweeping south nearly to the base of Mount Sinai, and the latter bearing southward, and turning to the east until it terminates at the Sinaitic group. The route by es Sheik is the easier and the more direct, and is, in all probability, that which the Israelites followed. It is broad until it reaches the point where it cuts through the outer walls of the Sinai range; there it becomes very narrow, with high, precipitous sides on either hand, though it still retains a comparatively smooth bed, and is easily trodden by beasts of burden.

Mr. Palmer, in his late admirable work, says: "In this gorge, which is called el Watiyeh, the Arabs show a large detached rock, not unlike an arm-chair in shape, as the Magad en Nebi Musa, or 'Seat of the Prophet Moses.'

The legend does not relate the circumstances under which the prophet occupied the seat in question, but a tall, white-topped peak is also pointed out as the place where his sheep went up to graze. It is most probable that, like many similar spots in the neighborhood, the peculiar natural formation has given rise to both the name and the story. Mr. Holland, who believes the route we are now following to have been that taken by the children of Israel, thinks that this may be the site of Rephidim, and the rock in question the position occupied by Moses during the battle with the Amalekites.*

We took the route by Wady Solaf, in order to enter the mountains by the wild and difficult gorge called Nagb Hawa, "The Windy Pass," that thus approaching Mount Sinai from the north through the whole length of the plain er Rahah, we might see the mount to the best advantage. I was sorry, however, to lose the pass of es Sheik, called el Watiyeh. Before reading any description of this pass and the legend mentioned by Mr. Palmer, or knowing of the opinion of Mr. Holland, I thought that Rephidim should be located about this point. Ritter, I find, calls for a location farther east than Feiran.

The face of the scriptural narrative demands that from Rephidim to the Wilderness of Sinai there be a quick easy journey. This point answers the necessity. If it be objected that, with Feiran in their rear, the Israelites would have had plenty of water, the answer is, that such

* "The Desert of the Exodus," p. 52. Harper & Brothers.

a multitude, after leaving Feiran, would here have become subject to the same thirst imagined below that point, as the dryness and desolateness of the region are particularly notable. Its proximity to Horeb, whether Horeb stands for Mount Sinai proper or the whole Sinaitic group, is an important consideration; and then, as the entrance to the Sinaitic tier of mountains, it is the immediate gate-way to the whole region lying north and north-east, which is the country of the Amalekites, known as such then and afterward. The argument which places Rephidim at Feiran, because at that point the Amalekites would naturally have stood, for it is a well-watered nook, holds with equal and even more force at el Watiyeh.

The nearness of this pass to Mount Sinai seems to fulfill the condition that Moses and the elders went in advance of the tribes to the "rock that is in Horeb." The water falls from Sinai in this direction through Wady es Sheik, and the production of an extraordinary flow by the smiting of Moses' rod answers to the description of the psalmist; as well as our suppositions as to the quantity required by such a host of people and their herds: "He opened the rock, and the waters gushed out; they ran in the dry places like a river." *Psa. cv, 41.*

But where were the Amalekites while Moses and the elders went on to the rock in Horeb? It appears from the narrative (*Exod. xvii, 8*) as though they were not gathered at the point where the battle took place till after the smiting of the rock: "Then came Amalek, and

fought with Israel in Rephidim." Is it improbable that Amalek now, convinced through their scouts that Israel meant to force their way to Mount Sinai, and obtain possession of the entrance to their whole territory, determined for the first time to oppose their further progress?

The route through much of Wady Solaf is extremely dull, with a loose soil, and bordered by low, broken hills of schist, with dykes or streaks of a dark iron color running through them. Reaching the water-shed between Sinai and Serbál, we passed the tomb of a sheik, a round stone tower, on our left, and leaving the entrance to Wady Hebran. (through which some suppose Israel approached Mount Sinai from the Desert of Sin) on our right, we pitched our tents at the very base of the granite range, which incloses, like an impenetrable wall rising for a thousand feet, the sanctuary of the Holy Mount.

It was Saturday evening, March 14. We had been one week in the Desert, and all were well preserved, man and beast; only a few chickens had died natural deaths, if being ridden to death on a camel's back can be called dying in a natural way. We had hoped to camp at the foot of Mount Sinai on Saturday evening, but fell short. The rest of Sunday was never more welcome.

Sunday morning our camp, grouped in a circle, with a little American flag floating in the center, wore a cheerful aspect. At ten we had divine service, Dr. Vail preaching from *Psa. xix, 7; Heb. xii, 18, etc.*, "The Law and the Gospel." The allusions to our surroundings were appro-

priate and effective. His remarks on the Law, its permanency, and the foundation of the Gospel, were explicit and forcible: "No law, no knowledge of sin; no knowledge of sin, no need of a Saviour." There was clearness of thought and expression. He had not preached in English for four years. The prayers of Drs. Harvey and Chambers were earnest and devout, and the hymns, "Come, let us join our cheerful songs," "My faith looks up to thee," and "Jesus, lover of my soul," were refreshing. Every thing was so peaceful, that not the least sound, except that in our own camp, could be heard. The chickens sang around as though glad of the Sunday's rest. I thought how, in ever widening circles, the benign law of the Sabbath pronounced from yon mountain had traveled through the earth, carrying with it healing even for the brute creation.

Some of us, toward evening, took a short walk from camp to a hill where we found some empty stone houses or pens, which are probably occupied by the Bedawin in the winter. One or two skeletons of animals were all that could be seen. The view of Serbál was still very fine. The barometer showed we were now three thousand three hundred feet above the level of the sea. We undertook in the evening, in the form of a Bible class, to go over the whole route we had thus far traversed, but could not get farther than the Red Sea.

CHAPTER III

MOUNT SINAI AND ADJACENT POINTS.

ON Monday morning, March 16, we rose at six o'clock, and breakfasted at seven. The pack camels were sent around through Wady es Sheik, and our company took the path directly across Nagb Hawa, "the Windy Pass." We had to dismount and walk over, so rough and precipitous was the path. On the left, Jebel Fareiah rises almost perpendicularly one thousand feet from the bed of the pass, and on the right the mountains are as high, though more slanting. Nothing can exceed the wildness of the mountains towering thus in their naked baldness toward the sky.

Such great heights in America or Switzerland would be clothed with verdure, but here they are as bare as stone can be, and yet with a coloring—an iron darkness—imparting a firmness of aspect truly sublime. Leaping and babbling along the rocky bed of the pass is a clear, cold stream, whose course even here gives life to thin bits of grass, and to a few straggling dwarf palms. In this wild gorge, as in many more sterile spots, I found some modest, pretty little flowers peeping above the scanty soil. After an hour and a half's climb through this romantic notch we emerged into Wady Abu Seileh,

and began the descent on the other side, with Jebel Abu Taubeineh on our left, and Jebel Abu Jerus on our right.

We now fairly entered the plain er Rahah, or Wilderness of Sinai, and had very soon, riding on in a southeasterly direction, the whole Sinaitic mountains grouped before and about us. We were entering their very heart, the secret place of the Most High. Ahead of us, with its clean-cut, perpendicular form rising plumb from the plain at its farthest end, was Ras Sufsafah, and the now-conceded Mount of the Law, the true Mount Sinai; and around, at a respectful distance, loomed up Jebel Shubsheh, Jebel Sona, Jebel ed Deir, and other lofty peaks, standing as mute sentinels around the Mount of God.

As we advanced the plain grew broader and smoother. Reaching its water-shed, midway, we found that it descends gradually from this point till it breaks squarely against the foot of Sufsafah, falling just enough in its course to make it one of the grandest audience floors that could possibly be constructed. According to Mr. Palmer, from the water-shed to the base of Ras Sufsafah two million of people can be accommodated with standing room, allowing, by actual survey, a square yard to each person.

We were now all excitement. Eagerly pressing forward, our dromedaries seeming to catch the inspiration, we were overawed by the realization of our most sanguine expectations. When the silence was broken it was simply to say, as with one voice, "This is it!" "This

is the true Sinai!" On gaining the end of the plain we turned up Wady ed Deir, leaving Harun (hill of the Golden Calf) on our left, and passing Jethro's Well (the burial ground of the khedive's soldiers) on our right. About noon we reached, in the little Wady Shu'eib, the famous Convent of St. Catharine. Here a cluster of walled buildings nestles under the sides of the mountain, clinging there, a thing of life, to the sterile rocks. It is the only approach to civilization in the vast wilderness.

'Ahmet, dismounting under the great window, which is about thirty feet from the ground, after the most approved form of generations, gave the usual call: "Ya Musa! Ya Musa!"

Pretty soon a copper-colored Moses, an Arab servant in the convent, thrust his head through a wicket of the great window, and cried, "Who's there?"

'Ahmet replied, "Howadji, with a letter of introduction to the brothers from the convent at Cairo."

"Iwah"—yes—and immediately a huge iron hook, a foot long, and strong enough to lift five hundred weight, was let down, and on it our letter was elevated.

The document being duly read, the side gate was opened for us. Received, as we entered, by a fat, good-natured looking lay brother, we wound about, through passage ways and stairways, till we reached a veranda looking toward the interior of the building, and were shown to the reception room, furnished with large divans, where one of the monks welcomed us, and we were at

once served with hot coffee. Very soon lunch was prepared by our own servants with the convent utensils. The day was cool, and a hot lunch was not a disagreeable departure from our ordinary noon meal.

The convent belongs to the Greek Church, and was founded by the Emperor Justinian A.D. 527. It rose rapidly in importance, gradually attracting the pilgrims from Feiran; and finally superseding the establishment there, it became the episcopal seat. The body of St. Catharine (for whom the convent is named) is said to have been miraculously transported, A.D. 307, from Alexandria to the top of Mount St. Catharine, one of the peaks of the Sinaitic range, a short distance south-west of Jebel Musa. The convent has had varying fortunes. It reached its highest prosperity in the years when the conventual and anchorite spirit raged most vehemently. Since then, because of its great isolation, it has gradually declined in favor, until for a long time it has been regarded as a Botany Bay of the Greek Church, to which refractory monks are sent for punishment.

Looking from the veranda my eye rested upon a quadrangular inclosure of two hundred and forty-five by two hundred and four feet, surrounded by a massive granite wall, bristling here and there with a turret and a few small rusty cannon. The buildings follow no one order, having been built and patched up all the way from Justinian's time to ours. Almost every thing looks dilapidated, and as if ready, but for the massiveness of the

walls, to tumble down. The pretty Church of the Transfiguration, however, is an exception; it is in good repair, and its neat little towers peep up through the mass of ugliness, much to the relief of the eye. It has a chime of sweet-toned bells.

After lunch we visited the church. The entrance from the vestibule is through large wooden folding-doors. There is a row of granite columns (now plastered) on each side of the nave; there are side lights above; the ceiling is flat, with blue ground, ornamented with stars; the side aisles are hung with pictures, most of which are destitute of all merit except their age. I noticed a picture of St. John the Evangelist dictating to an amanuensis; another of Dionysius the Areopagite; and also a large portrait of the Virgin Mary and Child, by St. Luke, all of which are rather striking. Behind the screen are three caskets containing relics of St. Catharine, one of which is of silver, with the image of the saint adorned with precious stones, diamonds, amethysts, and emeralds; even on the finger is a ring with a jewel. One of these caskets was the paltry compensation of the Russian emperor for the reluctant delivery, by the authorities, of the "Codex Sinaiticus" into the hands of Tischendorf. The ceiling of the chancel has old and rich mosaics of the transfiguration: "Christ is in the center, Moses on his right, and Elias on his left, and the three apostles beneath, Peter being prostrate." A beautiful copy of the Bible lies on the altar.

Thence we entered, at the rear and adjoining the chancel, the chapel of the "Burning Bush." "Now Moses kept the flock of Jethro his father-in-law, the priest of Midian: and he led the flock to the back side of the desert, and came to the mountain of God, even to Horeb. And the Angel of the Lord appeared unto him in a flame of fire out of the midst of a bush: and he looked, and, behold, the bush burned with fire, and the bush was not consumed." Exod. iii, 1, 2. In imitation of the action of Moses, we were all requested to take off our shoes. We were, indeed, according to tradition, treading on holy ground. On the exact spot where the bush stood three lamps are kept burning day and night. Underneath these is a heart-shaped silver ornament, the object of which I did not understand. I took from the altar and examined a copy of the Gospel of St. John in manuscript, said to be one thousand years old.

Returning, we called on the Superior, "the Economist," a venerable looking man, of large size, with courtly, genial manners, but who was unwashed and untidy. We next went to inspect the distillery. Several vigorous rings failed to bring the brother who guards the premises. It was whispered that he too largely patronized his own wares. After a little, a sleepy monk came, unlocked the massive door, and showed us the well-filled vats. The liquor, "arrack," is made of dates, is beautifully transparent, a little oily in appearance, and of an agreeable odor and flavor. It is very intoxicating. The Mohammedans, who

will not drink wine because its use is specifically forbidden in the Koran, not unfrequently get drunk on arrack.

Passing through the interior yard, we confronted the ibex and his companion. He is a native of the region, a noble animal, with horns and shoulders indicating immense strength. Impatient of restraint, he bounded by us through the open gate, as if determined to gain his liberty.

Leaving this inclosure we were conducted into the garden, and were shown the crypt where the dead of the convent have been buried from the beginning. A huge key unlocks a rusty iron door, and stooping, we entered an antechamber, where the bodies are exposed immediately after death, and left till all the flesh rots and drops from the bones. In the second chamber the bones and skulls are deposited—the different bones in separate piles, stacked up, reminding one, though not too agreeably, of the end to which all the living must come. The monks in attendance took up several of the bones and skulls, and conversed together with the utmost *sang froid*. Just by the door, in a side chamber, is the skeleton of St. Stephanos, who was keeper of the convent gate three hundred years ago. Some pilgrims have taken a notion to deck it with tawdry silken garments, and through these, as if in mockery of the vanity of life, the grim visage stares. The skeletons of two brothers of noble descent, who lived and died chained together, (still fastened with the chain,) and a box containing the bones

of another illustrious person, are pointed out; while all around the walls, hung up in sacks like cured hams, are the precious bones of bishops and other dignitaries of the convent.

It did not take long, in such a place, to satisfy our curiosity. Escape to the open air, amid the overhanging trees and the scent of flowers, under the clear, bright sky, was only too welcome. We walked for some time about the garden, which is thickly planted with olive, apricot, orange, lemon, pomegranate, palm, cypress, and other trees, besides rows of shrubbery and beds of vegetables and flowers. The apricots were in blossom, and the orange and lemon trees were laden with fruit. Here and there a sluggish monk was leisurely at work.

At this point, taking leave of our attendant for the day, we hastened down the wady to our tents, which the servants had pitched under the shelter of an old stone barrack. The odor of nice clean tents was more agreeable than that of the convent.

In the morning we again repaired to the convent for a jaunt to the mountains. We left it at twenty minutes before nine o'clock, under the escort of a Brother Jacobus, for the ascent of Jebel Musa. The wind was blowing strong from the northwest, and the atmosphere was favorable for climbing. We took the usual path, lying back of the convent, which winds up the gorge between Jebel Musa and El Birell. The bowlders, for quite a distance up, have been so placed as to form a rude stairway,

which greatly facilitates the ascent. Once fairly in the gorge, the cliffs rise perpendicularly on both sides, the layers of granite lying mostly at an angle of 15° . A large spring of ice-cold water is passed, and then all along, for an hour, a beautiful stream gurgles and dashes through the opening rocks. About half way up, a little Chapel of the Virgin stands on the left, and turning thence to the right, a pretty arched gateway opens through the solid granite, and a little farther on still another. These were the confessional gates, where, in days gone by, the monks received the confessions of the pilgrims as they ascended.

Thence we emerged on a small plateau of green, where is a fountain, a garden with a few fig-trees, and a tall cypress. At the head of this plain is the Chapel of Elijah and Elisha. From



Confessional Gate-way

here the peak of Jebel Musa rose distinctly into view, only a half-hour away. Mr. Albright and myself had encouraged Dr. Vail to attempt the ascent, so we accompanied him, and by allowing him to rest frequently, and animating him with thoughts of Moses, Sinai, and Hebrew, and securing him occasional lifts from an Arab servant, he got on bravely.

The sharpest climb is from the Chapel of Elijah and Elisha. We now passed several springs, full of icicles, and also patches of snow lying about in sheltered places. The little garden is the only sign of verdure, except a few tufts of thin grass. No tree or shrub, but utter barrenness, meets the eye. In wild confusion, more and more the jagged granite lifts itself in sternness and unyielding hardness. Far-away glimpses open to the west. Mount Serbál, with its pitchfork summit, is seen towering up toward the sea, and the deep depression of Wady es Sheik sweeping away toward its base, with sandstone and dark porphyritic hills beyond. An awful stillness reigns around, except when one of our companions speaks, or sings, or shouts. Up and up we go, the rocks winding, twisting, shooting out in all manner of formations as the last great convulsion of nature left them, all bathed in glorious sunshine. My heart involuntarily exclaims at each step, Here it is where Moses was alone with God! Here is an audience chamber of Jehovah's own making, worthy of the sublime prophet who was to speak his mind to all ages!

While resting awhile, Feirih, an Arab boy, pointed out the camel's foot—an impression in the rock resembling a camel's foot—called by the Arabs, "Athar Nagat en Nebi"—the footprint of the prophet's she camel. It is generally thought by them that the prophet was Mohammed; but the term used is, "Nebi Saleh"—"the righteous prophet," and may refer to Moses. As is stated by Mr. Palmer, the only aeronautic trip taken by Mohammed

was on Borak, a creature with the feet of a mule.* A few stones mark the spot. Traditional footprints of Moham-med's camel are scattered around at several convenient places in the East, as, for example, Cairo, Mecca, Damas-cus, and even Central Africa.

It was near noon when we reached the summit, so that we (Dr. Vail, Mr. Albright, and myself) had been three hours and ten minutes in accomplishing the ascent. A huge flat rock extends nearly over the summit. The granite is of a light gray color, and of a fine texture, closely resembling the Quincy granite of Massachusetts. The Greek Chapel of the Transfiguration crowns the highest peak. It is very old, and in a forlorn condition. The lights, however, are kept constantly burning in it. The structure and all its furniture are of the plainest sort. Immediately below the chapel, the rock on which it stands has a slight cave-like appearance, with a crevice into which, tradition says, Moses was placed when the Lord God passed before him and proclaimed his name. Exod. xxxiv, 6, 7. The crevice was a little tight for me to squeeze into. I could get in only by stooping and crawling. Near by, and occupying the same ledge, is a little mosque, with a cheap whitewashed interior. It has well-nigh fallen into decay. It, too, has its cleft in the rock below.

The view from the flat roof of the chapel is as perfect as the positions of the surrounding mountains will allow.

* "The Desert of the Exodus," p. 53.

This, its highest point, is, according to the British Ordnance Survey, seven thousand three hundred and twenty-five feet above the level of the sea at Akabah, while the highest peak of Mount St. Catharine, south of it, is eight thousand five hundred and thirty-six feet.

The wind had fallen, and the atmosphere was favorable for distant views. The view to the south and east is shut in by mountains. On the north, west, and north-west the outlook is unobstructed. Far away to the north-west stretched the mountains through which we had come from Suez; to the north lay the porphyritic and sandstone cliffs, through which we were to go northward and eastward; and far beyond, still to the north, glowed with almost snowy whiteness the limestone ranges of the Tih Wilderness. The near prospect was, however, the most interesting and impressive. The rugged side of St. Catharine, the bold front of Sufsafeh, and around, mountains of various elevations and shapes, gray, reddish, and dark, with no vestige of green, no sign of life, but looking cold, hard, and stern, as if, when plastic, an omnipotent hand had suddenly squeezed them into unyielding fixedness:—all combined to form, in their grandeur, a fit scene for the delivery of that law, one of whose properties is its unchangeableness. The correspondence was oppressive.

We descended to the garden below the Chapel of Elijah and Elisha and there lunched, drinking from the same spring from which, in all likelihood, both Moses and Elijah had drank. Reclining under the tall cypress, and

looking around, I could not but think that this little glen was a suitable sanctuary for Moses when he dwelt forty days and forty nights in the mount communing with God, and, away from the tumult of the people, elaborated, under divine inspiration, the wonderful system which has since borne his name. While I admit that Moses may have frequented this spot—indeed, it is not unreasonable to suppose that during his long and repeated withdrawals from the body of the Israelites he frequented the whole range, about three miles in extent—still I do not think that Jebel Musa, the peak just described, is the mount where he received the law. It is impossible, as there is no plain near it where the Israelites could have been gathered.

After lunch, we hastened northward, through sharp openings and deep ravines in the very heart of the mountain, till in about one hour we came to another beautiful glen, where is a small chapel, a willow tree, (from which the northern peak—Sufsafeh—takes its name,) a few other trees, and a small stream. Just overhead, springing from the rock like a huge tower, is the Ras Sufsafeh—"Head of the Willow." The ascent to it was the steepest and most difficult yet encountered. On reaching the top of the gorge I found that there are really two heads, standing up distinct from each other. From the depression between them a view of the plain Er Rahah is first obtained. There was still another climb before the precise spot of the giving of the law was reached. Brother Jacobus conducted us around near the top of the left peak.

We did not go up to the very highest point, but clambered out on the farthest projection overlooking the plain.

This the guide affirmed to be the true site where Moses stood when, "on the third day in the morning, there were thunders and lightnings, and a thick cloud upon the mount, and the voice of the trumpet exceeding loud; so that all the people that were in the camp trembled. And Moses brought forth the people out of the camp to meet with God; and they stood at the nether part of the mount. And Mount Sinai was altogether on a smoke, because the Lord descended upon it in fire: and the smoke thereof ascended as the smoke of a furnace, and the whole mount quaked greatly. And when the voice of the trumpet sounded long, and waxed louder and louder, Moses spake, and God answered him by a voice. And the Lord came down upon Mount Sinai, on the top of the mount: and the Lord called Moses up to the top of the mount; and Moses went up." Exod. xix, 16-20.

The position where we stood answers admirably all the conditions required by the narrative. Below lay the plain Er Rahah, or Desert of Sinai, one half of the area of which, as before stated, could have amply accommodated the two million people; while Wadies es Sheik, ed Deir, es Sudud, and Seil Leja could have supplied places for the tents and beasts. Looking down we could see almost to the very foot of the mount, a slight swell near the base alone changing the almost perpendicular line. In

the open space at its foot the people stood, "at the nether part of the mount." Verse 17. These "bounds" were commanded to be set to prevent the too near approach and gaze of the people. How clear is all this when thus standing on the spot! Truly this was, as the apostle describes it, "the mount that might be touched." Heb. xii, 18.

Sufsafeh is distinctly visible from all parts of the plain, and from most parts of the surrounding valleys; thus corroborating the statement of the sacred historian, that the Lord came "*down in the sight of all the people upon Mount Sinai.*" Verse 11. It is possible that the ordinary action of the elements in the severe storms to which this whole region is subject, to say nothing of occasional earthquakes, may have somewhat affected the form of these mountains, yet certainly not to any great extent. The principal change which has been produced may be reasonably conjectured to be in a gradual filling up at the base of the mount by the descent and accumulation of bowlders from its face; so that it is easy to suppose that originally the line of the mount fronting on the plain was even nearer a plumb line than now, and consequently answering still more closely to the description in Exodus.

Most of the party had descended from the peak, leaving Dr. Strong and Mr. Dotterer to take a photograph of the plain. I sat in the deep recess between the two peaks, looking out upon the plain, until the sunshine left my seat and the nook was thrown into deep shadow.

Alone I lingered, loth to leave the awful place. Here, next after the creation, took place the sublimest transaction in history—the revelation to man, by God himself, of that Law which was to become the foundation of all law—a transaction exceeded in importance by none which has since occurred, save the miracle of miracles—the incarnation, death, and resurrection of Jesus Christ.

To Calvary I must go for thoughts which shall stir me more profoundly than any this holy mount awakens. And there, I fear, it will require a strong effort to strip from the facts of history the pious frauds which have been thrown around them, and which so far conceal them. But here all is so real—nature in all its naked, simple majesty, just as when God and Moses talked together—that I find the mind spontaneously takes in the whole scene. This still hour cannot be forgotten! It was not easy to withdraw from the spot without a prayer for more of the spirit of the man who here talked face to face with God, and who, though so far lifted up above all his fellows, was yet the meekest of men.

At length, hastening down, I joined my companions at the Willow Tree. Here, before ascending, I cut a branch from a small thorn tree which grows near the willow, and handed it to an Arab boy to trim. He gashed it badly, but I brought it home as a trophy. I also obtained a characteristic specimen of the granite of Ras Sufsafeh. It is of reddish hue, and of coarser grain than the specimen from the top of Jebel Musa, resembling very much the granite

near Assouan, of which the Egyptian obelisks are formed. We did not attempt to scale the right peak of Sufsafeh, our guide affirming it to be impracticable. The impression was general with us, that from it even a more perfect view of the plain Er Rahah, and of the adjoining wadies, could have been obtained.

From the "Willow" we followed the ravine called Sikket Sho'eib, or Jethro's Road, which comes out at the north-east corner of the mountain, close by the mouth of Wady ed Deir. For one thousand feet it was down, down—slipping, falling, sliding, leaping. We paused only to see the cave of St. Callistratus. From it flows a spring of the coldest water, and about its mouth grow beautiful mosses and delicately tinted flowers. This spot struck me as a most natural one for the location of "the rock in Horeb." Exod. xvii, 12. Some of our party were, as usual, far in advance. The facility with which we could hear their shouts reminded me of the references in the scriptural account that indicate the distinctness with which sounds are transmitted among these mountains.

Moses and Joshua were descending through this same ravine, bearing the tables of the law, when a strange noise proceeding from the camp below burst upon their ears, as mentioned in Exodus. "And when Joshua heard the noise of the people as they shouted, he said unto Moses, There is a noise of war in the camp." But Moses replied, "It is . . . the noise of them that sing." "And it came to pass, as soon as he came nigh unto the camp, that he saw

the calf, and the dancing: and Moses' anger waxed hot, and he cast the tables out of his hands, and brake them beneath the mount." Exod. xxxii, 17-19. Just in front, as we emerged upon the valley, was "the Hill of the Golden Calf," answering by its formation and position to this description. Ascending to its top, I found it admirably formed and located for the purpose to which Aaron prostituted it. It is of easy access, and from its summit, a few hundred feet high, there is a good view of Er Rahah, Wady ed Deir, and Wady Seba'i'yeh. The traditional site of the golden calf is now marked by a small square stone structure, and can be very distinctly seen from all directions. Near the base flow the waters from both Wady Seba'i'yeh and Wady Leja. Upon this stream was cast the golden dust after Moses had ground the calf to powder.

The night of March 17 was very cold, with a slight fall of snow. In the morning, with Brother Jacobus again for guide, we walked around the base of Sufsafeh, crossing the lower extremity of the plain Er Rahah, and entered Seil Lejah, the Wady of the Rock. We passed three gardens, where once were convents, and in about two hours came to the rock shown by the monks as the one which Moses smote. It is a huge boulder which some convulsion has thrown from the body of the mountain. It is a pebble of many tons weight! but its detached position makes the tradition seem most improbable. Ten transverse gashes along a central vertical

depression in its front are pointed out as the marks left by the successive strokes of Moses' rod.

In the bed of this wady is by far the largest body of water I had yet seen in the Desert. For volume and motion it is much like one of our American mountain streams.

Farther up the valley we came to an extensive orchard, in which there are hundreds of olive-trees, interspersed with poplars and cypresses ; and adjoining the convent Deir el Arbain



The Rock in Horeb.

(Convent of the Forty Martyrs) is a garden, in which grow luxuriantly almond, pomegranate, date, prune, and other trees. The convent is now abandoned by the monks. A few of the Jebaleyeh Arabs inhabit it, and cultivate the garden. The Arab host dispensed coffee to us, arrack to those who wished it, and made us welcome to the place. There is an apology for a chapel, with the ordinary appointments of a Greek sanctuary, very crude and scant. Over the lowly altar a light is kept always burning, it being one of the few duties of the monks of St. Catharine to make pilgrimages to these lonely shrines, and to keep the holy fires alive.

It is easy to see how this little recess between the

lofty mountains might, when diligently cultivated, have been a place of the highest fertility and beauty, a very oasis in the waste. The fierce torrents of winter must have always rendered gardening difficult; but when these valleys swarmed with earnest devotees, it takes no stretch of fancy to picture the verdure and fruitfulness which prevailed. Even now, when little or nothing is done for renovation, there is freshness and loveliness amid the sad decay that marks every object which the hand of man has formed.

From the head of this wady is the path which leads up to the top of Mount St. Catharine. The ascent was impracticable for this day, and, postponed to another day, was finally abandoned. We returned by the way we came. At the base of Sufsafeh was pointed out a hole in the ground, which is the traditional "mold of the golden calf," but where, the Mohammedans assert, the Jews sacrificed a pig. We also passed Jethro's Well. Here it was, according to their tradition, that Moses first saw the daughters of the Midianitish priest, and for his gallantry to them obtained the favor of the good father and of his daughter Zipporah. We got back to camp at one P. M. I was glad of a short respite to rearrange my trappings, and to readjust the "puggery" about my hat. The fierce winds had quite disarranged the soft folds and gently drooping curtains into which I had so daintily fashioned a white scarf for the protection of my face and neck from the oriental heats.

While waiting, we were diverted by a row in the camp. Naomi, a favorite servant, was unmercifully beaten by Antone, another servant, because of some misunderstanding between them. The only response from Naomi when the big, muscular Antone was pulled away, was a good-natured, "O, he likes me! we are good friends!" Our servants had evidently obtained access to the arrack at the convent.

In the afternoon we called again on Father Jacob, the Economos.* We found 'Ahmet with him, fast asleep, and hardly as bright as he was wont to be. We suspected that he, too, had been patronizing Father Jacob's arrack; on him, however, the fiery stuff had had a rather soothing effect. He was very sick, much sicker than he found himself to be after he was a week away from the convent.

After a brief chat we were conducted to the archiepiscopal room. In it are two good portraits, one of a patriarch, and another of a priest; also some rare and oddly shaped pieces of furniture, and several silver candlesticks. The library was not so extensive as I had supposed. We were shown the noted "Codex Aureus" of the Four Gospels; a manuscript on parchment, illustrated with portraits of the evangelists, all exquisitely executed, and transcribed, it is asserted, by the Emperor Theodosius in the fifth century. This Codex consists of lessons from the gospels, and not the gospels themselves. Another object of great interest is a copy of the Psalms in Greek. The

* Greek, *οἰκονόμος*, manager of a household.

whole of the Psalms are written on six leaves, five and a quarter inches by three and one eighth inches in size, and though the letters are so small as to require the aid of a microscope to be read, yet they are perfectly formed. The books in the library are mostly in Greek and Arabic. There is a manuscript copy of the Acts of the Apostles, about seven hundred years old, and a superb fac-simile of the Codex Sinaiticus, edited by Tischendorf, and presented by Alexander II. of Russia, together with a set of lithographic views of the convent and its surroundings, a likeness of Theodosius the Abyssinian, and the casket already described, as compensation for the invaluable manuscript taken by Tischendorf.*

We wished now to retire, but Father Jacobus would have us go to his office, where coffee was immediately served, and we were each presented with some preserved dates done up in cured goat skin. These dates are of delicious flavor, as we had already proved. The dragoon had afterward to pay for them! We bade the father, as we supposed and hoped, a final adieu.

* The New York "Tribune" of May 11, 1875, contains the following:—"Professor Brugsch, while accompanying the Hereditary Grand Duke of Mecklenburgh-Schwerin on an expedition to Sinai, has, it is stated, discovered in the library of the monastery nine hitherto unknown portions of the 'Codex Sinaiticus,' the oldest extant manuscript of the Old Testament."

CHAPTER IV.

FROM SINAI TO AKABAH.

OUR anticipations of a start in the morning were doomed to disappointment. The weather was bitter cold, thermometer 41° in the evening, and during the night below 32° . It snowed much of the afternoon, and all night the wind blew fiercely. Fearing our tents might be blown down by the gale, some of us arose and dressed to be prepared for the worst. We escaped without damage, but passed a comfortless night. Think of coming out of heat 80° in the shade into rigorous winter within a few days! This was an experience for the 19th of March, and gives an idea of the height of these mountains, and the extreme changes to which the whole region is subject.

At breakfast 'Ahmet told us it would be impossible to move—the camels could not, and the Bedawin would not, travel through snow. Prompt to appointment, some of the Arabs were on hand, but with no intention of traveling. Our servants, between the snow and the arrack, were as badly demoralized as the Arabs; indeed, the howadji themselves were about as crest-fallen as the poor Bedawin. Snow five or six inches deep, the thermometer at freezing point, no fire anywhere, except the

small charcoal fire in the cook's tent, twelve men walking around clapping their hands, blowing their fingers, or sitting muffled and shivering in their tents: this was far from agreeable, and just now we felt we had exhausted all the romance of Mount Sinai. In our strait a monk arrived from the convent inviting us to its hospitalities. After a warm debate—as warm as the cold would allow—it was decided to accept the invitation, and we moved off, bed and baggage, to the sacred inclosure, glad enough to accept its shelter, despite the fleas which must be accepted with it. The servants were only too willing to take every thing to the convent necessary for our comfort. As the sequel proved, the decision was a wise one.

Rooms were assigned us as we were arranged in our camp. There are no fire-places; but braziers, filled with burning charcoal, were furnished to each room, the open doors and rickety windows affording sufficient escape for the gas. Ah! never did a little artificial heat feel more comfortable. We drew around our brazier filled with burning charcoal manufactured of the juniper tree, which in Hebrew is called *rathem*, and in German *ginster*, a bush that grows from six to ten feet high. The *rathem* abounds in all these wadies, and it is likely that under such a bush Elijah cast himself for shade and refreshment. The original text, where his act is spoken of, (1 Kings xix, 4,) does not give *tree*, but simply *rathem*—juniper. It was pleasing at night to see the Bedawin set fire to these bushes, and thus encircle themselves and camels with blaz-

ing lights. The charcoal of commerce, however, is mostly made of the shittim or acacia tree. We had no sooner become a little warmed than black coffee was brought in. After lunch, the time was spent in reading, writing, and discussion. The snow continued most of the day. Had we moved the day we wished we should have been caught in this storm before we could have got beyond its reach. A good dinner was served by our capital cook; indeed, we fared sumptuously every day. There was danger that before we got out of the Desert our provisions would run short, especially if many such detentions occurred.

During the night I walked out on the veranda. The storm had ceased, and the atmosphere was calm and clear. Looking directly over head, up between the bleak mountains, as out of a deep and dark abyss, the sky, with its myriad stars, shone with unusual brightness, and shed upon the snowy peaks and sides of the great giants a sort of delicate roseate tint, which was exceedingly beautiful.

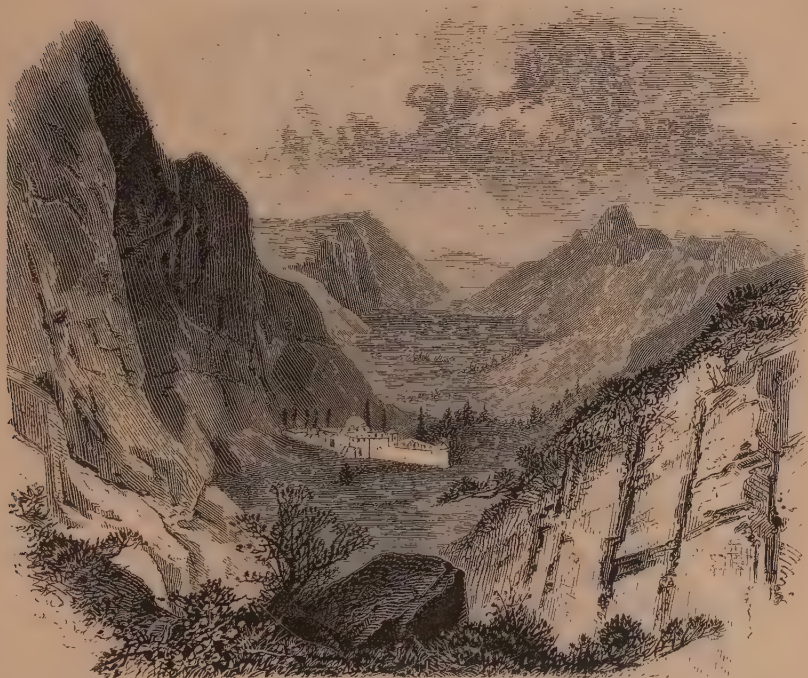
March 20, I arose refreshed by a good night's sleep. Our mattresses from the tents were spread upon the divans, and made very comfortable beds. We were again informed we could not move. "One camel has died, and another is sick." "The Arabs are dead," said 'Ahmet. We supposed the report that a camel had died was an Arab myth to reconcile us to remaining, but on going down to the tents we found the report true. One of the largest pack camels, a faithful black fellow, that I had often noticed moving patiently along under his heavy burdens,

had succumbed. A tumor was found to be the cause of his death. The feet of the camels had struck us as so eminently fitted for moving over the gravel, sands, and rocks of the desert, that one of our party determined to examine the foot of this animal. He found around, and just inside the exterior rim, and beneath the outside thick, tough, horny bottom skin, a series of cushions, well-nigh as real as ever were in a chair bottom. Thus the foot can spread itself, and yield gently to the pressure of the immense weight of the animal. Here we see the provision of nature, which, in the structure of the camel, made it not for draught but for bearing burdens.

Some of us, after breakfast, strolled around the convent, and, among other places, went into the refectory and saw the monks at breakfast. It was Lent, and the brothers ate in silence their onions and parsley, and black bread, while one of their number, from a high reading-desk, read to them the lesson of the morning. The room itself is a rich one, but dark and dingy, with a picture at one end of angry devils pitchforking poor doomed men and casting them into the lake of fire. A rather painful subject for an eating room. But to crush out of man all humanity is the end of monasticism. What right has a monk to pleasing thoughts, even when he eats?

That afternoon Albright, Jackson, and I went up Wady Seba'iyyeh and climbed to the cross on the summit of Jebel Moneijah. Thence, looking north, we had a fine view of the convent and the whole valley, sweeping down

to Er Rahah, and of the plain itself. After my companions had gone down, and were walking along the sides of Jebel ed Deir, I could hear them, though many hundred yards away, talking together. I spoke to them in an ordinary tone, and they responded, so distinctly is sound



Convent of St. Catherine—Plain er Rahah.

transmitted. As I sat alone, sketching the convent, no noise could be heard save the occasional falling of a boulder, the murmuring of the brook or the twittering of a solitary little bird. The awful silence of these mountains cannot be imagined, it must be felt.

The next morning (21st) we breakfasted early, and bade farewell to the convent. A new sheik was now

“superintendent” of the “carrying.” A'Tier and A'Tiek were on hand for me, and soon the little man arranged all my personal baggage on A'Tiek ; but on looking round he could find no saddle. All the saddles had been appropriated. The only one which no howadji claimed had been put upon the camel of a strange boy. The sheik told me I was to take this camel and driver. I remonstrated, and appealed to the dragoman. He said it was of no use, that this sheik governed beyond the convent, and no one could carry without his permission, and if he chose to substitute another for A'Tier it could not be helped. Very reluctantly A'Tier took off my luggage. He almost wept. I gave him some backsheesh, and soothed him all I could.

My new dromedary was stronger and better looking than my former one, and my boy a very handsome fellow, his regular features, good condition, and sound clothes strongly contrasting with the sickly appearance and ragged garments of A'Tier. I found him, too, an obliging and amiable boy. There was, as usual, a quarrel before getting under way, the sheiks demanding pay for an extra day, when we had stayed wholly to accommodate them. The Arabs will cheat if they can. The matter was finally compromised by paying them extra for a half day. This amount probably went into the coffers of the monks, as they squeeze every piaster out of the wretched Bedawin that they can get. All expenses were paid at the convent by the dragoman, as by agreement. Whether a party

remains one day or six, about £1 (\$5 00) is expected for each gentleman. Twice were we glad—glad to get to Sinai, and glad to get away.

But as we rode slowly off the full importance of the transaction which had here taken place more than three thousand years before, when the world was yet in comparative infancy, began to open out and to bind me to the place with a strange spell. Israel sojourned here eleven months, and did any eleven months ever compress in them more influence? Hitherto Israel had been but as a child walking under the guidance of patriarchs, who, as fathers, led him in absolute though fitful simplicity; now, grown to youth, he was put under distinct organic law, and was henceforth a nation, with his face toward a future the unfolding of which should be seen in all lands and all times. The work accomplished by Moses and the people in this short year, regarded merely in its details, is remarkable for extent and variety. All the while that he was reducing the crude mass to order, ruling them either personally or through the elders, he received from Jehovah, and to some extent applied, the law which is distinguished by his name.

This law, beginning with man's immediate spiritual relations with God, as the one object of worship and obedience, branches out into all the possible relationships of the people with one another, and with the world about them. It comprises, subordinately, laws civil, relating to persons and things; laws criminal, involving

offenses against God and man ; laws judicial and constitutional, covering jurisdiction, royal power, royal revenue ; laws ecclesiastical and ceremonial, the law of sacrifice, and the law of holiness as relating to persons, places, things and times.*

The moral law, or decalogue, was written by the finger of God on tables of stone. It is reasonable to suppose



The Tabernacle.

that Moses committed all the other laws to writing, either on parchment or papyrus, which he may have brought from Egypt or prepared in the Desert. While Jehovah dictated the substance of the laws to him, it is not to

* For a fuller account see Smith's "Dict. of the Bible," art., *Law of Moses*.

be supposed that Moses ignored the traditions which had come down from the patriarchs, and which had already operated to preserve the existence and unity of the people, or that he failed to avail himself of what he knew of the laws and usages of the Egyptians, so far as they fell in with his purpose.

It is not too much to conclude that Moses, when he was about to make the tabernacle, received hints from the Egyptian temples; "For see," saith the Lord, "that thou make all things according to the pattern showed to thee in the mount." Heb. viii, 5. The tabernacle, in its plan, follows too closely their general construction for us to think that God did not use Moses's knowledge in giving the pattern. For example, in the temple at Edfoo, which is well preserved, I saw a beautiful granite sanctuary in the third or interior department. It is surrounded by a passage way, off which are doors leading into distinct chambers, which were used by the priests. The door of this sanctuary is surmounted by two outspreading scarabee, the sacred beetle of the Egyptians. Here the resemblance to the holy of holies in the tabernacle is very apparent. True, this particular temple may not have existed in Moses's day, but it is constructed after the general order which prevailed in the earliest of these sacred buildings.

Equally in the constitutional and criminal institutes the great lawgiver found hints in the existing practices of other nations. The appointment of the city of refuge was

to mitigate, possibly, the very system of blood feud which obtains to this day among the wild tribes of the Desert.

Thus Israel, with their magna charta deposited in the ark of the covenant, which was made of the shittim wood, the same thorny acacia in which, as a flame of fire, God had first appeared to the solitary fugitive shepherd, took up their march from Sinai. The pillar of cloud on the twentieth day of the second month of the second year rose from the tabernacle, and after hovering awhile in mid air, moved slowly forward. Instantly the pins were pulled from the gravelly soil, the several parts were separated and apportioned, the sons of Gershon and the sons of Merari bore the tabernacle, with Judah's standard, accompanied by the tribes of Issachar and Zebulun, in the lead; then the camp of Reuben, including Simeon and Gad, followed by the Kohathites bearing the sanctuary; then the camp of Ephraim, including the tribes of Manasseh and Benjamin; while Dan, accompanied by Asher and Naph-tali, brought up the rear. "Thus were the journeyings of the children of Israel according to their armies, when they set forward." Num. x, 28. It was a proud hour for Moses: "Rise up, Lord, and let thine enemies be scattered; and let them that hate thee flee before thee." Num. xi, 35.

Taking what there is every reason for thinking was the route of the children of Israel, we rode down Wady es Sheik—the same by which our pack train had entered Sinai—till we came to Wady Suweirah. For two and a half hours Wady es Sheik is a broad, level plain, capable

of accommodating large multitudes of people and cattle. On our left was a high mountain, rising boldly from the valley. On our right, on a little tell, is the tomb of Sheik Saleh, a round tower, with a conical top, inside of which are a slab, some upright beams, an old handsaw, and some bits of cotton cloth. This is a very sacred shrine with the Bedawin, and to it they make a pilgrimage once a year in the month of June, encamp for three days around it, kill sheep, and present offerings commemorative of the great sheik, who is regarded as the progenitor of the Sawaliheh Arabs. We lunched at Abu Suweirah, a well inclosed by a stone fence and surrounded by fruit trees. The spot is a delightful one, but the weather was yet too cool for comfort. The wind was so high as to render a sheltered place very agreeable.

Our way now lay northward. Winding by a rough path, Nagb Suweirah, over ledges of rock, we came out upon a rolling plain, which is the watershed between the Gulfs of Suez and Akabah. Crossing this, requiring about two hours, we came to the beginning of Wady Sa'al, which lies between the Fe'ra ranges of mountains. As we entered the wady I cast more than one glance back to those mighty fastnesses which the Arabs not inaptly call the "City of God." How grandly they stood in their bold, sharp outlines, glittering in the afternoon sun! One or two turns in this sinuous valley and they were lost to my view forever.

Here we were again among porphyritic formations,

dark reddish streaks of gneiss and schist zigzagging along the huge sides of the ranges through which we were passing. An abundance of juniper and sage bushes, with here and there an acacia, was to be seen. The sheiks wished to stop for the night as soon as we were in the wady; but we had lost so much time that we determined to push ahead and get them some five miles farther on. The wind had died away, and as we had descended four hundred feet, the temperature was milder. Still the crackling flames of the rathem were far from being unpleasant.

The next day, being Sunday, was spent quietly. We had devotional services in the forenoon, the Rev. Mr. Dobbs preaching from Num. xxxii, 48-50—"Moses on Mount Nebo." The day was bright, and passed happily. Its hours were busied with writing, talks of home and friends, discussions on the endlessly disputed points of Rephidim, the rock in Horeb, etc., or short strolls over the wide and beautiful wady. Looking out of my tent door the scene was quite domestic. The servants had killed a sheep, bought the day before from the Arabs. Another doomed fellow, that had come all the way from Suez, stood browsing around. The cook was preparing his savory dishes for dinner, while a lean, hungry Arab looked on as though he could devour the whole. The only drawback to the delight of the day was the illness of Mr. Townsend.

In a walk I came across an acacia which, in its gen-

eral form, gave me a better notion of the burning bush than any I had yet seen. Rising to the dignity of a tree, it spread its branches upon the ground like a bush. Of the acacia, or shittim, (Arabic, *shetah*,) it may generally be said, the branches are gnarled, the twigs delicate and graceful, every inch or so studded with sharp white thorns of from one to two inches in length, the leaves small, looking a little like the leaves of the gooseberry bush; the bark is of reddish brown, the fiber yellowish and tough, tougher than our hickory, and the average appearance, at a little distance, is very much that of a middle-sized apple-tree.

Early on the morning of March 23 we had the first rain since the beginning of February. We were slow in getting started. The weather was showery till noon. I found my rubber cloak useful for the first, and, except once, for the last time in all my Syrian tour. Rubber clothing was not needed as was woolen or linen. Wady Sa'al was less interesting as we advanced, the mountains becoming lower, until, at its mouth, they break into scant, low hills of conical shapes; the rocks reddish, streaked with black, and crumbly. In about four hours we reached Erweis el Ebeirig, (Kibroth-hattaavah,) the first stopping place of the Israelites after leaving the Desert of Sinai.* Num. xxxiii, 16. Here the people complained of the dry manna and lusted for flesh, and the quails were sent. The plague broke out among them, and thousands died, hence

* "The Desert of the Exodus," p. 213.

the name, "because there they buried the people that lusted." Num. xi, 31-35.

Mr. Palmer discovered at this place the remains of graves, fire hearths, with bits of charcoal a little below the surface of the ground, showing, as he thinks, that there had been here an extensive encampment. This encampment, he maintains, was that of the Israelites; and an Arab tradition that a Hajj caravan had passed this way, and had perished in the great wilderness, confirms him in this opinion. He assumes that a caravan on its way to Mecca would never have passed by this route, and he can see no explanation so plausible as that the tradition has grown out of the history of Israel.

Dean Stanley saw in this locality flocks of birds, which he calls cranes. These, he conjectures, may have been the quails which were sent to feed Israel. Num. xi, 31. Their presence in great numbers, the great height of the bird, standing as it does about three feet from the ground, affords to him the most satisfactory solution of the difficulty contained in the passage, "as it were two cubits high upon the face of the earth." Schubert had seen the same birds before him, and suggested the same solution. We did not see these birds here, but afterward saw numerous flocks of them in Southern Palestine. The bird is not the crane, but the white stork, (*ceconia alba*.) It has red legs and bill, white body, and black wings. One that Mr. Dobbs killed in the "south country" measured four feet four inches from bill to toe when laid at full

length, and the wings, when spread, seven feet from tip to tip, while its body was but twenty inches in girth. The word stork (*chasidah*) occurs in the Bible, and would have been used here if this had been the bird. It is not fit for food, and is one of the forbidden birds. Lev. xi, 19; Deut. xiv, 18. This fact is of itself sufficient to set aside the theory of Stanley.

The quail must have been well known to Moses, and he therefore used the word *selav* (Arabic, *salwa*) intelligently. The habits of the quail, going in flocks, and migrating in the spring of the year from the south to the north; their short flights; their excessive weariness after a flight rendering them an easy prey to the net or even the hand; the immense numbers in which they migrate, as many as one hundred and sixty thousand having been known to be taken on the little island of Capri, near Naples, in a single day; their fatness and excellence for food, all are conditions which imply the literal exactness of the biblical description: "And there went forth a wind from the Lord, and brought quails from the sea, and let them fall by the camp, as it were a day's journey on this side, and as it were a day's journey on the other side, round about the camp, and as it were two cubits high upon the face of the earth." Num. xi, 31. The phrase "from the sea" shows they came from Southern Egypt, and probably were then in the act of migrating northward. It is well known that quails before lighting fly low and flock close together. The expression "two cubits from

the ground," may simply allude to the height to which, when settled down, they were piled up on each other, coming as they did in such vast numbers. There is nothing incredible in this to those who have seen or read of the migrations of the wild pigeon in North America. The Arabs of the present day preserve the quail by drying it in the sun. The excess with which the hungry Israelites, so long deprived of flesh, devoured these delicate and palatable birds may account, at least partially, for the plague which broke out among them.

Just before leaving Wady Sa'al we passed the largest acacia we had yet seen. Palmer calls it *talha*, and says it is the largest tree in the desert. It must have been full thirty feet high, and is broad in proportion. From er Sa'al we entered Wady Hebeibeh. As we emerged from this we came upon a low, wide sandy plain—Debbet er Ramleh. We were again in the sandstone formations. Thus it seems that the same formations—limestone, sandstone, and granite in parallel lines—sweep across from Egypt through this desert; and, indeed, as we afterward found, through the mountains of Edom. The sandstone cliffs were now very imposing. It was easy to imagine them to be old castles or temples, the illusion being so perfect that I could picture out not only the different parts—bastion, turret, propylon—but even the delicate tracery work and hieroglyphics which adorn them. Foliage could not have lent greater variety of tints.

At half past five o'clock P. M. we encamped at Heri-

mat Haggag, an immense sandstone rock rising in successive layers, on which are inscriptions in Hebrew and Arabic, and figures of animals, evidently the work of pilgrims. We had traveled from eight to nine hours, making about twenty miles, and descended one hundred feet. The atmosphere was still very chilly; indeed we had had no really comfortable weather since entering the Sinaitic range. We resumed the journey early in the morning. The Rev. Dr. Chambers and I strolled ahead of the camels and the party, and had a pleasant chat about home matters. On the north-west, not far distant, stretched the Tih Mountains, their white, chalky cliffs glistening in the morning sun. Within an hour we came to a notch or cleft in the hills, looking through which, as a gate-way, a deep gorge opened before us, in the center of which stands a lovely grove.

This is 'Ain Hudhera, the Hazeroth of Scripture, the third resting place, if Taberah (Num. xi, 3) be counted one, of Israel after leaving Mount Sinai. We sent our camels around, as they could not go through this narrow, precipitous opening, and we descended to the grove. It was a common thing to pick up sandstone pieces worn perfectly round and smooth by continuous rolling, and varying in size from an ordinary marble to a hen's egg. The grove consists of palms, pomegranates, sidras, and one or two other varieties. The well is walled up, and so deep as to require a shadúf to draw the water, which, though slightly brackish, is quite palatable. There is a garden

of vegetables and a few small patches of wheat. One of our conducting Bedawin has his home here, and under the palms we saw his wife grinding wheat with the ordinary hand millstones. As we approached she removed her head cover and took a furtive glance at the howadji, and then instantly drew it over her face again, hiding all but the eyes. A naked, plump, pretty little brown baby lay near her. Some of us did not leave this romantic spot without bearing off a few sticks as souvenirs.

It was at Hazeroth that "Miriam and Aaron spake against Moses because of the Ethiopian woman whom he had married:" and a domestic blemish, whereby the dignity of the so recently elevated family was tainted, was, in their opinion, cause grave enough for them to question his official authority. "And they said, Hath the Lord indeed spoken only by Moses? hath he not also spoken by us? And the Lord heard it." Num. xii, 1, 2. In consequence Miriam was plagued with leprosy, and shut out of the camp seven days, and the whole multitude detained for the hasty words spoken by her and Aaron. It was a pleasant spot for Israel's encampment, this whole valley presenting, in its soft, warm inclosure, a marked contrast with the cold, rugged aspect of Er Rahah or es Sheik, around Mount Sinai.

The name Hazeroth, now Hudhera, means inclosure; and this is one of the strongest arguments for the identification of the locality. It lies on the most natural route from Sinai to the great valley of the Arabah. It is evi-

dent, also, that tradition has long regarded this site as Hazeroth from the indications that it was once occupied by a colony of monks. The main body of the children of Israel probably followed Wady Ghazaleh to its junction with Wady Hudhera, and then turned up and encamped between the junction and the fountain above.

Our camels met us and we rode till noon, regaled with the beauty of the many-colored rocks as the morning sun shone upon them and brought out in highest relief all their outlines, and their varied hues of red, yellow, and green. At the junction of the Wadies Ghazaleh, Hudhera, and Weter stands a noble acacia, its trunk eight feet six inches in circumference, with correspondingly large overspreading limbs. Under its shade we lunched. This tree I thought larger than the one previously noticed in Sa'al. It struck the party that it was a good time to secure a piece of the wood to carry with us. Accordingly a little old meat saw was borrowed from the cook, and by the help of great patience and much effort a limb was cut off, and a piece about two feet long and three inches thick was secured. Sections of it were distributed among us afterward at Jerusalem.

That noon will be remembered as one of the happiest occasions of our whole Desert tour: indeed, the day was most charming, neither cold nor hot, but of that admirable temperature fitted to promote a brisk circulation of the blood, and to render every sight, sound, and motion a joy, without the least sense of weariness or exhaustion.

CHAPTER V.

THE GULF OF AKABAH.

ON moving from the junction of Wadies Hudherah and Ghazaleh we turned abruptly to the right through Wady Weter, following it in an easterly direction. Mr. Palmer went from this point through Wady Elt'hi north-east, crossing a water-shed with a steep rise of more than one thousand feet, until he struck the great valley Wady el 'Ain, at the foot of a lofty picturesque mountain called Jebel 'Aradeh.* This 'Aradeh he identifies as Haradah, one of the halting places of Israel. Num. xxxiii, 24. But as there are six camping places mentioned after Hazeroth before Haradah, very little weight can be given to this opinion.

Wady el 'Ain comes down from the south-eastern spurs of the Tih Mountains, running in a north-easterly course until it intersects Wady Elt'hi, where it turns to the south-east. At the head of this valley, in a narrow gorge of precipitous mountains, is 'Ain el 'Elya, a spring surrounded by tamarisks and palms, which is thought by some to be the true Hazeroth. The time, however, required to reach Hazeroth from Sinai, as well as the present name, gives the color of probability to 'Ain Hudhera.

* "The Desert of the Exodus," p. 253.

Our route through Wady Weter was very agreeable. The valley is quite broad and flat, with a gravelly bed, and abounds in a soft, green, thorny bush, of which the camels are very fond. This is a plant which the Arabs call *rimts*, (Freytag's Lexicon, *rimtsun*;) it grows about two feet high, has a strong smell, and bears a yellow flower. Strewed along, also, are seyal trees, with here and there a tamarisk. The mountains again resumed their dark and somber hues, with admixtures of sandstone, porphyry, and grünenstein. I found myself lagging carelessly behind, allowing "Hammera," my dromedary, to have much his own way. Alongside tripped the black buck, our last sheep, that had been one of us since we left Suez, his short, quick steps rattling on the gravel. As I rode I read, or prayed, or mused of God and nature, and of friends far away.

About two P. M. we came to a kind of narrow gateway, where the mountains rise almost perpendicularly to a great height; from thence the valley is more confined until it runs into Wady el 'Ain. Here is a large circular valley, with a supply of running water, fringed by groves of tamarisk.

We had hoped to get a sight of the sea before night, but as it was now five o'clock, and this was a good camping ground, we agreed to here end the day's journey. Dinner being over, we found the open air inviting. Our company spent the twilight mostly sitting or standing around, the smokers enjoying their sweet luxury, and all

of us charmed with the beauty of the surroundings. We had descended to-day two thousand feet. The thermometer stood in the morning at 54°, noon at 88°, and in the evening at 68°. The moon was shining brightly between the gaps of the mountain peaks, casting them into weird shapes of light and shadow, and the glare of the Bedawin camp fires shot up their dark and rugged sides, adding greatly to the picturesqueness of the scene. Here was one fire; around it I saw Hammet, my boy, with two or three of his companions, and near by Hammera's head—for the men and their camels sleep side by side. Hammera has been out, and had a good turn at the green bushes which sprinkle this nook and its side wadies, and now he has lain down on the ground for the night, and, quietly chewing his cud, looks peacefully at Hammet, as if he felt something of human affection. Hammet is patting out his barley cake, and turning up the live coals, his fine brown face reflecting the bright flame. Having put the cake in and raked the coals over it, he looked up and saw me watching him. Springing forward, with extended hand,

"Howadji, backsheesh," was the salutation with which he greeted me.

"La, la, backsheesh—Tieb," (no, not a gift—good,) said I, pointing to the cake on the coals. He went away laughing to enjoy his frugal repast, and I confess I envied him his hot cake, as our bread was getting hard and stale.

In the morning I was up early, but somehow did not get dressed before our tent was coming down about my

head. Dr. Harvey and I went on in advance. A short distance from our resting place the wady becomes very narrow, the mountains being, in some places, not more than twenty or thirty feet apart, and rising up almost a thousand feet. They still retain their variegated tints. In one instance a huge mass of black granite juts up at the base of a large porphyritic formation. We amused ourselves looking for pebbles of different shapes and colors, finding them along the little stream, of all possible hues; stones which, though common, would set very beautifully. Then, as we loitered for the caravan, our conversation turned on the millennium.

"It does not seem," said the doctor, "that these rocks have served all their purpose; they must, in all their beauty and hidden treasures, have some further end to serve." Then we glided into the whole question of the future—God, responsibility, and judgment. In view of hereditary and educational influences, he thought it a comfort that God is to be our judge.

"The judgment is not enough presented in its consolatory aspects," said he.

It was agreed that great sympathy should be felt for men who, in forming their doctrinal opinions, are affected by temperament.

After a walk of two hours we mounted our camels. Hammet had two camels, mine and the one which carried the lunch tent, and as they did not like to be parted, I was sometimes kept behind more than I desired, and so missed

much of the conversation which went on among the how-adjî. This put me a little at disadvantage, as 'Ahmet, the dragoman, usually rode in the advance.

About three and a half hours brought us in sight of the sea. The mountains of Arabia, in their dim, gray outlines, first came into view, and then the blue, quiet waters of the gulf. Through a rocky pass we debouched upon a gravelly reach, at least a mile distant directly from the shore. As we rode toward the beach no sign of life was to be seen except the play of the waves—no boat, no commerce, as when the keels of Solomon and his successors cleaved these waters on their voyages hither and thither in traffic with the great Tarshish of the East. Now all was still and dead. We came at noon to 'Ain Nuweibi'a, nine hours distant from 'Ain Hudhera, where is a small spring of brackish water, a depression in the ground, some palm trees, and a few Bedawin houses.

Soon after we were seated around our lunch a Bedawy brought in two large fish, one much like our mackerel, and the other like nothing I had ever seen; something of the shape of our shark, and about as large as a medium-sized cod. Shortly after, with an air of triumph, he brought in a stuffed leopard, about six feet from nose to tip of tail. This leopard had killed his camel. He then waited for him to return, and put a ball through him. The animal would have graced any one of our museums at home; but how to get him there was the question, so we had to decline purchasing. The Arab's dog came

around—bare bones literally. Poor as these dogs are, the owners sometimes tie strings around their bellies to keep them from eating too much! Animal and cereal foods are scarce among the poor, wretched people who inhabit this barren region. But for the fish they take in their rude way they would starve. It was surprising to see how they devoured a dogfish which our dragoman refused to buy.

Our course lay northward along the sea-shore. It is impossible to determine whether the children of Israel came down to the sea and followed the route we were taking, or kept inland and penetrated the Tih range in the general direction which is taken by caravans that go from Sinai to Hebron and Gaza, without touching at the head of the gulf. The preponderance of opinion is for the route along the sea-shore, as the most direct and easy when once they had reached 'Ain Hudhera. With such feeling we pursued it.

I noticed, as I strolled along the beach, shells of every shape and color; crabs rushing for the water; a species of snail that would run off either with or without its shell; also a sort of conglomerate rock, composed of bits of stone of every variety, and shells and sand solidified by the action of sun and water into one mass. This conglomerate rock is certainly a result within historic times, and not necessarily of a very remote period, and shows that some geological strata may not have been as long in process of formation as is sometimes claimed. I afterward saw pre-

cisely the same formations around the fallen, embedded columns on the sea-coast at Tyre.

We rode for four and a half hours by the shore. The play of light as the sun went down upon sea and mountain was very beautiful, with here and there the rich, red coral reefs jutting above the waves. Our pack camels arrived before us at the camping ground, the Mountain of the Young Camel, a bold headland, with a narrow strip projecting from the base into the gulf. Several of us, immediately after alighting, took to the water, and had a good bath. Ah, but was it not charming after being so long without such facilities! One week ago or less we were in winter at Sinai, and now here in summer! Thermometer in the morning, 70° ; noon, 84° ; evening, 74° . The gulf at this point is narrow, the water shallow, and the bottom sandy and firm, but full of coral reefs.

Conversation at the table ran on instances where speakers have been anticipated by preceding speakers. Some spicy anecdotes were told.

March 26. A mist overhung the sea and clung to the sides of the Arabian hills. I walked an hour gathering shells. It was funny to see the crabs and snails, when approached, scamper for the water at a race-horse speed. A dozen might be seen running off at once. We passed Wady Suweireh and pitched our lunch tent close by the sea, and soon discussed our noon meal. The weather was hot, very hot; a foretaste of what awaited us. Our conducting sheik, Musa, was sitting by 'Ahmet, our dragoman.

He had just wished a certain gentleman was going to his wife. I told 'Ahmet' to say to him I was going to mine at Jerusalem. He wished I might reach her safely. I then said I would give him some tobacco in the evening—having carried a small supply for backsheesh—whereupon he poured forth a flood of good wishes. Near him sat a man, one of our Bedawin, who is the son of Sheik Sulieman, who was killed near this spot by the Muzeiny Arabs while conducting Mr. Fiske, in 1842. The quarrel was as to the right of conducting travelers. This man, because wanting in force of character, did not succeed to the sheikship. Sheik Musa, who conducted us, is a superintendent of caravans; the sheik proper, Musa et Nasier, sees caravans formed and started, and Musa is responsible to him.

In the afternoon we passed some rough places between projecting rocks and the sea. Hammera took a drink of salt water; one draught was enough. The camels have had no water since we left Wady el 'Ain, and very little succulent vegetable food. When they have plenty of green herbage they can go a long time without drinking. In addition to *rimts*, (*rimtsun*), already mentioned, which the camel finds in the desert to feed upon, there is also the *kabal*, a sweet-scented substance; *ghuidi*, a bush with large thorns, *kabab*, a shrub with only thorns and milky, *reseram*, a shrub with yellow blossoms and stinking smell, *zamet*, a plant with a sweet smell, and *hamets*, (Hebrew,) *hamutsa*, (Arabic,) a general name for acid plants like our sorrels.

I saw a man fishing. Stripped naked, he waded out stealthily until he saw a shoal of fish, and then threw a hand-net over them. We had the results for dinner—some delicious mackerel, though not quite so fat and savory as our American mackerel. The fault may have been in the cooking. Late in the afternoon, not being able to go between the bold promontory Jebel Sherafeh and the sea, we bore to the left through a broad wady, and over a narrow and precipitous pass, and then to the right down a wide valley full of shrubs, and encamped on a smooth, gravelly flat near the beach at the foot of another bold headland, Ras Huweimirat. These promontories are the extreme eastern slopes of the Northern Tih, as they descend toward the gulf.

So ravenous were our camels for the green shrubs that we were annoyed not a little. They pulled, jerked, and dodged all the while. I struck Hammera a strong blow over the head, and this instantly excited Hammet's remonstrances. These fellows love their beasts fully as well as themselves, and much better than they do their mothers, wives, or sisters. I saw large flocks of goats as we came down the wady; girls tending them. No man or boy is to be seen tending flocks, such employment being beneath the dignity of a man.

The next morning, while the camels went around back of Point Huweimirat we all walked along the beach, reveling in the sights which nature has thrown together in such endless variety. The passion for gathering shells of

all sizes seized the company. Off the second bay, about a mile from the shore, is the island of Kureizeh, (the village.) There were no means of getting on to it; but, as nearly as I could estimate, it is about three hundred yards long, a granite formation, very bold, and covered by the ruins of an old castle of the medieval order. "This is the stronghold of

*Island of Kureizeh.*

Ailah, mentioned by Abulfeda. Its founder is unknown; but in A. D. 1182 it was besieged by Rainald of Chatillon, and resisted all his efforts to gain it. In the time of the Arab historian it was already abandoned." Here is the only surviving relic in these parts of the contending forces which for so long disputed the possession of the East. It is in sharp contrast with the utter absence of art everywhere around.

After lunch, under a hot sun, relieved only by a gentle breeze from the water, we rounded the head of the gulf, skirting through bushes, stunted palms, and much sand, till, at three P. M., we arrived at the village of Akabah, and alighted amid a motley group of Turkish soldiers

and squalid Bedawin sitting cross-legged and smoking, all of whom were awaiting the arrival of so many howadji as an event of the year. The spot where our tents were pitched was rough, and exposed to intruders from the village. The governor and suite, in their best dress, came out to welcome us, and at the request of 'Ahmet, a squad



Our Camp at Akabah.

of twelve soldiers, to be paid and fed at Mr. Cook's expense, was detailed as a guard while we remained in the place. The Alawin Bedawin, whose territory we had now entered, are a thieving set, and need to be watched. It was pleasant to see again human habitations, however poor.

I had really expected to find Akabah a place of some importance, but it is a wretched village, situated in a beautiful palm grove at the north-east extremity of the gulf. It consists of a small cluster of rude stone houses,

with a few fenced gardens ranging along the gulf, watered by the shadúf, in which grow, in addition to the date-palm, onions and other vegetables. The central figure is



Old Fortress at Akabah.

the old fortress, about two hundred and fifty feet square, built, as Burckhardt informs us, by an Egyptian ruler in the sixteenth century. It is of massive stones, with a double gate-way and large interior court, with side rooms for soldiers and stores. In the midst of the court is a deep well, which supplies the whole village with water. Invulnerable to the Bedawin, it would not stand many minutes against modern ordnance. It is garrisoned by Turkish soldiers, mostly irregulars, whose work is chiefly to guard the Hajj caravans that come from Suez and other points west, through Nakhal, in the Tih Wilderness, to this place, on their way to Mecca. Their presence is also a protection to tourists, though I do not think the old governor's influence is very powerful with Mohammet, the haughty sheik of the Arabah.

The squalor of the one or two hundred inhabitants of the place is distressing. They seem to have no resources

but the fish they take, the few chickens they raise, the meager supply of dates and vegetables obtained from their gardens, and what they can filch from the caravans. Once a year a steamer comes around from Suez to land provisions for the Mecca pilgrims, but beyond this nothing in the shape of a boat, not even a dug-out or a raft, floats on the water. The only income is from the sale of some chickens, vegetables, dates, raisins, and occasionally of pretty pieces of coral.

The land on the north-west head of the Ælanitic Gulf, or Gulf of Akabah, is flat, and rather marshy, and the bed of the winter stream trends in that direction; while toward the north-east corner above the gulf there are mounds of sand, with here and there a few palms. At this point we found the remains of what must formerly have been extensive buildings. The mounds seem to be heaps of rubbish, the accumulations of ages, but nothing of any size was to be seen. Fragments of white marble and gold coins have been found, but not very recently. Possibly excavations might disclose important archæological results.

As to the relative position of the ancient cities Ailath and Ezion-geber, there are no means of certainly determining. I incline to the opinion that Ailath, or Elath, was the principal city, and occupied the north-eastern head of the gulf, and that Ezion-geber (the Giant's Backbone) was on the north-west end, and probably joining on to it. I doubt if the latter was ever more than a navy

yard or port to the former. At it ships were built by Solomon and some of his successors, but in every case where a contest subsequently arose for the place, it was for Ailath, the head of the gulf and the key of its commerce, and not for Ezion-geber. As significant of its importance to the kingdom of Judah, the only fact mentioned of Azariah's reign is, that "he built Elath," and restored it to Judah. 2 Kings xiv, 22. Upon it, too, Syria looked constantly with covetous eyes—with some such desire as Russia now has for Constantinople.

This was the port of entry for the wealth of Tarshish, the great unknown beyond, and through its gates flowed to Jerusalem the gold of Ophir, the silver, precious stones, spices, sandal-wood, peacocks, and apes, destined for Solomon's metropolis, till gold and silver became as stones on the streets of the holy and beautiful city. While this trade through Ailath was not the only source of the wealth of Jerusalem, as Stanley too strongly affirms, it cannot be doubted it was the source of much of it. Not more important to the grandeur of the Jewish nation was the building of the temple by Solomon than the success with which its commerce with the Orient was created and extended. *That* without *this* would have been impossible. Then, as since, the Occident derived its riches from the teeming Orient. In a single year Solomon's importation of gold alone from the mines of Ophir was "six hundred threescore and six talents," (1 Kings x, 14,) or fifteen million dollars. Though every year may not have been as

productive, we can easily imagine the vast sums which must have accumulated during a long and peaceful reign of forty years. Need we wonder at the targets and shields of beaten gold hung up in his armory, or at the golden steps by which he ascended to his throne, or at the rich and gorgeous furniture with which he decked the house of God? And thus, also, as in later times, Alexandria, Rome, Venice, Amsterdam, and London have successively controlled the commerce of the inexhaustible Indies, riches poured into their coffers, their merchants became princes, and their princes dictated laws to the nations.

Now Elath, into the storehouses of which the products of the Indies were emptied, and whence swept the great caravans in different periods to enrich, in turn, Jerusalem, Damascus, and Petra, has disappeared. Absolutely not a stone of it is to be seen. The channels of its sea have become a prey to the busy coral builder, and its once strong structures have crumbled into dust.

The absorbing questions with us each hour now became, When shall we be able to get away from Akabah, and, Should we be able to go to Petra at all? It had been several years since any travelers, on account of the disturbed state of the Bedawin, had attempted this route. We had been assured up to the time of our arrival at Cairo that we could not go to Petra. There we were informed that the country was quiet, and that a new arrangement had been made, fixing the backsheesh at about fifty dollars for each traveler, with an addition of coffee,

tobacco, and a few sheep, and that by meeting these terms all difficulty and delay would be obviated. 'Ahmet had dispatched a messenger before we reached the Convent of St. Catharine to the governor to notify Sheik Mohammed of our coming, that he might be on hand with all necessary preparations to move us promptly, and this messenger had met us in Wady Sa'al and assured us all would be in readiness. The first conference 'Ahmet had with the governor that dignitary informed him that the sheik was only a day's ride away, and would be in the next morning. The next day came and no Mohammed, and the next, (Saturday,) and no sheik. Well, as the next day was Sunday, we could afford to wait over that day, and no doubt was entertained but that we should get off sometime during Monday.

Time was hanging heavily, and so, in a fit of domesticity, I took my soiled clothes to the sea-shore and washed them in salt water; then washed them in hot fresh water with soap; then rinsed them and hung them up to dry—the first time in my life I had done such a thing. They looked much cleaner than those of my companions, which had been given out to the Arab women! No news had yet reached us from Mohammed.

Sunday, March 29. There was still no reliable word from Mohammed. Public religious services were held at ten A. M. Dr. Chambers preached on the death of Aaron. Num. xx, 23, 29. Our surroundings were not so favorable for religious observances as usual, but general quiet

prevailed. I spent the afternoon reading and writing. No Mohammed. Toward evening we were told he was feasting with sheiks in the neighborhood, and would be in during the night. Monday morning came, and Mohammed had not yet arrived. Yesterday we had allowed our good, gentle Towarahs to depart for home. They could not conduct us to Petra, but could carry us to Gaza or Hebron through Nakhal, and for awhile the question was entertained if we had not better abandon Petra, and let them take us through the Tih Desert; but our hearts were bent upon seeing the Rock City, and though the prospect seemed dark, our courage did not fail, and so we hoped on, whistling, meanwhile, to keep up our courage.

It began to be hinted that the sheik knew of the coming of two Englishmen, who were behind us, and that he was simply delaying till they should arrive. It was even surmised that 'Ahmet, our dragoman, was in the game, as the dragoman of the English party is a friend of his, and had requested him to wait for them. Thus we were wasting and losing, as a company, sixty dollars a day, to say nothing of our time, more precious than gold.

Many were the strolls up and down the beautiful beach, along under the palm-trees, and back through the adjoining wadies; and many the refreshing baths of those days of waiting. I found within a short distance, in the barren valley running eastward from our camp, at least a dozen varieties of flowers. As yet no one has given

us the flora of the Desert. The whole shore around was scoured for shells, and many were the sharp and animated controversies as to who could produce the most cunningly fashioned or the most variously and delicately tinted specimens. We all bore away collections more or less large and valuable. Those quiet sunsets, when the still waters of the ancient sea and the tips of Araby's noble mountains were flushed with soft and rosy light—when, standing forth on the sand, in rows, the devout Mussulmans, with faces turned toward Mecca, bowed their foreheads to the earth and worshiped—cannot soon be forgotten.

A pleasant diversion for some of our party was doctoring the Bedawin of the village. They came to us complaining of all sorts of ailments. One fellow had a pain in his leg, and Mr. Dobbs injected morphine into his veins. Another had sore eyes, and he gave bread pills, and advised that his eyes should be bathed frequently in cold water. They looked as though water had not touched them for months.

Another day. Has Sheik Mohammed come? was the first question on awaking. There was grave consultation at the breakfast table. We thought we would get the governor to collect what camels he could and send us on. Sitting in my tent at ten A. M. the announcement was made outside:

“They are coming—Sheik Mohammed and the other sheiks.”

An Arab boy waved his hand to me, trying to make

me understand, and pointed over the hill. I ran out and up the hill back of the tents, and, sure enough, there they were, seven in all, headed by Mohammed, their dromedaries walking briskly, as if intent, like their masters, on business. They and their camels were gayly dressed. On reaching our camp they called their beasts to their knees, and with scarcely a grunt or a growl down came the noble animals, and off sprang these kings and princes of modern Edom.

Our dragoman, meantime, had seated himself in his tent—ranking as a sheik—and then came forth to meet his distinguished guests. Advancing, he first greeted Mohammed. Taking him by the hand, he said, “Selama,” (peace,) and with a few other words of mutual salutation they first brought their foreheads gently together, and then their cheeks right and left successively. Next came Arar, Sheik of Petra, a young man, and the others followed in order, all receiving the same salutation. They all shook hands with the howadji, who stood around, saying, “Selama” and “good-morning” in broken English. 'Ahmet invited them into his tent, and handed them tobacco; the governor, with the neighboring sheik, then made their appearance, and immediately, in a fogbank of smoke, they fell into a pow-wow. Coffee was served; not much business could be transacted and no conclusions arrived at until after the inevitable pipe and coffee.

Business was now in order. The terms of the treaty agreed upon through Howard's agent were accepted—

fifty dollars in gold apiece, for backsheesh, and fourteen dollars a head for camels through to Hebron. The writings were drawn and duly subscribed and sealed by the sheiks and the governor. I did not learn how much money was paid down, but I suppose the larger proportion of it. Meanwhile a sheep was cooking for them, and after we had lunched, they took their dinner in our dining tent, not at the table, however, but seated on the mats, in their own fashion. When they had finished they were all posed against tent No. 61 for a group picture.

Mohammed and Arar are marked men, and look as though born to command; even while sitting, the others smile and seem amused, but they are in real earnest, as if it meant business. Arar is of a bright complexion, large black eyes, very full, voluptuous mouth, and is said to be a great warrior. He became a sheik, though not in the direct line, when very young, because of the courage he displayed in killing in battle the slayer of his father. The governor, we are told, has a quarrel with him. It appears that one of his men either robbed or threatened to rob a traveler in Petra a year ago. I do not know how the difficulty was settled, but we heard the governor demanded the surrender of the guilty man.

Mohammed, when asked eagerly "Shall we go to-morrow?" replied, "Bas bookerah," day after to-morrow, early. So we must remain here for another day.

I was instantly struck with the Jewish physiognomy of most of these men. Mohammed and his brother Arb,

who is to conduct us, are of decidedly Hebrew contour and expression—oval faces, aquiline noses, with a sort of shrewd, almost sinister, expression of eye and mouth. Can it be that the blood of Esau yet runs in the veins of these rude, untamed children of Idumea? Mohammed is not only the principal sheik of the Alawin, but a sort of king sheik of the whole Arabah region. He also holds a commission as colonel in the Egyptian army.

CHAPTER VI.

WADY EL I'THM—THE ROUTE TO PETRA.

ON the morning of Thursday, April 2, bright and early, the camp was stirring. All fears that the camels would not be on hand were groundless. The selection of dromedaries had already begun. A rather small, slender animal, of dark color, with a boy named Salem for driver, fell to me. There was some ado in adjusting the burdens; but Mohammed moved around like a king with an authority which at once settled every dispute, so that we saw none of the scuffling and fighting exhibited at Suez by the Towarah, and at a quarter past nine A. M. we were in the saddle and on our way. The Englishmen preceded us by a few minutes. They had fifteen and we thirty-five camels, making quite an imposing-looking caravan as we filed across the plain.

Instead of following the Wady Arabah as far as Wady Gharandel, and approaching Petra from the south-west, the route usually taken by travelers, we turned eastward into Wady el I'thm, and thence moved northward, with the mountains of Edom on our left. The conductor gave as his reason for taking this course that the traveling was less difficult, and the country better supplied with food for the animals; and as the route was less known,

and the scenery was said to be more varied, there was no dissent from the plan.

Whatever doubt may exist as to the route of the children of Israel in their first passage northward to Kadesh, there can be no doubt that when, after they last left Kadesh-barnea, subsequent to the thirty-eight years' wandering, they turned southward and came down the Arabah as far as Ezion-geber, in order "to compass the land of Edom," they penetrated through this broad and clearly defined valley which we were now entering. The king of Edom had refused their reasonable request to be allowed to pass directly through his country to Moab; so their only alternative was virtually, if not literally, to retrace their steps, and go around his whole land. "And they journeyed from Mount Hor by way of the Red Sea, to compass the land of Edom." Num. xxi, 4.

In about an hour and a half we had fairly got into the wady, with Jebel Barghir, sometimes called Jebel Nur, or "Mountain of Light," on our left. The same general range to which it belongs lay also on the right, sweeping down into Arabia, and diminishing in height as it recedes. Soon after entering the wady we passed a low stone wall, which had been built across its mouth by the Bedawin inhabiting the mountains, to prevent incursions into their territory. It is now half swept away. Here, as in the Desert of Sinai, are marks of the ravages caused by winter torrents. In the gorge running down from the east, where we lunched, I plucked six kinds of flowers within a few minutes.

Resuming the journey, our course turned northward, and soon we passed some rocks on our left on which are written various Syriac characters. None of us could decipher them. They are probably writings left along the road by pilgrims or merchants, as this is the regular caravan road between Akabah and Petra. Opposite this, and running in from the east, is Wady Ammerah, quite a broad valley, through which it is possible the Israelites went until they got beyond the mountains and struck the plain skirting their eastern slopes, and so passed northward, touching at points the natural highway which afterward the Romans used, and which is now the great Hajj route from Damascus to Mecca. Yet it is not wholly improbable that they may have gone farther north along Wady el I'thm, and deflected eastward before entering the mountains immediately around Petra. It is doubtful if the mount given to Esau embraced more than that immediate vicinity.

As we advanced we approached nearer to Jebel Barghir or Nur, and going on we halted at half-past three P. M. on a plain lying north-west of the mountain. We remonstrated against stopping so soon, but the sheiks were peremptory; this was their regular halting ground for the first day, and they would go no farther. We told them that the next day it should not be so; but we soon found we were no longer in the hands of the gentle Towarah, but of the fierce and headstrong Alawin, a nation as different from them in character as the French are

from the English. I sat under a tree writing when I observed the Englishmen's tents were already pitched, and ours were not yet up. The delay was caused by the desertion of three Towarah, who had been pressed into service to carry part of our baggage. These people are greatly afraid of entering the territory of another tribe; and although they had been assured by Mohammed of safe conduct on their return, they ran away at the first opportunity.

It was quite late before we got dinner, and the night was to most of us a restless one. Indeed, we nearly all had a rash, which is very annoying. It is caused, 'Ahmet said, by change of water; possibly, too, by such sudden changes of temperature, or by a too familiar contact with the uncleanly Bedawin and their beasts. Between this rash and the ubiquitous and irrepressible flea, I hardly got more than a half allowance of sleep any one night.

Jebel Barghir has been recently designated by the late Dr. Beke, of England, as the true Mount Sinai. This Mount Barghir he supposes to be the same as a mysterious Jebel et Nur, or Mountain of Light, of which he had already heard vaguely in Egypt as being that whereon Almighty God appeared. He first went up a narrow wady till it became a gorge; he then met a stone with the inscription, "Ya allah!" "O God!" in Coptic or old Arabic, and another large granite stone four feet by two. He made the rest of the ascent on foot, and came to a low wall, with a well three feet in diameter, with two

feet depth of water. On the ridge, about one hundred and fifty yards from the well, was a pile of large granite boulders, and four stones of the material of the mountain, three standing up facing the north, and one at the back facing south, on all of them cut inscriptions, letters three fourths of an inch broad and one eighth of an inch deep, all very rude. Here were remains of sheeps' skulls. The mount is five thousand feet high from water level, visible in all directions, and having at its base, toward the south and east, a camping ground for hundreds of thousands of persons.*

Dr. Beke, it seems to me, in order to account for the supernatural occurrences connected with the giving of the law, starts out with the assumption that Mount Sinai must be of volcanic origin, and so, rejecting the traditional Sinai, suspects, from the vague tradition to which he alludes, that Jebel Barghir is the true mountain of the law. Hence he was led to explore Jebel Barghir, and although he found about it no more evidences of volcanic origin than are to be found at the traditional Sinai, he hastened, on the suppositions I have quoted, to the conclusion that he had thus identified the real Sinai of Exodus. Of course he was obliged to renounce the accepted theory of the Desert wanderings, and crossing of the Red Sea. According to his theory, the Desert of Sinai was where Israel became entangled, and into which Pharaoh pursued them, and the eastern arm of the Red Sea, or Gulf of Akabah,

* Dr. Beke's account as substantially given by himself in the "London Times" of January 28, 1874.

and not the western, or Gulf of Suez, where they crossed, and in the waters of which the hosts of Pharaoh were destroyed: all of which shows the absurdities to which men are sometimes driven in support of a preconceived opinion.

I did not ascend to the top of this mountain, but in viewing it from the south and east and north-east, I found that it is true the valleys are large, but at no point does a plain approach the base of the mount plumb and square as at the traditional Sinai. As to the stones, inscriptions, and sheeps' skulls, they prove nothing but that the mountain may be regarded with some local sanctity by the Arabs. There are at least a dozen mountains from Serbál to Barghir which answer all the conditions of the mountain of the law more fully than it does. I here met for the first time the Syrian poppy, of a rich scarlet color, closely resembling the same flower in America.

The next day the ride was through the undulating plain of Humeiyumeh, amid beds of poppies and daisies, and barley fields. The great mountains towered on either side, their lower slopes beginning to show signs of verdure; and ever and anon, as we rode, we were entertained by the flight and whistling of quails near our pathway. This bird is larger and much more handsomely marked than the quail of America, but in note and general habits is the same. At times we passed through fields of dandelions. In the midst of one of these Sheik Arar wished us to lunch, but we pushed on till we reached a large sandstone hill, in the side of which were some concentric circles

of different colors in the natural stone. I astonished Arar by lighting his pipe with a magnifying glass. He afterward borrowed it, and strove in vain to make his tobacco burn. His difficulty was in not keeping the focus. He could better understand the use of his flint and steel, or a lucifer match.

When we had ridden till half-past two o'clock some of the men insisted on stopping for the night, but we persisted, and got another half hour. They then took hold of our camels and called them to the ground. Some of us forced our camels up and urged them forward, whereupon the men and boys yelled, and, pointing to the sun, swore they would not go on. After parleying twenty minutes they carried their point. They got Dr. Strong's camel down, but the doctor refused to get off. Sheik Arar and 'Ahmet came to him. Arar said it was a regular camping ground, their animals must be fed, their men must go to their homes and get supplies for their journey to Hebron, and that to-morrow he would make a longer march. He laid his hand on the doctor's shoulder, even stroked his beard, and looked most coaxingly into his face until, by his flattering speech, the great captain of the howadjis was overcome, and acknowledging himself beaten, he slowly dismounted. 'Ahmet was really afraid of these fellows. Among the Towarah he was bold as a lion, but now he was afraid of his shadow. "A set of devils," said he, "just as lief cut your throat as not." The Towarah never showed anger toward a gentleman, but

these Alawin evinced to-day great violence of temper. They were all armed with guns, pistols, swords, and bludgeons, and we had only one rifle and one double-barreled gun. It is not wise to provoke them, though I apprehended no danger; the opportunity of going through this country is too rare not to be willing to bear some inconveniences.

Our camp was in the midst of this broad and beautiful plain, near a great sandstone hill. From the top of this the view toward sunset was very fine. The mountains on the east are broken, and of all possible forms, like those passed near 'Ain Hudhera. In one instance I could, in fancy, trace a huge old cathedral, with its front towers and central dome. The chain on the west was more regular and smooth. I could see how, through the broken hills of the east, there may be a way leading off toward the Arabian Desert, by which the Israelites, having come thus far up Wady el I'thm, might have passed around the central group of Mount Seir.

That evening the Bedawin brought a young gazelle into camp. It was evidently a pet with one of their families.

The next morning Salem, my boy, was on hand very early. He had been home, and supplied himself with materials for the journey, and seemed in the best humor.

Some of us walked off ahead, as usual, supposing the pack train would follow immediately; but there was an angry dispute, the men insisting they must have more

animals, and 'Ahmet was scared into hiring two more. We walked two hours and saw one considerable ruin, and one fragment of a column, and also a piece of granite, evidently a mile-stone marking the direction of the old Roman road. I got a more vivid sense of oriental desert travel than ever before as I looked back and saw our fifty-two camels, with their picturesque looking drivers, defiling over the plain. Our way was now carpeted with wild grass and luxuriant flowers. I began to realize that Esau's blessing, though a second choice, was not so bad a portion: "Behold, thy dwelling shall be the fatness of the earth, and of the dew of heaven from above." Genesis xxvii, 39. By noon we came to the termination of the plain at the base of the mountains on the north-west, and we lunched under the shadow of a shoulder of the mountains near a wide wash or gully. The surface of this mountain was full of agate-like formations. Some of the boys had for their lunch a roasted bulbous root. It abounds in the vicinity, and in appearance and taste is much like the Irish potato.

After lunch our way began to ascend, bearing directly north. I saw a line of ruins, which I took to be the old Roman road, but which proved to be the remains of an ancient aqueduct which must have been used to supply with water a city that had stood somewhere on the ridges we were now crossing. Its course from the western tier of mountains (north-east) is clearly marked, in some places the masonry yet remaining unbroken. De-

filing through a deep ravine, where we were obliged to dismount, and where Dr. Vail got a tumble from his camel, we came, on the brow of the next hill, to the ruins of the reservoir; the pile of stone covered about an acre. This would locate the site of the town—likely known afterward as Humeiyumeh—near by. The road was now continuously precipitous and very winding, the mountains, right and left, closing in upon us more and more. At four o'clock we reached a narrow, basin-like wady, not put down on the maps, called Hemmelah, meaning in English, "Old Woman's Toe." The immediate vicinity was barren, but the mountain sides to their very tops were covered with scanty verdure. The temperature was colder again, the thermometer standing 68°.

Sunday, April 5. It was judged prudent to travel. The Arabs had only recently been at war among themselves, and one sheik was exceedingly afraid while in another sheik's territory, and this made them restless and eager to go forward. While we were at breakfast there was quite a row among the drivers—a great noise, flourishing of guns, swords, and knives. It looked for awhile as if there would be fighting. One man had his gun leveled at another. The disturbance was soon quieted. My boy Salem, under a smooth exterior, is a great fighter. Ready for any mischief, he had seized, with an eye to my comfort, some other man's saddle, and hence the fracas.

Just as we had fairly started it began to rain: I dismounted to get at my rubber coat, and while adjusting

my baggage Zwirraha, the new dromedary, became restive, jumped up, and ran off. Salem caught her and brought her to her knees again. I sprang on, but while handing him my umbrella, that I might take a firmer hold of the saddle as she should rise, up she jumped again and off I fell. Fortunately, Salem caught me or I might have been seriously hurt, for the place was very rocky. The animal was so exasperated by the delay that she became almost uncontrollable. This was the second and last time that I needed to use my rubber cloak in one hundred and twenty days.

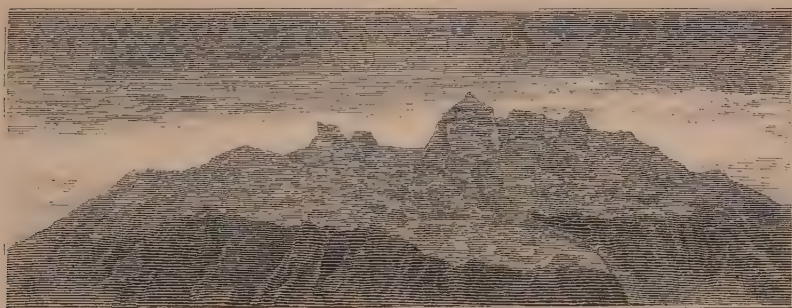
Our road was up and down, defiling through chasms and over shelving rocks, until it dipped into a deep valley where were several sheep-cotes and some shrubbery. A Bedawy shot and brought in a quail. These birds seemed to be very abundant at this point. An ascent of about thirty minutes brought us to 'Ain Daltageh, where was a full stream, and a grassy, sheltered spot amid the rugged and barren waste. It had been agreed in the morning that, if practicable, we should have divine service at noon; and so there, without shade or cover, we sang and prayed and preached. As the conduct of the service fell to my lot, and it was Easter Sunday, I preached on the Resurrection of Christ. The circumstances made the devotions unusually impressive. This land was once Christian, but now, how lapsed! Its moral desolation is greater even than its physical. "Who is this that cometh from Edom, with dyed garments from Bozrah? this that is glorious in

his apparel, traveling in the greatness of his strength? I that speak in righteousness, mighty to save." Again must He who is "mighty to save" travel through this land in the greatness of his strength!

One or two ascents and descents, and then a long, tedious climb, and we were at el Sasies, "the Summit," and all at once the panorama of Wady Arabah, Wady Musa, Jebel Huran, (Mount Hor,) Jebel Sherah, and Jebel Wady Musa, spread out before us. It was a sight never to be forgotten. Unfortunately the wind was blowing a gale, and it was impossible fully to enjoy it. We encamped at Buttin 'Ain er Ragaffe—the Buttating of Murray. (?) The large fountain, a deep, broad, rock built reservoir near by, gives the name. Mount Hor was full in view as daylight closed. Our height was three thousand feet—the highest point at the summit is three thousand five hundred feet. It was very cold, with the thermometer at 50°. Snow lay on the mountains. I took an old flannel shirt I could spare and gave it to Salem, the poor fellow being very thinly clad. His delight was unbounded. He patted me on the shoulder, kissed my hand, exclaiming, "Tieb, tieb, howadji!" The next morning he was very prompt.

And what a day was now before us! We were on the great range which separates Edom from the Eastern Desert; not high enough, however, to see toward the east. But, as winding along the westerly slope of this huge mountain, we looked westward, the scenery, I may safely

say, surpassed any thing for variety and grandeur I had yet seen. I felt sorry that I had heretofore used my adjectives so freely. I was in the condition of a man who on one occasion, listening to an eminent minister, gave expression too early in the discourse to his admiration. As the speaker waxed more and more eloquent the man was so overwhelmed that in his utter transport he could only cry, "There—there—there!" Far away, as far as the eye could see, glittering in white wavy outlines were the Tih Mountains; below them, and distinctly visible, was the broad green valley of the Arabah; on the left was the head of the Sherah range, falling away toward the south; directly in front Mount Hor stood out, with its double castellated head, so distinctly defined from all surrounding



Top of Mount Hor from the East.

mountains as to have led, from the first mention of it in history, to the appellation, The Mount; just under us was Wady Musa winding in its deep, wall-like course, cut here and there by mighty chasms, its red sandstone toned to the utmost softness as the early morning sun threw a mellow light upon its jagged forms; and immediately ahead

was Jebel Wady Musa, rugged and stern, standing, as it had stood for ages, a great watch-tower over the city.

We ascended around the shoulder of Jebel Wady Musa. I noticed several water-falls, and some gnarled old trees hugging the rocks. The general character of the rock of this mountain is limestone, with occasionally granite and porphyritic streaks. The party ahead followed the path down to the village Eljii, inhabited by the Fellahin of Wady Musa; while Dr. Chambers, Dr. Vail, and myself sent our camels on and descended on foot directly into Wady er Sik. The wady takes its rise a short distance above the village Eljii, near which is a spring that chiefly supplies the water which flows through its bed. The name signifies in Arabic *cleft*, and, according to Mohammedan tradition, was caused by the rod of Moses when he smote the rock at Kadesh-barnea. A mighty cut for a feeble rod! Yet nothing is too improbable for Mohammedan superstition.

Singularly enough, Dean Stanley adopts Petra as the true Kadesh-barnea, and thus affords some support, at least, for the location of the miracle by the Mohammedans. The gorge looks precisely as though a great force had cut the solid mountain in twain; this force, however, was more likely God's power in the earthquake, or one of the primeval convulsions of nature, than a stroke from Moses's rod.

CHAPTER VII.

WADY MUSA—PETRA.

I NOW found myself in the valley just where the principal rock-hewn tombs or temples begin. My eye was first arrested by a huge pyramidal structure of Egyptian order on the left, and then right and left, especially on the right, the whole mountain cut into streets and tombs. But as my companions had joined the caravan and were already penetrating the rocky inclosure, I was obliged to hasten on.

The dromedaries were floundering through the boulders and water which choke the narrow entrance. I declined to mount Zwirraha, preferring to walk, and receive my impressions undisturbed by her freaks and Salem's gabble. I soon regretted my decision, as I had to be continually jumping from side to side to keep out of the water, which, running rapidly, has shifted its bed as here and there its passage became blocked by fallen rocks or drifting sands; and then, what was worse, the camels and howadji were all soon out of sight, and I was alone in the dismal place, not knowing what moment a savage dweller in these rocks might confront me for my purse. I began to imagine a swarthy, fierce visage peering at me from every crevice, and to fancy that I heard, ever and anon,

the click of a trigger, or saw the gleam of a dagger, as I hurried through. Reassuring myself, however, by a recollection of the ample protection I was under, my fears subsided, and my senses opened to all the wonders which were about me.

The cliffs rise from eighty to three hundred feet on each side, frequently not more than twelve feet apart, and seem almost to touch at their summits, or to approach so near as to leave only a small opening through which the blue sky looked trebly blue, or a few sunbeams straggled down to light up the hidden treasury of nature and of art. My first impression resembled the effect at first produced by a narrow street in Cairo, and I wondered if the light-and-heat-excluding thoroughfares of oriental cities might not have had their type in some such freak of nature as this. On—on—my amazement growing with every step as each new turn brought a fresh surprise. Under my feet were stones of the old road-bed, and on either side were the twisting canals hewn in the face of the rock, along which pure water flowed into the city. It took no great stretch of fancy to imagine the days when this pavement rang with the clatter of the hoofs of the war-horse, or trembled beneath the soft and heavy tread of the immense caravans of camels which filed along it, freighted with the untold treasures which, from over land and sea, were brought to this gate-way of the East and the West. Still on, for a mile, I wandered amid the winding maze; tombs on the right of me, tombs on the left of me;

many of them rude and simple, others of elaborate design; till all at once I came to an open space, and a large, magnificent temple stood immediately before me.

I had read so little of Petra that I was not prepared to see any thing so grand and beautiful as this structure called the Kuzneh. My enjoyment of it was the more intense because of my ignorance of its exact nature. I could, however, pause but an instant for a general view, for I was really becoming very uneasy as to the whereabouts of my companions, since they had gone so far away, and there was no definite understanding as to the point where we were to meet. The Sik was now merged in Wady Musa. This, expanding into a broad area, was even more completely filled with tombs and temples. All the available surface of the rock, from top to bottom, for two, three, or even four tiers, was studded with these wondrous works.

Without stopping to count or examine them, I next came upon the amphitheater. It, too—its whole form, and all its seats—was hewn into the side of the massive rock, and was capable of accommodating from three to four thousand spectators. This was not very large, to be sure, but large enough for the population which we may reasonably suppose inhabited the city. Its arena is one hundred and twenty feet in diameter, with thirty-three tiers of benches, and above are chambers in the rock, which were evidently boxes for the dignitaries of the place. I sat on the topmost of these benches and looked down upon the scene. The whole side of the opposite cliff was dotted

with excavations ranging from a small rough opening to the largest and most imposing structure. Coming down I noticed the bases of four pillars, which had probably constituted a part of the *façade* of the theater. Across the valley, here about one hundred and twenty yards wide, I went into a tomb with a handsome front, in the floor of which were distinct *loculi*, that is, niches for the dead, similar to those in the tomb of Helena at Jerusalem, and others that I afterward saw in Palestine.

Beginning now to feel the qualms of hunger, and suspecting the camp was near by, I walked on till I found it pitched by the stream near the point where the wady widens into the open plain on which the ancient city was built. Sheik Arar had persistently hurried forward till the camping ground for the night was reached. Dr. Strong and Mr. Dotterer had been left far behind, and were later in coming up than I was. Upon the whole, I was glad of my solitary walk and its unexpected surprises.

In the afternoon, with a native guide, we passed rapidly through the site of the city, following the course of the stream until we struck a small wady from the northwest, along the general direction of which we ascended in search of ed Deir, the second most remarkable structure of the region. Here we were met by a feature which, with all the wonders I had seen, I could not have anticipated—flights of steps hewn in the rock. In some places the massive rock was cut through or scarped down, and then steps hewn into it; and this occurred at frequent

intervals for a half mile. I had worked hard in the forenoon—sliding, running, jumping under great tension—and now this climbing was quite wearisome. Through the narrow chasm we at length emerged upon a plateau, and on turning to the right we found the coveted object.

Ed Deir—"the Convent"—faces north-west, is a monolith, and in proportions a little larger than the Kuzneh, though not so elaborate in design and finish. Such is its general plainness that it is conjectured that it was never entirely completed. Its front width is one hundred and fifty feet, and entire height from ground to cupola two hundred and forty feet. The single chamber is forty-five feet square, with a raised platform and niche at the rear wall. The walls are entirely bare, with no ornamentation whatever, either in chiseling or painting. The *façade* consists of one large door, a series of eight columns, two stories high, with capitals and architraves midway and above; the central cluster merging into a succession of bell shapes, a round ball and an urn, and the outer clusters ending with an appropriate ornament. The lower columns are seven feet in diameter and over fifty in height. The order of architecture is Corinthian.

On the outside rude steps are cut in the cliff, by which we ascended to the top. The round base of the cupola is one hundred feet in diameter. Mr. Naylor, one of the English gentlemen with us, of the royal navy, tried in vain to scale the great ball and reach the urn. From the top was a good view of Mount Hor and all the adjoining

rocks. Here, too, all around were tombs. Judging from the wide and evidently artificial esplanade in front, it is quite sure ed Deir was once a heathen temple, and afterward, as its name indicates, a Christian church. Its relative position to Mount Hor would seem to indicate a sacred design in its location. There is no telling what magical rites may have been enacted in these neighboring dismal and weird gorges.

Returning by the way we came, I noticed more carefully the irregularities of the rocks, their rich and delicate hues, the graceful flowers and grasses clinging to their sides wherever a speck of nourishment could be found, and at the bottom the thick tangle of oleander bushes, which, in their blossoming season, must fill the whole gorge with their perfume.

On getting down again to the level of the main valley we found the west side of the mountain wall equally filled with tombs as the east side. Not pausing to enter them, we hastened on to the remains of two arches in the open valley. Of the western one but little is left; of the other, enough to show that it may have been a triumphal arch, with one central and two side wings. One column stands quite perfect. On a fallen column was a very good piece of sculpture. Was there a main street where the water now flows, or were these arches bridges leading across the stream? There are indications of a hard road; then where did the water flow? Possibly it was conducted under the road-way. I incline to the opinion that the

water of the Sik was so utilized that but little of it was left to flow openly.

On the south side of the stream, not far from the western cliff, is the only well-preserved ruin of all the structures which occupied the open space of the city: Kusr Fa'ron—"Palace of Pharaoh." It measures one hundred feet in width. Four of the great columns which constituted the front lie broken on the left. There is a large vestibule, with one main door to the interior, above which is an arch. There is one great room with a niche, which was probably the seat of the throne, or, if a temple or a church, the place of the altar. The walls are very high, with bits of stucco work, with which they were ornamented, still sticking to them. The stone is laid with square edges, and the eastern interior has a massive, highly cut cornice, also with stucco on it. I noticed one block of wood in the wall. The mixed order of the architecture, and the well-preserved condition of this building, show it to be of a comparatively modern origin. In the bed of the stream is a small cave, which, probably, was an underground opening leading under the foundations of the palace. Eastward from the palace lie, in vast heaps of massive stones, and broken, fragmentary columns, what must have been once an extensive temple. It was hard to leave off sight-seeing, but the dusky atmosphere reminded us that the day was well-nigh spent.

There was no lack of talk at the dinner table that evening. The wretched Wady Musa Arabs—the worst

type of Bedawin we had yet seen—swarmed around our camp like hungry wolves. A more debased and filthy set of men, women, and children, could not be imagined. Mr. Dobbs did a good thing for us by a remarkable rifle shot: he sent a bullet through a small object at a considerable distance. Arar shook his head, and the natives stared. Without concern, we slept to awaken in the morning and find all safe except our pet sheep. Poor Billy had trotted with us all the way from Suez and had become a favorite: but he was too great a prize for these thieves. That night they made merry over his roasted flesh.

In the morning we returned up through the Sik to the point where the rock tombs begin. The first and principal one is on the right of the wady and fronting east. It is reached by a long, winding path. There we found a front gate-way a quadrilateral court forty-five feet square, side porticoes, two columns of the Doric order, columns about the door-way also Doric, heavy and massive; the interior thirty-six feet square, with side niches. While sitting here waiting for a photograph of the place, the Sheik of Wady Musa rode up on horseback. He was very civil, saluted us kindly, and facilitated the photographing. The sight of a horse was refreshing. It was the first we had seen since leaving Cairo. Numerous flocks of goats—some containing, at a rough guess, hundreds—came by us, driven mostly by boys and girls. Following the wady, the mountain side on the right is pierced here and there by streets or alley-ways from which shoot out galleries

lined with tombs of all descriptions. Some of these bear evidence of being occupied by the Arabs in the winter. They are perfectly dry, and in the cold, rainy season must afford good shelter. Just before the gate-way is reached



Gate-way of the Sik.

there is an elevated plateau extending on the right to some distance. There is inexhaustible room for tombs. I observed one square column twelve feet wide, with a door below. On the area immediately in front of the gate-way are the marks of a once extensive temple.

From this point I sketched the arch called the gateway. Rarely is any thing seen more thoroughly picturesque. Down the sides of the cliffs are Corinthian columns which support an arch which springs from side to side. It is supposed this arch supported an aqueduct which conveyed water to the higher parts of the city, and to the temple in the upper rocks. Around the columns, and clambering above upon arch and rock, festooning the whole most gracefully, were clinging vines and grasses. In the great cut at many points the oleanders and tamarisks grow luxuriantly, while vines, lichen, brakes, and mosses, creep or cling to the sides of the steep precipices. Occasionally is to be seen a smooth surface on the face of the rock, as though designed for inscriptions.

On arriving at the Kuzneh our men were awaiting us. The mean fellows had refused to retrace their steps through the Sik except for extra pay. We paused awhile to take another long and final look at this gem of Petra. It stands immediately in front as the traveler emerges from the dark, winding passage upon a wider space where a little wady, filled with oleanders and green grass, makes down from the left. The cliff from which it is cut, one solid piece, rises many feet above it in beetling points, and is of a beautiful rose color. The cliffs tower up all about it, so that the play of light is of a mingled bright and somber hue, delicate and soft, imparting rather a tender and pensive feeling. I saw it only in the forenoon, the time, according to all travelers, for seeing it to the highest



EL KUZNEH—PETRA.



advantage. The perfection of its preservation is marvelous—the finest carving looking as though but a day from the touch of the chisel—and only here and there a column or a figure has perished. Its height is about one hundred and fifty feet. The architecture is mainly Corinthian, though so mixed as to show that the order belongs to the debased period of Roman art. This, ed Deir, and other prominent excavations, were undoubtedly the work of princes, who, if not under Roman dominion, were imbued with Roman ideas.

The *façade* consists of two stories, which are highly ornamented. The first story has a portico of six columns, one of which has fallen. This portico is surmounted by a pediment, delicately sculptured, with vases connected by festoons. At the sides of the portico are wings like *antæ*, on which also are rich and beautiful sculptures. On one side of the door, between the columns, is a man dressed in a Roman toga holding a horse; the opposite side is so defaced that it cannot be determined what was on it. The second story consists of three parts, with rows of columns, and the intermediate spaces filled with bass-reliefs. The central part of this story of the *façade* is a circular projection, surrounded by four columns with bass-reliefs between them, the whole rising to a proper height, in the form of a cylindrical monument, and ending with a bell-shaped roof, crowned with a beautiful urn. The outer ends of the *façade* at the top are capped with eagles looking toward the center.

On either side of the portico are small chambers. There is only one main interior chamber, with a niche in the back wall. It is destitute of ornamentation, except the exquisite tints of the variegated natural rock, which here, as elsewhere, presents such remarkable and pleasing combinations as to give the general effect of mosaics or frescoes. The marvel of the building—if it can be called a building—is, that it is cut from the massive cliff, and that in chiseling it all the details were executed, even to the most delicate frieze, without a mishap. In no place can a misdirected stroke of hammer or chisel be detected.

What was its original purpose it is only possible, now, to conjecture. From some of the reliefs, which look like lyres, and the presence of so many female figures, it is thought by some that the building was dedicated to the nine muses. The Arabic tradition, however, is, that some rich prince built it to contain his treasure, and it has been, since its discovery, known as the Treasury. It may have been a temple or a museum ; or, quite as likely as not, was the tomb of some mighty prince.

Thus, in this wilderness of excavations, can be traced quite distinctly the successive races which have possessed the place, and appreciated it, not only as a stronghold for defense, but also as affording the rarest facilities for the production of a city of taste. Here are the rude holes which may have been the homes of the original Horites, who were dwellers in caves, and of their immediate successors, the Idumeans or descendants of Esau. Then fol-

low, in order, the pyramidal shapes of Egypt, the distinctive massive Doric and the airy Corinthian and Ionic forms of the Greeks, the mongrel combinations of Rome—marks which indicate the presence of successive peoples, as one race was driven out or superseded or controlled by another. In one instance is seen, in an unfinished tomb, the method of the architect's work—how he began at the top and cut downward and inward.

The most remarkable excavations, after those already specially mentioned, are in the eastern cliff overlooking the plateau on which the city was mainly built. Just above our camp was a Doric tomb, twenty-five yards square inside, with a front area twenty-five yards by seventeen yards. Here were four solid columns, eighty feet high and proportionally wide. Near by was a two-story Corinthian tomb, not quite so large, but of exceeding beauty. All around, the brow and side of the mountain, extending north, were full of various structures.

For some time I was at a loss to determine where a city of the size which Petra must have attained in its zenith could have been accommodated. Stretching north there is a large plateau called the "White Plains," and on it are piles of *débris*, showing that there much of the city stood. Then, both north and south of the brook, the whole surface of the ground gives evidence of extensive and massive terraces. When, also, it is remembered how compactly ancient cities were constructed, and how closely the people were packed together, it is easy to allow that

within this narrow valley a population of one hundred thousand may have dwelt.

It is quite clear from the position of Pharaoh's palace, the ruins of a great temple near it, and also several broken columns, that the most important part of the city was the southern section. A high hill in this direction, where stands a column and some broken heavy masonry, is thought to have been the Acropolis.

It is surprising how few sites and objects can be identified as to their historical significance. Here and there only a few inscriptions in Arabic, Greek, and Latin are to be seen, and they are of so little account as hardly to reveal any thing. What a comment on human greatness! The stronghold of Esau; Edom, the much-coveted prize of King David, the *entrepôt* of Solomon's gold of Ophir, the gate-way through which rolled Oriental commerce for ages, the munition of rocks in which heroism grew, and whence it sallied out to dictate law to semi-barbarous hordes, the city of palaces and temples, whose inhabitants dwelt in luxury while they lived, and at death made their burial with the great, had so perished out of man's knowledge that its very existence had been forgotten until discovered and made known by Burckhardt in 1812. And now of all its monuments those which alone remain, with possibly a few exceptions, to tell the fate of the past, are records of death. Tombs every-where, and in the midst a theater. "I said of laughter, It is mad; and of mirth, What doeth it?"

Among the broken fragments of ancient splendor in and around these gorgeous tombs, which so long held the mighty dust which has mingled indiscriminately with the general waste, now stroll and laze a scant tribe of beggarly, half-savage men and women, who have no more idea of the meaning of the ruins which they own than have the very goats that they tend. But all this—this ruined greatness, this sunken, brutalized humanity—what is it save the fulfillment of God's word?

As I rode away, and from the last height on the south looked back upon the scene which lay beneath and around me, that language of God's word was on my lips: "O thou that dwellest in the clefts of the rock, that holdest the height of the hill: though thou shouldest make thy nest as high as the eagle, I will bring thee down from thence, saith the Lord. Also Edom shall be a desolation: every one that goeth by it shall be astonished."

At the summit, over which the road from Wady Musa leads into Wady Gharandel, we found a huge fortress-like formation, seemingly designed to protect the door of the city in that direction. Under the shade of this we loitered for all the party to gather for lunch. This was our last interview with Arar. I had almost become fond of him as a rather brave and noble fellow, but was mortified that, Arab-like, he had attempted at the last to extort additional backsheesh from our dragoman. He bade us a hasty good-bye, stating he must be off to Maon to meet the Hajj caravans from Damascus. He was after more

plunder, and the pilgrims of his own faith were to be his next victims.

Our next objective point was Mount Hor, Jebel Harun. It lay immediately before us on the right. We dismounted and ascended on the east side to the summit, four thousand two hundred feet above sea level, in about one hour and fifteen minutes. The climb would not have been hard had we not been obliged to make it with the hot afternoon sun upon us. Coming first to a wide plateau, we then from the west side made the top of the larger cone by a very steep stair-way, partly natural and partly artificial. The pathway passes over a large deep cistern of water. On the top there is a small mosque, about thirty-five by thirty-two feet, popularly known as Aaron's Tomb.



Tomb of Aaron.

Pushing aside an old rickety door, which scarcely hangs upon its hinges, we entered the open chamber wherein is the tomb proper. It is like an ordinary Moslem grave or tomb of the higher class, is made of marble, with Arabic

characters inscribed upon it, with bits of cloth hanging about it, and ostrich eggs and other simple emblems suspended above it. The room is plain, with arched ceiling, the sides pierced with small windows, and some fragments of tessellated pavement on the floor. The real tomb is below the floor in the crypt, into which the superstitious Mohammedans are loth to allow infidels to enter. But we went down, pushed through an old iron door, and by aid of a candle and magnesium light saw—nothing.

Were these Bedawin as cunning as some of our Christians they would long since have provided a skull and some bones to gratify the curiosity of the relic seeker. Of craft in one direction, however, they have enough. Dr Vail happened to be behind in getting up, and they refused him admission on the plea that the whole number had been in. Their only object was to extort extra back-sheesh from him. They pretend to regard this tomb with great veneration, and carefully to screen it from the pollution which the presence of Christians imparts—but back-sheesh dispels all scruples. From the top of the mosque there is a superb view in all directions. Near are the rich sandstone cliffs in which Petra nestles; bounding the eastern horizon is the long line of Jebel Wady Musa; stretching southerly is the Sherah range and the valley of the Arabah; in front, westerly, is the same valley, with its streaks of white and green, the Tih Mountains, and the Wilderness of the Forty Years' Wandering beyond; and northerly the heights of the hill country of Judea

and the mountains of Moab, with the waters of the Dead Sea lying between them.

How simple, and yet how affecting, the narrative of Aaron's death. "And the Lord spake unto Moses and Aaron in Mount Hor, by the coast of the land of Edom, saying, Aaron shall be gathered unto his people. . . . And Moses did as the Lord commanded: and they went up into Mount Hor in the sight of all the congregation. And Moses stripped Aaron of his garments, and put them upon Eleazar his son; and Aaron died there in the top of the mount." Num. xx, 23-28. Aaron was denied entrance into the Promised Land, but he had a sublime spot in which to die—one worthy of his dignity, and from which, when dying, his aged eyes could catch at least a glimpse of the beautiful country for which he had so ardently longed.

On coming down from this main peak to its base we found the plateau from which it rises to be quite broad and smooth, affording ample area for a large concourse of people. From the cisterns which are found it is likely this little plain has been a place for high festivals. To this day the mount is the most sacred shrine of the Bedawin Arabs in all the region. We did not go on the small peak at the other extremity of the summit, deeming it of no consequence to do so. From the edge of the plateau on the west the descent is almost perpendicular. We descended in front of the smaller peak to the northwest, where, though it was very rough and precipitous,

we got along comfortably, and found our dromedaries awaiting us.

One of the hardest rides of our whole desert experiences was that by which we found our encampment that evening. We were frequently obliged to dismount and lead our animals, but not for a moment did their sure-footedness forsake them. The toughness and flexibility of their hoofs was a perpetual wonder. In the descent we passed a large Bedawin camp, with its black tents, surrounded by numerous flocks of cattle, sheep, and goats. The darkness overtook us, but far away the glow of the brush fires, kindled by the drivers of the pack camels, cheered us on. They had preceded us around the base of the mountain, and when we arrived the tents were pitched and dinner was ready. Justice was done to the hot soup, even though we did not relish the bread. By the badness of our bread we were put into a somewhat disagreeable sympathy with the children of Israel, though from a somewhat different cause, who said, when they journeyed from Mount Hor by way of the Red Sea, "Our soul loatheth this light bread," (Numbers xxi, 5,) whereas ours was both heavy and hard.

CHAPTER VIII.

FROM WADY ARABAH TO HEBRON.

THE next morning, April 8, we found ourselves encamped near the mouth of Wady el Abyad. Before starting we were instructed by our conducting sheik, Arb, that we must all keep close together, as there was an old feud between the Petra tribe and the tribe through which we were about to pass. Two and a half hours brought us to the Arabah, and then for the rest of the day our course lay north-westerly across it. We met but few Arabs, but the whole plain was dotted with their black encampments, their camels with their young, and their goats and sheep, grazing.

My boy Salem, always ready for some mischief, came near getting into a scrape with a strange Bedawy. I missed him for awhile, and soon after saw him at a distance in a wrangle. He had slipped off, and finding a matronly camel whose distended bag was inviting, he had refreshed himself with a dinner of milk at the expense of the little camel colt, and this had called down upon him the wrath of the boy who was tending the flocks.

The Arabah, the central bed of which is here called Wady el Jeib, is mostly very level, of a loamy soil, and not very fertile. The sterility is from want of water; hence

the name—*Arabah*, waste. It is a long and varied valley, extending from Antioch on the Mediterranean to the Gulf of Akabah, in all five hundred miles. Formerly it was supposed that the Dead Sea once flowed through it to the Red Sea, but now it is agreed that its bed is too far above the level of that sea for it ever to have been its channel within historic times. It has been ascertained, by barometrical measurement, that the water-shed about where we crossed is two thousand and seventy-nine feet above the surface of the Dead Sea. Several mirages, looking like lakes of water with trees growing in them, flitted before us during the day.

That evening, from a little hill by our camp, I looked back toward Edom. Its peaks, with Mount Hor in the foreground glowing in the crimson sunset, formed a marked contrast with the soft haze of the white limestone cliffs of the Tih, which we had now approached. Here was 'Ain Weibeh, the supposed Kadesh-barnea of Scripture. From this point the spies were sent by Moses to search the land of Canaan. It is plausibly conjectured, that on leaving the Wilderness of Paran they first entered the Negeb, or South Country, and passed up the eastern side of the land "unto Rehob, as men come to Hamath," in the extreme north, and then descended along the central and western slopes, and from Hebron, the Valley of Eshcol, bore the grapes, pomegranates, and figs, and so brought verbal and tangible report of the country. This is the most satisfactory way of explaining the seem-

ing contradiction in the account as given in Num. xiii, 21, 22.

Here Israel made their fatal choice, and falling through unbelief, failed of the promise. They rebelled ; God's decision was made against their entrance ; they, the day after, repented, but it was too late—henceforth wanderings and death in the wilderness awaited them.

At present there are four wells or springs at 'Ain Weibeh—a small one with offensive water, another whose water is comparatively sweet, another larger one with good water, and still another whose water is sulphureous. The whole immediate vicinity is springy, and overgrown with stunted palms, reeds, flags, and bushes. There is only a slight chalky hill near by which can correspond with the rock to which Moses was commanded to speak to obtain water. The rock proper may have been at some distance, and the water have flowed down the valley.

In assuming 'Ain el Weibeh to be the site of Kadesh-barnea, I by no means overlook the difficulties which beset the determination of this important and interesting point. I have carefully canvassed the question as set forth by Robinson, Rowlands, Palmer, and the several English Biblical Dictionaries, and am satisfied that while, according to Dr. Robinson, 'Ain el Weibeh best fulfills the conditions of the biblical narrative, it is not wholly free from objections. As the sacred text now is—one book dealing with one prominent feature, and another with another—the confusion with which names are used in

transcribing, whether from accident or ignorance, and also the general disappearance of the marks whereby traditional sites can be certainly recognized, it seems impossible to arrive at a definite conclusion. Mr. Palmer's 'Ain Gadis, latitude $31^{\circ} 34'$ north, longitude $40^{\circ} 31'$ east, is too far south and west to be accepted. The 'Ain Kades of Mr. Rowlands, called by Mr. Palmer 'Ain el Gudeirat, while in itself presenting plausible features—a high rock, clear and copious springs, an open plain, and a great mountain to the north—is also too far west.

And yet on the supposition that the Israelites ascended due north from Mount Sinai directly through Et Tih, either one of these positions may be admissible. The preponderance of evidence, however, seems to require the supposition that they followed the general course of the Arabah until they reached Kadesh-barnea, and that after the failure to enter the Promised Land they wandered hither and thither through the whole Wilderness of Paran wherever they could obtain sustenance for their flocks.

Undoubtedly a point located somewhere in the neighborhood of the present 'Ain el Weibeh answers well to the Kadesh at the end of the forty years' wandering. These considerations, that it was a city on the utmost border of Edom, that just across from it on the west side of the Arabah is a wady (el Shuweit) which is the natural gate-way through the mountains of Edom toward Moab, the proximity of the long traditionally fixed Mount Hor, and the naturalness with which it would be a starting-point from

which to turn back by way of the Red Sea and compass the mountains of Edom after the refusal of the king of Edom to allow Israel to go through his land, all point to it as the last-mentioned Kadesh. Then, that this was also the first-mentioned Kadesh seems likely from the fact that when, at the end of the forty years, they again menaced the land of the Amorites, it was by the way of the spies. Num. xxi, 1. This time the Amorites did not wait for them to attempt an entrance, as before, but fell upon them unprovoked, and in their turn were discomfited. Add to this, moreover, the account given in the celebrated raid of Chedorlaomer, wherein it is recorded, that, having plundered the Horites in Mount Seir and the Amalekites as far as the wilderness of Paran, he wheeled about, and passing En-mishpat, "which is Kadesh," fell upon the cities of the plain, Sodom and Gomorrah; and also the further and important fact, that Kadesh is uniformly mentioned as on the eastern border of Palestine.

The locality has ever been a camping ground for the caravans passing from the north to the south-east. Around these wells, which, with proper reservoirs for retaining the water from the rainy season would have always afforded large supplies, the carriers of traffic for ages have lingered. Here, too, no doubt, vast armies, as well as small predatory bands, have gathered in the wars which have swept over the great Valley. Even now the ground is regarded as neutral, and near it are constantly lurking knots of thieves, who regard the chance traveler as beyond the pale

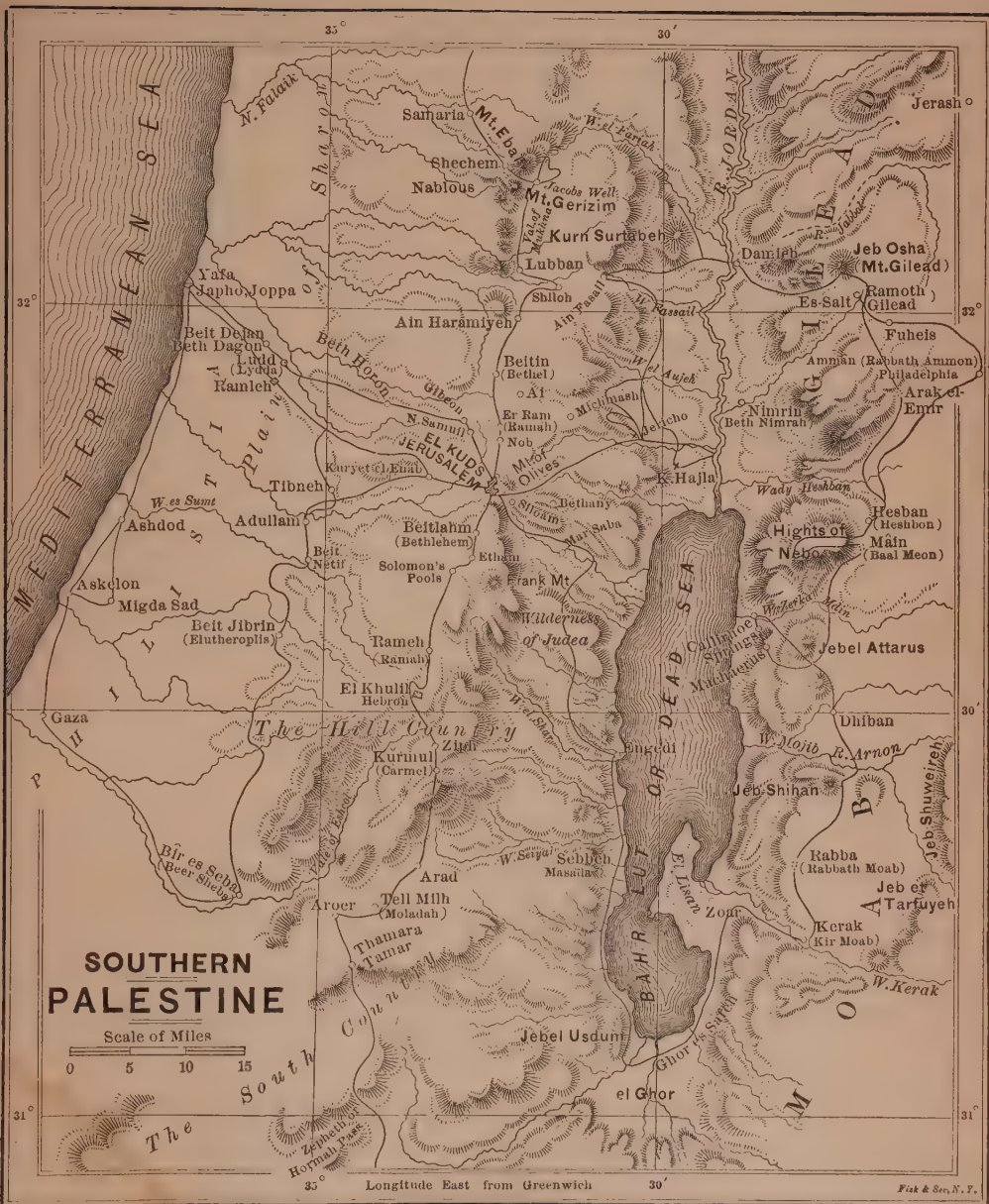
of territorial protection, and consequently as their lawful prey.

At night we noticed that our Bedawin with their camels kept close up to our tents, and through its live-long hours kept up the most unearthly shoutings; so much so that it was impossible to sleep. Appeals for silence were of no avail. Some of the men were all the while on guard, and they yelled and drummed to keep themselves awake, and to warn any prowling Arabs that they were awake, and prepared to meet all attempts at robbery.

Our route the next day lay through and across a succession of wadies running down into the Arabah, some of which were broad and quite verdant, and so full of acacias as to give the effect of apple orchards. At four o'clock in the afternoon we encamped, about two hours from the foot of Nagb Sufah, the scriptural Zephath. Num. xxi, 17; Judges i, 17. Dr. Strong was desirous, in the morning, to go up the Arabah as far as 'Ain es Hast, which von Raumer has fixed upon as the site of Kadesh-barnea, because nearer the Pass. He could not prevail upon Sheik Arb to go a step out of his way without extra pay, and so the project was abandoned. After we halted he walked an hour in that direction, and found pleasant hills and dales abounding with flowers. I sat on my saddle, spread upon the ground, while the tents were being pitched and arranged, and wrote letters to friends. The afternoon was excessively warm. Dr. Vail's thermometer stood at 94° when taken from his saddle-bags.

In the morning came a tremendous tug. At the foot of the Pass Sufah most of us dismounted, and walked up the mountain. It was as much as our pack camels could do to get up and over the mountain. In company with Mr. Ward and Antone I went in search of water. We found some in a deep basin of an immense gorge, about twenty feet down, inaccessible from the top. We descended and reached the basin by the bed of the gorge. After getting in and drinking freely I found it not so easy to get out, as Mr. Ward and Antone had wet the rocks and they were now very slippery. Fortunately Antone had not gone far: I called to him, and he gave me a lift. Then came a hard climb, almost perpendicular, up the face of the mountain. On our rejoining our friends the camels were rounding the summit, from which, on looking back, we observed that the whole panorama of the Tih Mountains and Desert lay before us. Such a waste as that "vast and terrible wilderness," where God's people were doomed to wander, but where in their sufferings they were compacted into a hardy and enduring nation, I never before saw.

By half-past twelve o'clock P. M. we were safely on the Pass, and lunched in the crevices of the rocks. One hour more brought us to Wady Teraifeh, where the Arabs, by digging two or three feet in the sand, obtained good water, rather cloudy, but sweet and cool. Our thirst was terrible; it seemed impossible to drink enough. For two and one-half hours more we rode along a rolling plain, through



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the 'Pass Nagb el Muzeikah, and halted on a pleasant slope near which are ruins called Kurnub, probably the ancient Thamara. We were now fairly in the Negeb, or South Country. Here are the southernmost limits of the Promised Land.

The ruins of Kurnub cover several acres. There are the remains of an old church and fortress. Back of the ruins is a deep chasm separating them from the mountain on the south, and in front a wall, with a well-defined tower. The stones are limestone, very large, with smooth edges, and well laid. Around may be seen outlying defenses. The whole valley Teraifeh, down which we moved, shows signs of former culture, stone fences marking the divisions and courses of the vineyards. As we walked or rode along we well-nigh waded through beds of red poppies, lilies, and other flowers. So soft and luxuriant were they that I felt like rolling over and over in them. Nothing could be more pleasing than such verdure and beauty after the monotonous sterility of the Desert.

As we came to point Kasr es Sirr, where the route forks, the direct road going on to el Milh, and the west leading off to Ar'arah, a quarrel ensued with our Arabs. We wished to see Ar'arah, the ancient Aroer, (1 Sam. xxx, 26-28,) but our drivers declared it was off the route and they would not go. Arb acceded to our request, but the men resisted. Salem led Zwirraha directly on, despite my protests. I slid from her back and ran after Arb and Dr. Strong, who had turned their dromedaries into the

other path, exclaiming to Salem: "La backsheesh, el Kuhlil!" "No backsheesh at Hebron." The appeal was effectual. Dim visions of backsheesh brought him around instantly. One of the boys, a heady fellow who drove Mr. Bankhart's camel, became very angry, but soon softened down. Even after we had got so far as the top of Kubbet el Baal some of the men seemed determined not to go on—said their throats would be cut, and drew our camels violently around. These Arabs feel secure when out of their own territory only while they keep together on the beaten track. After getting over this mountain we rode in a trot—the first real race we had, and the first time the boys had been willing to run.*

At Ar'arah we found two wells with water, and several dry ones, but no ruins marking the site of the town. The valley is fertile and beautiful. To the inhabitants of Aroer David sent a portion of the spoils of the captured Amalekites, who had committed a raid on Ziklag, and burned it with fire. The identification of Aroer shows the field of David's operations in the extreme South Country. While he himself was outlawed by Saul, he became the protector of Simeon and Judah from the incursions of the wandering hordes of the Desert. The fears of our men were groundless; all the foes we met were a few traveling Arabs. One old patriarch, accompanied by three women, and seated on a tiny donkey, cut a sorry figure. As we

* I learn that during the present season (1875) the Bedawin of this vicinity have been at war among themselves, so that travel to Petra has been obstructed.

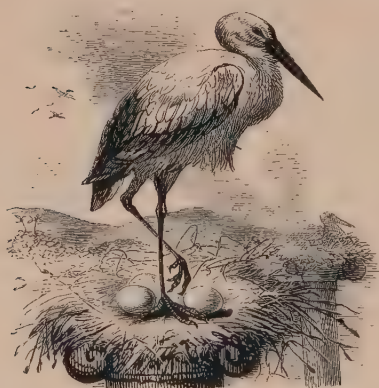
rode away our Bedawin soon regained their usual good humor, and began to sing merrily.

At Milh, two hours north-east, there are some ruins—a Gothic tower standing, but half buried. That a ruined church is under the soil is not only possible but probable. There are also outlying ruins on an adjacent hill, covering a circuit of half a mile in extent. Milh is the scriptural Moladah, (Josh. xv, 26; xix, 2,) mentioned by Josephus as Malatha.

A half hour to the north, at the foot of Tell Milh, are the wells of Milh. There are two wells, about thirty feet deep and twelve by fifteen wide. Around lay a dozen stone watering troughs, and over them stood the Arabs and their cattle. They are walled up with limestone in the most substantial manner. An evidence of their age may be found in the fact that the indentations in the stones at their mouth, caused by the friction of drawing the water by ropes, measured from four to six inches. These particular stones could not have been laid by Abraham, as the dragoman of our English companions asserted; but it is not improbable that the wells were dug by some one of the patriarchs.

We were now in the great valley that, beginning near the Dead Sea, and on a line with Hebron, sweeps down in the shape of an arc, and out to Gaza, embracing in it Beer-sheba and other noted resorts of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob. As we rode we passed numerous flocks of sheep, goats, cattle, and camels, and one large Bedawin

encampment of forty black tents. The scene brought vividly to mind the patriarchs moving with their flocks over this same rich, rolling plain, as they could find pasture. Thus, after the lapse of thousands of years, the quiet pastoral life of antiquity was repeating itself under our eyes. When Abraham, for a season, grazed his flocks in any one section, he probably pitched his tents permanently in one place for the time; and if we could have passed by his encampment as strangers, the same staring of men and women and shouting of children—for he had many men-servants and maid-servants—would have occurred as now took place



The Stork.

Here, too, hovering around, and stretching away at some distance in large numbers, were the friendly storks—descendants of the patriarchal storks—their graceful forms, and black and white plumage, and wavy motions, whether on wing or foot,

lending much that gave picturesqueness to the scene.

April 12, Sunday. Again we felt constrained to travel on Sunday. The camels were not ready for some time after we were. A very heavy dew was on the grass, the first we had seen; a proof that we were out of the Wilderness. Two hours brought us to the Pass of Taiyebah. On the right was Tell Arad, the Arabic name being the same

as the ancient Hebrew, thus identifying the home of Arad, king of the Amorites, who fought against the Israelites when they tried to force a passage into the South Country. The location of Arad does much to fix Sufah as the ancient Zephath, where the passage was attempted. This pass was our last big climb before reaching Hebron, and when it had been scaled, we were at once in the Hill Country of Judea.

Sweeping around the crowns of several hills on the same general level, pretty soon I heard Salem cry out, "El Kuhlil—Modena—backsheesh!" And far away to the north glowed in the sunlight the dome of the Mosque of Modena.

I observed that all the arable ground—which was scarce because of the projecting ledges of limestone rock—was either already in wheat or grain was being sown. In one nook were seven yoke of oxen and one camel plowing. There were two oxen to each plow, driven by one man. I was thus forcibly reminded of Elisha's call when Elijah found him plowing in his father's field "with twelve yoke of oxen, and he with the twelfth."

At the ruins of Maqon (1 Sam. xxv, 2) there is nothing worthy of note, but at Kurmul there is an ancient fortress in fair preservation. The tower is the principal feature. The stones are hewn with square edges, and the masonry is very solid and massive. On adjacent hills are extensive ruins, and near by is a large pond of water, showing that here was once, probably within the Christian era,

a large city. This was undoubtedly the Carmel of 1 Sam. xxv, then probably only a district of country ("the Park," a "well-wooded place,") where Nabal sheared his sheep when the fugitive David preferred his request for help. The churl would have paid dear for his insolence but for the timely interference of the sensible and beautiful Abigail. Whether the spirit of Nabal still lurked about the place or no I know not, but somehow our whole party, as we sat under the shadow of the stone walls at our last lunch from the stores brought through the Desert, were rather crabbed. "Shall we have worship, or shall we not?" No one would assume its conduct. I concluded, however, that the sourness of disposition was not owing so much to the spell of Nabal's ghost as to the deleterious effects of bad bread—indeed, of no bread—for what bread we had left would have answered well for ammunition (sling and stone) for the Israelites in their attack on the Amorites, or would have been capital material for the Gibeonites in their ruse with Joshua. Never mind, visions of fresh bread and oranges ahead!

'Ahmet had already hastened on to prepare for our arrival at Hebron. After mounting, a ride of about three hours brought us to Tell Zif, the ancient Ziph, the outlying wilderness and woods of which were a stronghold of David. Thither he was twice pursued by Saul. 1 Sam. xxiii, 14, 15, 24; xxvi, 2. Thence, over a beautiful plain, by ample reservoirs of water, and in sight of several ruins, we descended and crossed Wady el Kuhlil, which runs

south-west till lost in Wady es Seba, and then a sharp climb under the hot sun brought us on the brow of the hill overlooking the ancient city of Hebron. On the left, in a deep valley, hundreds of acres in extent, waved orchards of olive-trees. The sight of groves of domestic trees, of grass, of splashing brooks, of a city, was indeed grateful.

Turning abruptly to the right we passed down by the great reservoir where Abraham watered his flocks, and skirting a Mohammedan cemetery on the left, we found our camp pitched just opposite the Quarantine, on the west slope of the valley. The first greeting was a shower of oranges from 'Ahmet. Ah, but were they not luscious! As we rode into town the whole population turned out to see us, and about our camp gathered Arab, Christian, and Jew. Here was our first sight of a Jew in his own land—with a pale, thin visage, his hair cropped close behind, with long locks in front of the ears, a fur cap, long straggling yellow coat and pants to match—altogether he is a style of man which must be a degenerate scion of a noble race. He was busy about our camp with an eye to the main chance. Just below us was a party encamped, who floated the American flag. I found them to be a Rev. Mr. Porter, wife, and friends from Boston, Mass.* That evening, at the end of our thirty-seven days in the wilderness, I was sick for the first time, and had to go to bed

* Mr. Porter was afterward accidentally killed by a fall in his father's barn at Newton, Massachusetts, December, 1874.

with a headache. Fresh bread, fresh oranges, and all other luxuries, were naught to me; the only thing which gave any relief was a cup of hot coffee.

The next forenoon, with a Jew as guide, we walked northward through the valley, beyond doubt the ancient valley of Eshcol, until, about one mile from the city, we came to a rather pretentious gate-way which leads into the grounds where stands the oak of Abraham. I pre-



Abraham's Oak.

sume there is no question but that this oak and its neighbor are the direct descendants of the oaks by which Abraham pitched his tent after he had separated from Lot before Bethel, and "removed and came and dwelt

in the plain of Mamre, which is in Hebron ;” and beneath the shade of which he sat at his tent door when visited by the three angels on their way to destroy Sodom. Gen. xiii, 18 ; xviii, 1, etc. The traditional tree stands in a large grassy inclosure, about two hundred yards from the main road. Around the trunk is a stone wall several feet high, filled in with earth. The trunk is twenty-three feet in girth. There are three main limbs or branches, respectively measuring eight feet, fifteen feet six inches, and seven feet five inches in girth, and the continuous shade thrown by the tree is twenty-six feet three inches by seventy-eight feet, and would easily afford standing room for one thousand persons. One dead, broken limb was the only part from which it was allowable to take a relic.

This oak differs from the tree commonly called terebinth. Its bark is rough, leaf small, irregular in shape, and jagged at the edges. Its acorns are like those of our common American oak. I saw but one other oak equal to this in size, and that was at Dan. Within the grounds are a large modern-looking house owned by some wealthy Mohammedan, and a small stone house covering a spring.

As to the location of the traditional Abraham's oak, the expression “before” “in the face of Mamre,” Gen. xlix, 30, seems to discredit it. The whole south-eastern slope of the valley for a mile may have been the field of Machpelah, with the cave at the southern extremity, and the ancient city may have been at the northern end, and in course of time, as the graves of the patriarchs became

the attraction, the city may have extended down to and about them. A town frequently gave its name to the contiguous district of country. Groves of such trees as this, however, were probably quite abundant in those primitive days. The whole mountain west of the valley is now covered with a growth of stunted oaks, which furnish the ordinary fuel of the people. It is possible for any point along the valley, even the spot on which our tents were pitched, to have been the identical spot where Abraham dwelt. The exceeding beauty of the valley, its proximity to the great fountain, and its suitableness for a camping ground, make the suggestion not unlikely. With the ravages of time and war, it is remarkable that one giant tree should remain.

I had wondered the day before where grew the grapes of Eshcol, as just below Hebron we had seen no vineyards; but now my wonder was at an end; throughout this valley, as far as the eye can see, are extensive vineyards. They are inclosed with stone walls, with watch-towers, and the vines generally look to be very old. The main stalk is thick, is cut down very close, and lies on the ground. It was yet too early in the season for the buds to put forth. The best grapes of Southern Palestine are produced in this valley, thus confirming not only by the traditional name, but also by the superior quality of the fruit, the probable site whence the spies bore the specimen grapes and figs; for here, too, the fig-tree abounds, its tender leaves and fruit were just appearing.

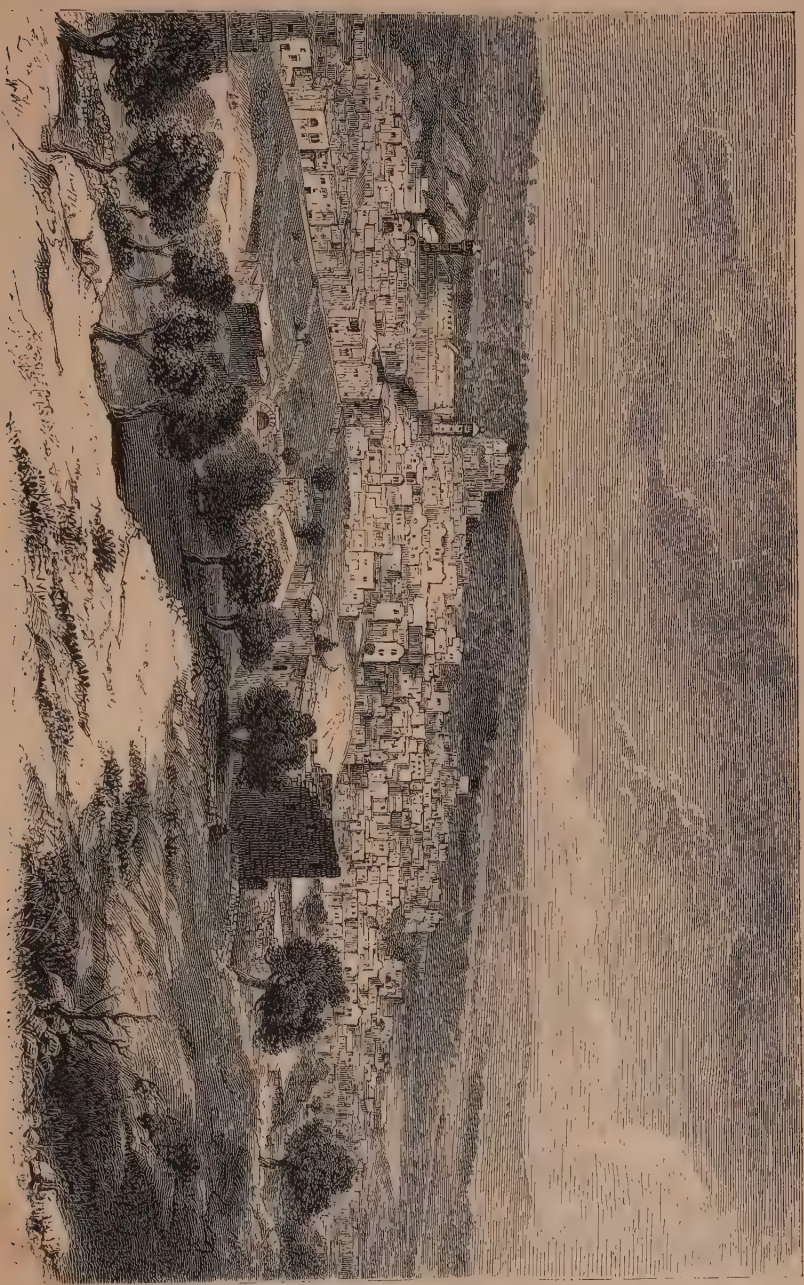
On our return, as we were refreshing ourselves at Jacob's Pool, a deep, clear, cool reservoir of water on the side of the road, wholly covered from the dust and heat, the Mohammedan having charge of the oak overtook us, clamoring for backsheesh. Supposing the Jew was receiving, in addition to guide money, backsheesh meant for him, he ran up, and with a stick in one hand and an agricultural implement in the other, rushed at him violently, as though he would smite him to the earth. Another Jew, who was alongside, interfered, and no harm was done save the giving of a few scratches. They concluded to settle it before the court, the son of Israel promising him a warm time, displaying the blood upon his hand. Just over the wall was pointed out a field of reddish soil, where, it was affirmed, father Adam was made of the dust of the earth. It was too bad that in such proximity two of his lineal descendants should quarrel.

CHAPTER IX.

HEBRON.

AFTER returning from our visit to Abraham's Oak, we entered Hebron on its northern side, and passing along its principal street between the solid stone houses, (the narrow street reeking with filth,) went into a glass factory, where are manufactured rings of various colors, which are used as ornaments by the native women. Thence we strolled through the Bazaar, which, to us so long in solitude, was doubly attractive because of the stir and business which seemed to be going on. Here we found our Bedawin looking at the curiosities, and making heavy investments for their homeward journey. A happier set of fellows, as they strutted about, every one sporting a new abba and coffer, could not be found.

From the Bazaar we passed up a narrow street directly in the rear, or at the north end, of the celebrated mosque which covers the Cave of Machpelah, the burial-place of the patriarchs. The dying injunction of Jacob, the last of the three great patriarchs, is to this effect: "Bury me with my fathers in the cave that is in the field of Ephron the Hittite, in the cave that is in the field of Machpelah, which is before Mamre in the land of Canaan, which Abraham bought with the field of Ephron



HEBRON.

the Hittite for a possession of a burying-place. There they buried Abraham and Sarah his wife ; there they buried Isaac and Rebekah his wife ; and there I buried Leah." Gen. xlix, 29, 30, 31. We turned around the inclosure to the east side, whence, from a slope near the wall, we could look into an open yard between the exterior wall and the mosque. Here was pointed out the tomb of Esau—wholly apocryphal, of course.

Returning through this narrow and filthy passage, we came back through the Bazaar, and thence approached by another street the main entrance on the west and south. We could go no nearer than the steps leading into the open court. No infidels or Christians are allowed to pass beyond the threshold. When we came up, as is always the case, groups of fierce fanatical Mohammedans stood around watching the sacred place with jealous eyes, ready at the first intrusion of a profane step to avenge the sacrilege with violence. It requires but a spark of provocation to kindle at any moment these wild zealots into a blaze of fury.

But twice within recent times has this sacred place been penetrated by other than the followers of Mohammed: once by the Prince of Wales, accompanied by Dean Stanley, in 1862, and subsequently by the Marquis of Bute ; the one representing the crown, and the other the gold, of England. Since then access to it has been even more difficult, it being now more sedulously guarded than ever ; and remains the last sacred shrine in all

Syria which a golden key does not freely unlock. In a short time the continuous pressure of public opinion, with appeals to the increasing need and greed of Islamism, will open it so wide that it will never again be firmly closed. We had to be content with putting our hands through a hole in the wall near the south-west corner and touching the sacred rock of the cave, and gazing at the massive, perfect masonry of the solid Jewish wall, built, as is supposed, in the days of Solomon.

The account of the Prince of Wales's visit, given by Dean Stanley, is one of the most graphic in all modern researches. For the information and interest it affords I make an extract :—

Up the steep flight of the exterior staircase—gazing, close at hand, on the polished surface of the wall, amply justifying Josephus's account of the-marble-like appearance of the huge stones which compose it—we rapidly mounted. At the head of the staircase, which by its long ascent showed that the platform of the mosque was on the uppermost slope of the hill, and therefore above the level where, if anywhere, the sacred cave would be found, a sharp turn at once brought us within the precincts, and revealed to us for the first time the wall from the inside. A later wall of Mussulman times has been built on the top of the Jewish inclosure. The inclosure itself, as seen from the inside, rises but a few feet above the platform. Here we were received with much ceremony by five or six persons, corresponding to the dean and canons of a Christian cathedral. They were the representatives of the forty hereditary guardians of the mosque.

We passed at once through an open court into the mosque. With regard to the building itself, two points at once became apparent. First, it was clear that it had been originally a Byzantine church. To any one acquainted with the cathedral of St. Sophia, at Constantinople, and with the monastic churches of Mount Athos, this is evident from

the double narthex, or portico, and from the four pillars of the nave. Secondly, it was clear that it had been converted at a much later period into a mosque. This is indicated by the pointed arches, and by the truncation of the *apsis*. The transformation was said by the guardians of the mosque to have been made by Sultan Kelaouh. The whole building occupies, to speak roughly, one third of the platform. The windows are sufficiently high to be visible from without above the top of the inclosing wall.

I now proceed to describe the Tombs of the Patriarchs, premising always that these tombs, like all those in Mussulman mosques, and, indeed, like most tombs in Christian churches, do not profess to be the actual places of sepulture, but are merely monuments or cenotaphs in honor of the dead who lie beneath. Each is inclosed within a separate chapel, or shrine, closed with gates or railings similar to those which surround or inclose the special chapels or royal tombs in Westminster Abbey. The first two of these shrines, or chapels, are contained in the inner portico or narthex, before the entrance into the actual building of the mosque. In the recess on the right is the shrine of Abraham, in the recess on the left that of Sarah, each guarded by silver gates. The shrine of Sarah we were requested not to enter, as being that of a woman. A pall lay over it.

The shrine of Abraham, after a momentary hesitation, was thrown open. The guardians groaned aloud. But their chief turned to us with the remark, "The princes of any other nation should have passed over my dead body sooner than enter, but to the eldest son of the Queen of England we are willing to accord even this privilege." He stepped in before us, and offered an ejaculatory prayer to the dead patriarch: "O friend of God, forgive this intrusion!" We then entered. The chamber is cased in marble. The so-called tomb consists of a coffin-like structure, about six feet high, built up of plastered stone or marble, and hung with three carpets, green, embroidered with gold. They are said to have been presented by Mohammed II., the conqueror of Constantinople; Selim I., the conqueror of Egypt; and the late Sultan Abdul Megid. Fictitious as the actual structure was, it was impossible not to feel a thrill of unusual emotion at standing on such a spot—an emotion enhanced by the rare occasion which had opened the gates of that consecrated place, as the guardian of the

mosque kept repeating to us as we stood round the tomb, "To no one less than the representative of England." Within the area of the church, or mosque, were shown the tombs of Isaac and Rebekah. They are placed under separate chapels, in the walls of which are windows, and of which the gates are grated, not with silver but iron bars. Their situation, planted as they are in the body of the mosque, may indicate their Christian origin. In almost all Mussulman sanctuaries the tombs of distinguished persons are placed, not in the center of the building, but in the corners. To Rebekah's tomb the same decorous rule of the exclusion of male visitors applied as in the case of Sarah's. But on requesting to see the tomb of Isaac we were entreated not to enter, and on asking, with some surprise, why an objection which had been conceded for Abraham should be raised in the case of his far less eminent son, were answered that the difference lay in the character of the two patriarchs: "Abraham was full of loving-kindness; he had withstood even the resolution of God against Sodom and Gomorrah; he was goodness itself, and would overlook any affront; but Isaac was proverbially jealous, and it was exceedingly dangerous to exasperate him. When Ibrahim Pasha (as conqueror of Palestine) endeavored to enter he was driven out by Isaac, and fell back as if thunderstruck."

The chapel, in fact, contains nothing of interest; but I mention this story both for the sake of the singular sentiment which it expresses, and also because it well illustrates the peculiar feeling which has tended to preserve the sanctity of the place, an awe amounting to terror, of the great personages who lay beneath, and who would, as was supposed, be sensitive to any disrespect shown to their graves; and revenge it accordingly.

The shrines of Jacob and Leah were shown in recesses corresponding to those of Abraham and Sarah, but in a separate cloister, opposite the entrance of the mosque. Against Leah's tomb, as seen through the iron grate, two green banners reclined, the origin and meaning of which were unknown. They are placed in the pulpit on Fridays. The gates of Jacob's tomb were opened without difficulty, though with a deep groan from the by-standers. There was some well-painted glass in one of the windows. The structure was of the same kind as that in the shrine of Abraham, but with carpets of a coarser texture. Else it calls for no special remark.

Thus far the monuments of the mosque adhere strictly to the biblical account. This is the more remarkable, because in these particulars the agreement is beyond what might have been expected in a Mussulman sanctuary. The prominence given to Isaac, while in entire accordance with the sacred narrative, is against the tenor of Mussulman tradition, which exalts Ishmael to the first place. And, in like conformity with the sacred narrative, but unlike what we should have expected had mere fancy been allowed full play, is the exclusion of the famous Rachel, and the inclusion of the insignificant Leah.

The variation which follows rests, as I am informed by Dr. Rosen, on the general tradition of the country, (justified, perhaps, by an ambiguous expression of Josephus,) that the body of Joseph, after having been deposited first at Shechem, was subsequently transported to Hebron. But the peculiar situation of this alleged tomb agrees with the exceptional character of the tradition. It is a domed chamber attached to the inclosure from the outside, and reached, therefore, by an aperture broken through the massive wall itself, and thus visible on the exterior of the southern side of the wall. It is less costly than the others, and it is remarkable that, although the name of his wife (according to the Mussulman version, Zuleika) is inserted in the certificates given to pilgrims who have visited the mosque, no grave having that appellation is shown. A staff was hung up in the corner of the chamber. There were painted windows, as in the shrine of Jacob. According to the story told by the guardian of the mosque, Joseph was buried in the Nile, and Moses recovered the body one thousand and five years afterward by marrying an Egyptian wife who knew the secret. No other tombs were exhibited inside the mosque.*

From the sedulous care with which this shrine has been guarded through so many ages, it is not improbable that when its vaults shall be opened at least the embalmed body of Jacob will be found. There is a peculiar interest in being so near the spot where the undecayed body of even one of God's ancient worthies may lie.

* "*Jewish History*," vol. i, p. 543, etc.

Turning away from the mosque, we wormed our way through the gaping crowd toward our tents. We saw on the way an Arab school, all boys; a few stood at the door, the rest were huddled like pigs into a low, dark room, looking, however, as all children usually do, bright and happy. In the schools little is taught save the merest rudiments, and all that is read is a few pages from the Koran. I noticed in Cairo that boys, while they worked, were drilled in such sentences as, "There is no god but God, and Mohammed is his prophet." As one squad of boys were removing *débris* in baskets, another squad in waiting would be reciting short sentences to a teacher. Such is the fidelity with which the great distinctive doctrine of the Koran is instilled into the minds of youth.

Emerging from the town at the south-west, we passed again the great southern pool. It is a large basin or reservoir of water of one hundred and thirty feet by fifty feet, inclosed in solid limestone masonry. On the east side is a row of bath-houses, accessible to all the population, distinct and regular hours being fixed for the men and women. At the northern end there is another reservoir not quite so large, but the southern one is probably that which gave to Hebron its first importance. A great natural spring fixes a location in these countries with a precision which scarcely any other one feature does. Here, then, with an assurance very satisfactory, I could imagine Abraham moving about around this spacious fountain, as a favorite permanent camping ground. From

his first lighting upon the spot he dwelt in friendly relations with the proprietors of the soil, Mamre, Aner, and Eshcol; thence he sallied forth with the armed servants of his own house, three hundred and eighteen, and discomfited Chedorlaomer and his confederates; thence from the brow of the adjoining hill he besought God for Sodom and Gomorrah, and afterward, when his petition availed only for Lot's safety, he saw thence the smoke of the doomed cities rising up like the "smoke of a furnace;" here he was when Sarah died, and in the cave of the field secured by purchase to him and his posterity forever he buried her out of his sight; and here, too, he was when he gave up the ghost and died in a good old age, an old man and full of years; and here his sons, Isaac and Ishmael — the brothers long estranged reconciled at the father's grave—"buried him in the cave of Machpelah, in the field of Ephron the son of Zohar the Hittite, which is before Mamre."

To write the history of Hebron would be to give a succession of events connected with the second oldest existing city of the world, and comprising the names and deeds of the most famous persons of the patriarchal, regal, and post-captive periods of the Jewish nation, and also of the post-apostolic and medieval Christian Church. As the resort of the three great primogenitors of the Hebrew people, the possession of the good and faithful Caleb, the center of David's early exploits and the head of his government while reigning exclusively over Judah, and last,

but not least, as the spot where now rests, in all likelihood, the very oldest distinctly preserved dust of God's ancient worthies, it holds a sway over the heart of the believers in divine revelation which must always make it a shrine commanding the deepest reverence.

We now hastened back to the camp, wearied with the morning's tramp. While at lunch who should ride up at full gallop, as though a herald from a battle-field, but Mohammed, our former dragoman on the Nile. Michael, a servant whom we had dispatched immediately to Jerusalem, had no sooner reached there than Mohammed was sent in all haste to bear to us letters and the freshest intelligence. After being thirty-eight days cut off from all outside communication, our letters and telegrams were anxiously and fondly devoured. There was little relish for food that hour, as all around devoured the precious morsels of greetings from afar.

CHAPTER X.

HEBRON TO JERUSALEM.

ABOUT the middle of the afternoon our Bedawin came in among us to bid us good-bye, all dressed out in their new attire, smiling and happy, and seemingly regretful to part with the howadji. I had become fond of Salem, and had given him backsheesh, as I thought, liberally enough. What was my chagrin when parting with him to have him stretch out his hand and say, "Backsheesh, howadji?" I confess, my feathers fell. But, poor fellows, their lot is a hard one; and even these Alawin, with all their dare-deviltry and clamor for backsheesh, are not near so bad as the beggars who have grown up under the shadow of boasted St. Peter's! As they filed away by the road toward their Desert home we gave them three cheers with a tiger, and they responded with their brightest smiles. Good-bye, Salem, good-bye, Zwirraha; the like of you I shall never see again. Of all the tours of my life this was most romantic, and you have shared it with me!

Toward evening I saw the first Mohammedan funeral. A large company gathered about the grave. After dinner I went up on the mountain back of the Quarantine, and looked down upon the ancient city and all its sur-

roundings in the twilight, and began to realize that I was indeed in the land whose scenes, derived from my Bible readings and Bible pictures, had been familiar to me from childhood.

Our horses and the pack mules arrived last evening, (April 13,) and at half-past seven this morning we were in the saddle, our faces toward Jerusalem. I had become so used to the slow, long, and measured tread of the camel, that I really found the short, quick step of the horse disagreeable. My pony was a rough-goer; he had a hard trot, hard gallop, and a slow walk. We followed up the Valley of Eshcol nearly to the point where the road turns to Abraham's Oak, and bearing directly north, left the ruins of Rama on the right. We then turned eastward to visit Jonah's Tomb, (Neby Yumas,) which stands on a high hill, behind which is the little village of Halhul. Josh. xv, 58. The houses are so flat, and so closely built up to the side of the hill, that I came near riding on to the top of one. Such a mistake would have likely made horse and rider unwelcome guests into the privacy of an Arab home, as the roofs were only loose sticks daubed over with mud. Returning to the main road, I noticed on the left a tower half in ruins, Beth Zair; and on the right, immediately on the road-side, an ample fountain, 'Ain ed Dirweh, from which girls were bearing large goat-skin bags filled with water up the hill to the village.

Our ride was now over a succession of dreary hills of limestone, covered with scanty verdure and dwarf oaks.

The bare gray rocks looked as though they were made merely for huge sheds to catch the rains and pour them down into some central reservoir. Startled by a rustle among the bushes, I looked around and saw two enormous lizards rushing away like race-horses.

Three hours more brought us to the ruins of Jedur, the Gedor of Joshua xv, 58. We dismounted and walked to the ruins, about half a mile from the road. There are the remains of an old church about seventy-five feet long, with walls ten feet thick; there are no windows except a large pointed Gothic window in the end. Vast heaps of broken stones lie around, and the adjacent fields are under cultivation. This valley sweeps eastward under the names of el Arub, er Jehar, and el Shar, through the Wilderness of Judea, and terminates in the vicinity of Engedi. It was often traversed by David and his men. From this onward there was nothing but an irksome monotony of rugged hills till we descended suddenly upon Solomon's Pools, situated in a beautiful little valley, now called el Burak—"Valley of the Tanks." Adjoining the upper pool is an old Saracenic fortress of great size, beneath the shadow of whose northern walls we lunched. It is tenanted by a lone Arab, who picks up a few piasters by acting as a guide about the pools. The only objects of interest I noticed in the interior were numerous beehives, made of earthenware pots stuck in the walls.

Across the field to the west, at the base of the mountain, is a little house covering the entrance to the springs



Solomon's Pools.

of water, whence is the principal supply of the pools. Having no torches, we lighted pieces of brush, and descended into the vaulted cave about twenty-five steps down. The size of the cave is fifteen by eight paces. The water issues from the side of the hill in a channel at least six inches wide, is caught in two reservoirs, and is passed thence under ground about three hundred yards to a point near the north-west corner of the upper pool, where it is divided, part running into a vault twenty-five feet by five, and thence into the upper pool, the other part being conducted around the north side of the successive pools, and below them, till it flows into the main aqueduct, which ends at Jerusalem. By this method it was sought to accomplish the double purpose of obtaining a fresh supply of water directly from the fountain-head, and also keeping the reservoirs filled from the overflow, so as to have on hand a perpetual reserve.

The dimensions of the upper pool are according to

Porter, as follows: Length, three hundred and eighty feet; depth, east end, twenty-five feet; breadth, east end, two hundred and thirty-six feet; breadth, west end, two hundred and twenty-nine feet. The middle and lower pools, all connected by conduits, are even larger than the first.*

The construction of these reservoirs is usually attributed to Solomon, though there is no decisive proof that he built them. Their extent, massiveness, and boldness of conception furnish reasonable ground for ascribing their formation to his long, peaceful, and magnificent reign. If the present structures were not erected by him, they most likely took the places of such as he had previously built and used. In whatever age constructed, they evince excellent engineering skill. They are located in succession, at convenient distances apart; the second lower than the first, and the third than the second, so that the overflow of water from the first is caught by the second, and of the second by the third. Two or three were full of water at the time of our visit, while here and there was a crack or a leak which it did not occur to the Turkish authorities to rectify. My impression is, that in addition to the spring there were other sources of supply by catching the rainfall from the surrounding hills.

Instead of keeping the direct road over the hill to Jerusalem, we followed Wady el Burak by the line of the aqueduct to Bethlehem. The valley grows narrower and deeper as it descends, and is irrigated by streams from

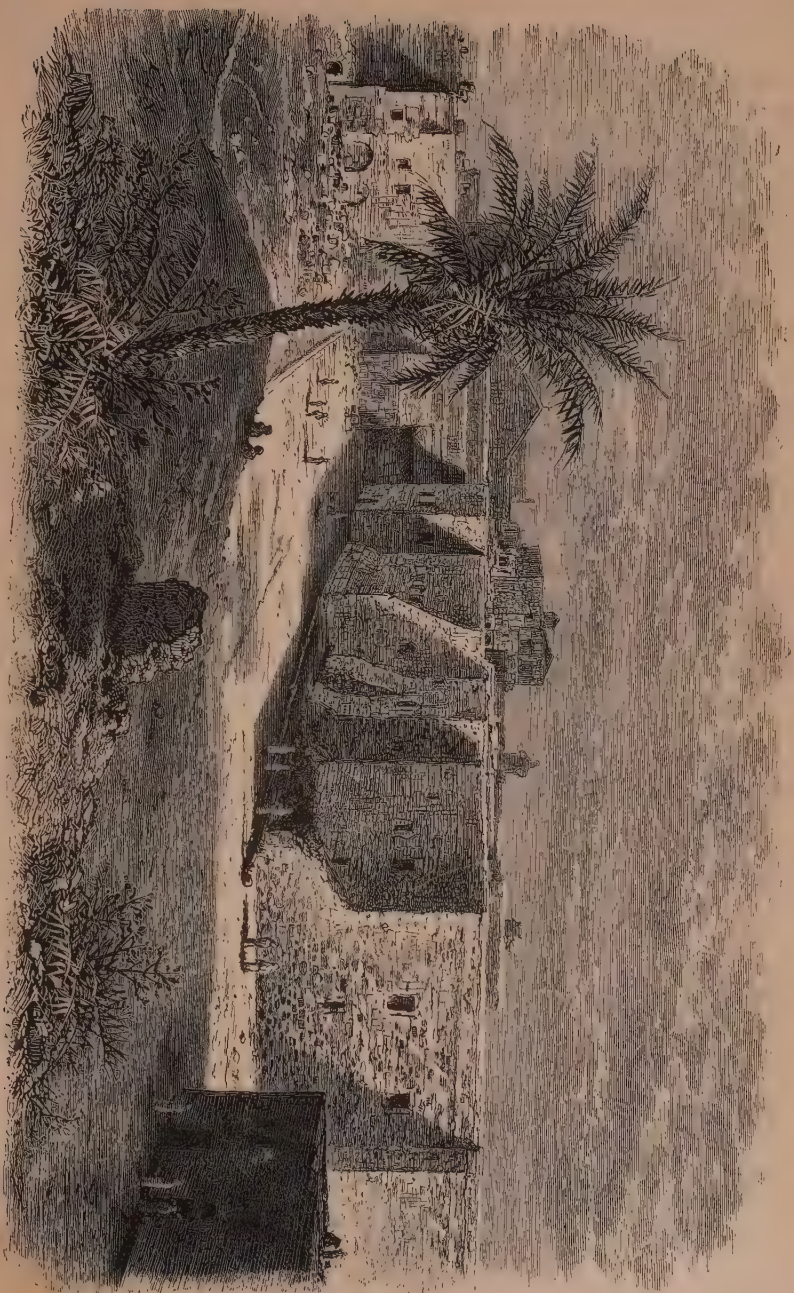
* "Handbook, Syria and Palestine," part i, p. 69.

the pools. Our route was above the little village Urtas, believed to be the ancient Etham, which sits nestled on the hill-side. It lies about fifty *stadia* from Jerusalem, and thither was Solomon's usual morning drive. There, possibly, he found themes for his thoughts as he meditated of all herbs, from the hyssop on the wall to the cedar of Lebanon. "I made me gardens and orchards, and I planted trees in them of all kinds of fruits: I made me pools of water, to water therewith the wood that bringeth forth trees." Eccl. ii, 5, 6. The valley is still quite fertile, and its sides are terraced to the very top. On rising the next hill, Bethlehem all at once stood before us, perched on a shoulder of the mountain along which we should have traveled had we gone directly from the Pools to Jerusalem.

Bethlehem seemed, in its clear outlines, and its white, flat houses, like an old friend, so familiar had pictures made it to me from my youth. Crossing the head of a valley which slopes to the eastward, known as the Valley of the Shepherds, we mounted the hill, and wheeling suddenly to the right, entered, amid new and old buildings, the main street, and stopped not until, having gone the whole length of its narrow, slippery pavement, we dismounted in the open area in front of the Church and Convent of the Nativity.

We immediately went into the Latin Convent of St. Francis, and were courteously received by a monk, who, after refreshing his guests with lemonade, conducted us

CONVENT AND CHURCH OF THE NAIIVITY.



through the series of buildings which cluster over the supposed place of the nativity. Passing through a great hall we entered the Latin Chapel of St. Catharine, where services were being conducted; then into the Greek Chapel, by far the most imposing, where also services were being held; then into the Armenian, where no service was going on. I was shocked to see armed Turkish soldiers standing between the different chapels.

"What can it mean?" I asked.

"To keep the people in order," was the reply.

But for the presence of this armed guard the frenzied fanatics of the different sects would tear each other in pieces. At almost every great festival fights occur, and this very spring blood had been shed. What a comment on the condition of Christianity in these eastern countries, when over the cradle, the cross, and the grave of Jesus armed infidel soldiers must keep believers from cutting each other's throats! But few worshipers were now present, as the great festivals were over, and the vast stream of pilgrims had subsided.

Through a door on the left of the Greek Chapel we descended by a few steps into the cave beneath it, a low, narrow, vaulted room, thirty-eight feet long by eleven feet wide, lighted with burning lamps. This is the Chapel of the Nativity. Just to the left on entering, we were pointed to the *apsis*, a vaulted recess hung with sixteen silver lamps, almost wholly destitute of ornament, with a marble floor in the center of which is a silver star, with a

hole in it about six inches in diameter, surrounded with the words in Latin, "Here Jesus Christ was born of the Virgin Mary." I was a little startled at the suddenness with which I had come upon the spot. I was not prepared to take in its deep significance. We were in a crowd. The next day, after spending much of the night in thinking and dreaming of the crowning miracle of the New Testament—God manifest in the flesh—and having become somewhat imbued with its great mystery and design, I went back again. I stood quite alone at the sacred shrine. A woman crept up, and bowing her face to the stones, lavished upon them her kisses. What could I do otherwise than kneel and drop a tear as I reached over and put my hand through the hole, and upon the very spot where first the Lord of glory touched the earth! Let those stand idly by who may, my faith shall pierce the dim shadows of superstition, and bow down at the point where the divine Saviour first met humanity in his coming to meet me.

This shrine is common to all the sects, and there are separate approaches to it from the Latin, Greek, and Armenian Chapels.

At the angle of the stairs from the Armenian Chapel, on the south side, is the small Chapel of the Præsepium, or "Manger." There is a marble trough representing the manger; but the original one, according to the monks, was long since taken away and carried to Rome, and deposited in the Church of Santa Maria Maggiore. It is

adorned with a very good painting of the virgin and child and the shepherds, by Murillo. The Station of the Wise Men is opposite the Chapel of the Manger. Going thence westward the length of the Chapel of the Nativity, we entered another grotto, and inspected the Chapel of St. Joseph, the shrine of St. Jerome, and the Altar of the Innocents, by which stands a massive column, marking the spot where, it is said, twenty thousand children murdered by order of Herod were buried. (!)

The Tomb of St. Jerome has above it a likeness of the saint, and just opposite are rude pictures of his devoted female friends, Paula and her daughter Eustachia. This grotto, near the birthplace of Jesus, was the favorite home of the great theologian and preacher. For its dark cells he abandoned all the airy chambers and sumptuous saloons which princely wealth could offer at Rome or elsewhere. In the apartment to the north, adjoining his tomb, only a little more roomy and airy than the Chapel of the Tomb, was his study. "O desert, where the flowers of Christ are blooming! O solitude, where the stones for the new Jerusalem are prepared! O retreat, which rejoices in the friendship of God!"* Such was the spirit with which, in the fourth century, he fled from the world into this cavern, and here wrought out the treatises on theology which led the Latins to denominate him the "Father of the Church."

The Basilica, or Church of the Nativity proper, stands

* Schaff, "History of the Christian Church," vol. ii, p. 209.

in front of the four main chapels; indeed, they occupy what in other great churches is the choir. It is said to have been first built by the Empress Helena, A. D. 327, and is claimed to be the oldest Christian architecture in the world. It is of imposing size, but plain almost to nakedness. Its rows of Corinthian columns, transferred, as is supposed, from some great building at Jerusalem, divide the area into four aisles, and constitute the only architectural beauty. The common property of all the sects, but little care is bestowed upon its preservation. Poverty of ornament, even to baldness and meanness, marks it and all the buildings, showing that the attraction here is one above all that money can procure. If the Basilica and adjacent convent buildings lack ornament within, much more without: exteriorly they look like an old, half-decayed baronial establishment, wholly destitute of the touch of modern art or freshness.

Passing around the church to the south-east by a narrow way, we were shown into the "Cave of the Milk." Here, tradition states, Mary and the child were hid from the persecution of Herod before their flight into Egypt. The legend of the "milk" seems to have arisen from the supposed power of the chalky rock to aid mothers in producing milk, and bits of it are taken away and sent far and near because of this virtue.

From the top of a house south of the church I looked over the eastern and southern valley. All its sides are well terraced and planted with olives and vines. I had

also previously walked around on the north side, and had a thorough view of the valley in a north and north-east direction. Here the sides of the hills were alike terraced and planted. Attached to the Latin convent, on its northern side, is a large garden, in which I saw two or three very aged monks at work. They seemed to be deeply interested in their parsley and onion patches. It was painful, however, to see how, up to the very walls, and into the little cemetery, filth of the most disgusting kind was allowed to accumulate. The two valleys meeting below the convents, and running into one down toward the Wilderness of Judea, were unquestionably the scene



Valley of the Shepherds.

of the exquisite pastoral of Boaz and Ruth. There, too, the shepherds watched their flocks by night when the holy song of the angels, heralding the Saviour's birth, burst upon them. Up and down these hill-sides the ruddy, athletic David often ran while, yet a youth, he tended his father's flocks. The whole topography is so natural, that with the utmost vividness the imagination can rehabilitate the ground with these and other scriptural occurrences.

We did not go to the Chapel of the Shepherds, about a mile north-east of the church down the valley, but, like most tourists, were beguiled into that remarkable feature of modern Bethlehem, the shops, where fabrics cut from various materials are displayed. Devices of all kinds, from plain crosses to elaborate pictures, such as Leonardo da Vinci's Last Supper, are cut by the inhabitants from the soft and pretty mother-of-pearl, from selenite, and from asphaltum from the Dead Sea. Drinking cups are made from the black fig-tree wood. Black coral, the fruit of the cathedral palm, the kernels of dates, the grains of some cereals, and the seeds of some kinds of wood, are wrought into charms and rosaries. Cunning designs, fashioned of the natural white-tinted limestone rock of the region, are also to be had; and rare is the visitor who does not leave with a less plethoric purse than when he came. I was struck with the beauty of the young women, and that before I had seen or heard any allusion to it. This is explained by the fact that the population are mostly Christian, and consequently of native Syrian origin. The

sight of Christian female faces, wearing the impress of native sweetness and modesty, was really a treat, after the chance glimpses we had had of Arab ugliness.

On the way to camp we learned our muleteers had been arrested, and were imprisoned for breaking the aqueduct near the city. To obtain water for their mules they had recklessly committed this trespass, and when interfered with had shown fight, and were now in the lock-up. The judge, out of consideration for the howadji, and I suppose backsheesh, liberated the offenders. Wending our way through narrow lanes on the north side of the town we found our tents pitched in a garden, from which we could look down the valley (Wady Taamirah) eastward, and see in the distance the mountains on the western and eastern shores of the Dead Sea.

In the morning, as we rode out of the town, we deflected slightly to the north-east, along the continuous ridge on which the city stands, to see "David's Well." Three pretty girls, arranged in their picturesque native costumes, had anticipated our arrival, and were prepared to serve us. The well is about fifteen to twenty feet deep, and the water is cold, clear, and pleasant to the taste. It was a pity to see the largest girl of the three pucker her handsome face when she failed to receive as large a present as she expected.

This is called David's Well, because of the incident in his life mentioned 1 Chron. xi, 17, "And David longed, and said, O that one would give me drink of the water of

the well of Bethlehem, that is at the gate!" He was then in the Cave of Adullam, having only recently escaped, by feigning madness, from Gath, whither he had fled from fear of Saul. Famished with thirst in the dry cave, he gave vent to this passionate outbreak. No sooner had the heroic captain vented his longing, than three of his valiant young men undertook to cut their way through the Philistines, who were then in possession of Bethlehem, and bore the water to the parched lips of their leader. The draught, however, was too costly a one. "David would not drink of it, but poured it out to the Lord, and said, My God forbid it me, that I should do this thing: shall I drink the blood of these men that have put their lives in jeopardy? for with the jeopardy of their lives they brought it; therefore he would not drink it." David was a true man, and, like all real heroic natures, in acting out the generous impulses which led him to identify himself with his followers in their exposures and sufferings, he bound them to him with an indissoluble love.

The circumstances of this narrative would seem to place the Cave of Adullam somewhere in the vicinity of Bethlehem, and render plausible the traditional site at the ruins and caves of Khureitum in Wady Urtas, near the foot of Frank Mountain, in a south-easterly direction, and not over an hour's ride from Bethlehem. As we were in haste to reach Jerusalem we postponed a visit to the cave; and such was the pressure afterward upon us, that we failed of the visit altogether. Plausible as are the

reasons for locating the Cave of Adullam here, and thus following the monkish legend from the Middle Ages, Dr. Robinson and others insist that biblical fidelity demand that it be placed in Shephelah, or the low country of Judea bordering on the Philistines. Gen. xxxviii, 1; Micah i, 15; Josh. xii, 15; 2 Chron. xi, 7; Neh. xi, 30; 2 Macc. xii, 38. In that region undoubtedly the city of Adullam was situated, and although not necessary, it is certainly natural, to suppose that the cave was in the vicinity of the city. All the hillsides abound with caves. The family of David, when they visited him at the cave, are said to have gone down, the phrase always used for going to the low country; while the Philistines always spoke of going up in their attacks upon the Israelites. Such expressions throw still greater weight in favor of this opinion, while the appearance of close proximity to Bethlehem may be explained by the very compactness of the whole country. Within one night three active young men could easily have gone from the edge of the low country to Bethlehem and back again, trained as those mountaineers were to deeds of almost superhuman fatigue and valor.

Pertinent to the discussion, there falls under my eye, while writing, the following notice of the most recent researches of the English Exploration Society:—

Recognized at Gath, David again fled and entered the possessions of Judah, hiding in the far-famed Cave of Adullam. This has been identified by M. Ganneau with a great degree of certainty. There was a city of the name, and an important place, enumerated among the

royal Canaanite capitals. The cities which occur in connection with it—Maresha, (El Marash,) Jarmuth, (Yarmuk,) Socoh, (Shuweikeh,)—all lie in a short distance of one another in the low hills south of the Valley of Elah, (Wady el Sumt,) close to the scene of the famous duel. It is here that M. Ganneau finds the name of 'Ain el Mia, which represents very well the Hebrew 'Adlem, an identification which we hope hereafter to confirm. The site is a hillside near Socoh, (Shuweikeh,) which is burrowed with caves, partly natural, partly enlarged by human agency.*

We turned from the well without entering the house of Jesse, and after a few minutes' ride on the main road were in front of Rachel's Tomb. This is a little mosque



Rachel's Tomb.

of the roadside, and is regarded with great sanctity by the Moslems. We were not allowed to go in, and had to satisfy ourselves with peeping in at the windows and passing around the outside. The grounds adjoining, marked only by a few straggling olive-trees, are kept

* "Palestine Exploration Fund," January, 1875. London.

with no care whatever. The spot it occupies, whether the exact one or not, cannot be far removed from that where Jacob buried his beloved Rachel. "And they journeyed from Bethel; and there was but a little way to come to Ephrath: and Rachel died, and was buried in the way to Ephrath, which is Bethlehem. And Jacob set a pillar upon her grave: that is the pillar of Rachel's grave unto this day." Genesis xxxv, 16, 19, 20.

This simple, touching narrative is the first mention in Scripture of the little city which was destined to figure afterward so prominently in sacred history. Its identity is as clearly fixed as that of Jerusalem itself. Swallowing up all previous events, the birth of David with the rest, the birth of David's greatest son, the divine Jesus, has given it an importance which has centered upon it for nearly two thousand years the strongest affections of the best portion of mankind. The greatness of this event renders the certain identification of Bethlehem as the place of Christ's birth not only a matter of the highest interest to all Christian people, but also of no little gratification and thankfulness, though of course of no great spiritual importance.

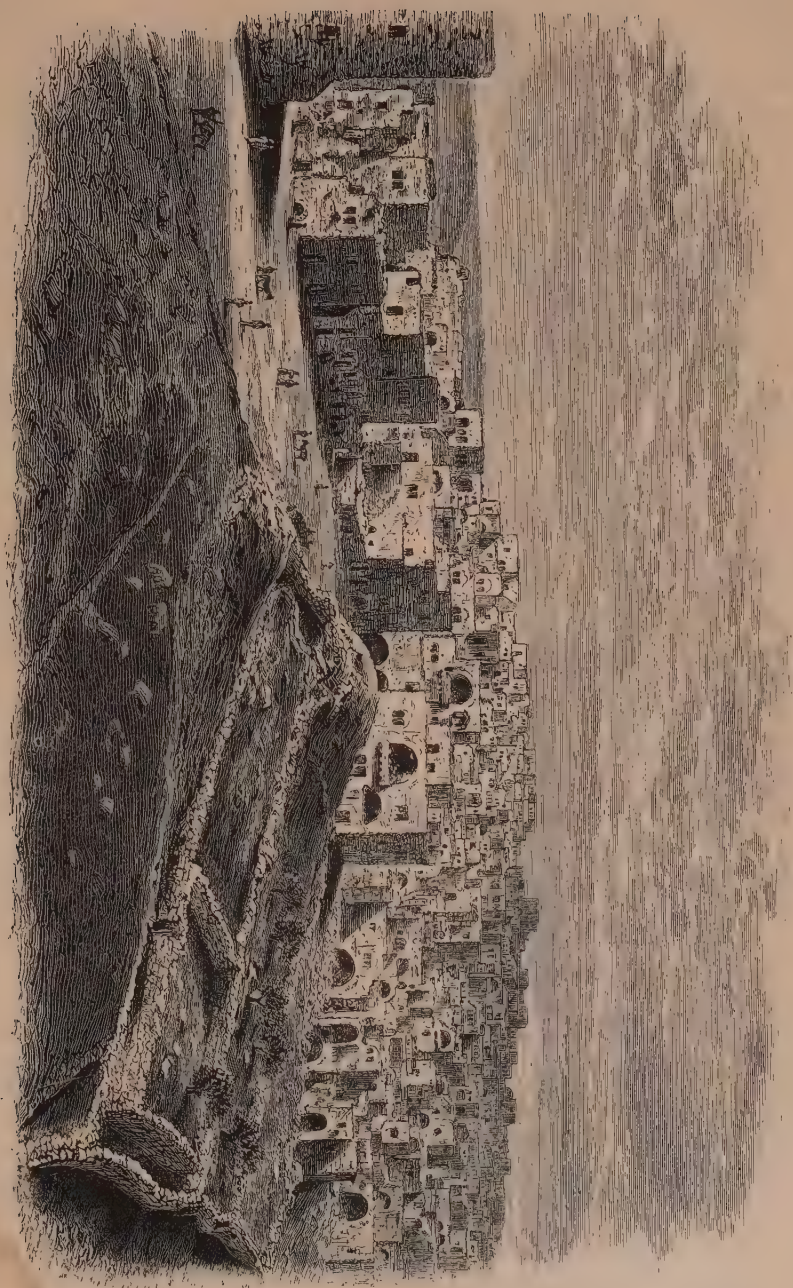
The extreme eastern projection of the narrow ridge—which is broken into an eastern and western elevation by a depression running north and south near the center—where the Church of the Nativity stands, must have been from remotest times an eligible position for a khan or inn. It is commanding, and while a little aside of the direct

route leading from Jerusalem southward, it is easily accessible from the adjacent valleys running up from the Jordan and the Dead Sea. Besides, the very cave against which so much is said as the unlikely birthplace of Jesus,* may have been the main cause of fixing the site of the first inn. In the rude beginnings of the settlement of the country all natural advantages were seized upon, and even now nothing is more common than to find grottoes not only used for the animals and fowls, but also as living rooms for families. The probability is, that the ancient "inn" was so built upon and against the rock that the cave was the stable. Reproducing the circumstances which occurred when Joseph and Mary arrived at Bethlehem—such circumstances as are found yearly at the great festivals in this age—we suppose they came at a late hour to the inn, when all the eligible positions on the *leewan*, (a raised platform running around the inside of the one-story building,) and even the open space on the floor, were occupied, and they were consequently obliged, as her condition was extreme, to take such shelter as they could find in the stable. The faithful ass was unloaded, and their rugs and garments were spread upon the loose straw, and thus the lowliest place of human habitation and sojourn became the cradle of the Redeemer of the world.

To these inherent probabilities must be added the forcible consideration that the traditional site was ac-

* Ritter, vol. iii, p. 346. English edition.

BETHLEHEM.



cepted by Justin Martyr,* who was born in Palestine, at Flavia Neapolis, the ancient Shechem, or modern Nablous, A. D. 103, and died A. D. 166.† He must have known those who knew the first disciples, and St. Jerome must have known those who had known Justin Martyr or some of his contemporaries. Then the early period at which the Basilica was built by Helena, the mother of Constantine, and the generally settled opinion of Christendom as to the identity of the site from that era to the present, carry great weight.

Bethlehem, in common with all the towns and cities of Palestine, has passed through great vicissitudes. It has been the scene of fierce conflicts. Always prized by Christians, it was raised for a brief period to the dignity of an episcopal see by the Latin Church in 1110, when Baldwin I. was king of Jerusalem; but in the subsequent disasters to the crusaders it ceased to be an ecclesiastical center. Amid all reverses the Christian population have clung to it like lichens to a rock, and to-day the inhabitants, numbering about three thousand, are almost wholly Christian. I was pleased to see a good deal of stir in its little streets, and here and there on its outskirts new buildings in process of erection, showing signs of life and thrift. From the north it looks much less imposing than from the south; but from every point it is picturesque. "And thou, Bethlehem, in the land of Judah, art not the least among the princes of Judah."

* Neander's "Life of Christ," p. 23.

† Farrar's "Life of Christ," vol. i, p. 5.

While we stood at Rachel's Tomb we were pointed directly westward to Beit Jala, (Zelah,) the scriptural Zelzah, where Saul, after his anointing by Samuel at Mizpeh, met the men who, according to the prophet's word, assured him of the safety of his father's asses, of which he had been in search. 1 Sam. x, 2. A large convent is located there, and with the white houses and groves about it, presents a fine appearance. Mounting our horses we rode up the hill, which was now the last obstacle which kept us from seeing Jerusalem. For the convent Mar Elias, and its beautiful situation and groves; its legendary rock, with the impress of Elijah's head, where he rested for awhile in his flight from the face of Jezebel; for the pilgrims, men and women, on foot and on horseback, come from the snows of Russia and the sands of Abyssinia, who were gliding hither and thither, we had no eye; our hearts were all palpitating for the vision which was soon to open before us.

The brow of the hill reached, the convent gate passed, a few steps farther, and lo, the capital of the religious world was full in view! For a moment conversation was checked, and onward our horses walked with quickened step. The plain of Rephaim stretched out its broad sweep of green and grain on right and left, while, distinctly visible, the walls, domes, and minarets of the city, glittering in the sunlight, with Mount Olivet on the east, stood out boldly in the landscape. From the city to the mount the eye alternated, divided between the two, not

only from the force of a thousand associations, but from the rivalry of claims to physical beauty presented by each. Most familiar of all objects in the Holy Land, and yet most welcome! To see this sight, and to feel the tumultuous thrill of emotions which it awakened, and then to turn away and to see no more, is well worth all the toil it costs to accomplish a journey from America. Here is Jerusalem, God's holy city; here Jehovah dwelt among his people; here Christ died; here the Holy Ghost was given; and here that religion was first planted in the faith of which millions have lived and died, and which is destined to fill the whole earth! It stands alone in the history of cities, and at this very hour is the center of more thought and affection than any other city in the world.

Thus I was musing when, in the distance, we descried on the horizon a horseman riding toward us. As he came nearer we saw that he was dressed in Frank costume—high-crowned beaver hat, English coat, and mounted on a superb Arabian steed. Immediately I recognized the Rev. Dr. De Hass, the American Consul at Jerusalem. Anticipating our coming, he had ridden out to meet and welcome us. A warm grasp of the hand was extended to all our party, some of whom he already knew personally, and under his kindly escort we rode on till we found our camp pitched near the Jaffa gate. To say that I paused to see the camp before hastening to see my wife, who was awaiting me at the Mediterranean Hotel, would be to expect more patience of me than I was then capable of

exercising. She had been looking for me for hours. Having parted from her at Cairo forty days previously, suffering from ague and fever, and without any communication meanwhile, it was cause for profound gratitude to meet again.

CHAPTER XI.

JERUSALEM.

TWO thoughts rise uppermost in the heart of every one who treads for the first time the streets of Jerusalem—its sanctity and its antiquity. Through all the accumulations of material and moral rubbish, these ideas press upward for recognition, and afford a satisfaction so unique and thorough, that the earlier hours of contact with its real presence must ever be borne in mind as among the most memorable in the life of any person who has had the experience.

“The holy city had an existence in the world seven hundred years before Romulus had plowed out the trench line of the future Rome, and three hundred before Æneas had landed on the Lavinian shores, or Troy had fallen to the Greeks; an historic existence of five centuries before the hanging gardens of Babylon were built, when the civilization of Greece had not yet dawned, and immigrations were still settling on her shores from Egypt, Phenicia, and Mysia.”*

It is generally conceded that it was to one of the hills which the present city occupies that Abraham brought his son Isaac to sacrifice him to God. The first

* “*Dublin University Magazine*,” 1868.

distinct recognition of the place in the Scriptures is as the home of Melchizedek, king of Salem and priest of the most high God. Gen. xiv, 18. See also Psa. lxxvi, 2, "In Salem is his tabernacle, and his dwelling-place in Zion." Josephus makes the following reference: "For under our forefather Abraham it was called Salem, or Solyma;"* "but he who first built it was a potent man among the Canaanites, and is in our tongue called Melchizedek, the righteous king, for such he really was: on which account he was (there) the first priest of God, and first built a temple (there,) and called the city Jerusalem, which was formerly called Salem."† Then follows the account in Joshua x, 1, where the name Jerusalem first occurs; the subsequent capture of the place by Judah, Judges i, 1-8; after which, Judah being unable wholly to expel the Jebusites, who probably fled to the hill Zion, there was no farther attack upon it until David, when invited by the ten tribes to rule over them, came up from Hebron, and carried it by storm. "Nevertheless, David took the stronghold of Zion: the same is the city of David." 2 Sam. v, 7.

From the time of David, Jerusalem became the political and religious capital of the Israelitish nation, the ark of the covenant having been removed thither by that monarch. It reached its greatest magnificence as an imperial city under Solomon. At the accession of Reho-

* "Antiquities," vol. i, book vii, chap. iii, section 2.
book vi, chap. x.

† *Ibid.*, vol. iv

boam, Solomon's son, the ten tribes, led by Jeroboam son of Nebat, rebelled; and subsequently a rival capital was set up at Samaria.

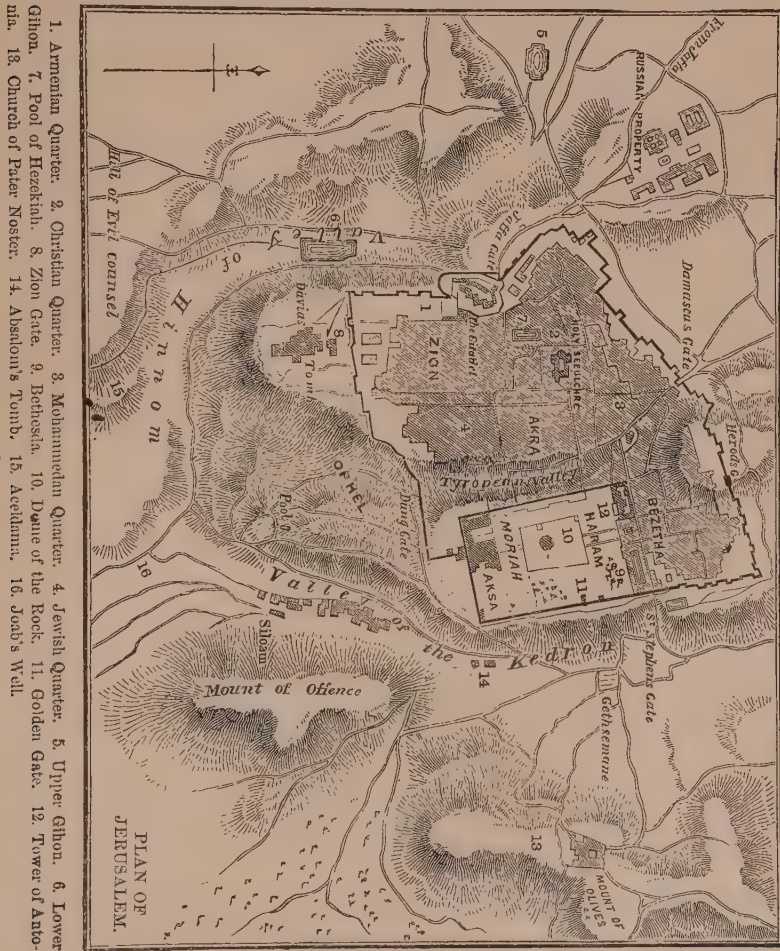
But notwithstanding that the government at Jerusalem was thus deprived of the allegiance and tribute of the larger portion of the Israelitish race, the kingly city lost little of its splendor, or of its influence among the nations. If it declined through the misrule of one monarch, it was resuscitated through the zeal of another; and thus, through a period of nearly four hundred years, it stood at the time of its conquest by Nebuchadnezzar so formidable that it could only be reduced by starving its inhabitants. Rebuilt by Nehemiah, after the captivity it grew to great power under the Maccabeans; and, under Herod the Great, the Idumean, regained a strength and splendor scarcely excelled in its palmiest days under Solomon, and became, because of its stability and beauty, an object of universal wonder and admiration. Immediately after its fall during the reign of Vespasian, A. D. 70, the foundations of the walls were plowed up, and nearly every superficial work of the ancient city disappeared.

Again rebuilt as a modern city, and advanced by such emperors as Adrian and Antoninus Pius, Jerusalem began to assume some importance after the conversion of Constantine the Great as the object of Christian zeal, and thenceforward, in possession alternately of Greek, Saracen, and Crusader, was finally captured by the Ottoman Turks in 1517, and has been held by them ever since.

Thus has this city presented in its history the remarkable record of twenty-one invasions; and yet, such is its tenacity of life, that to-day it promises to be the scene of an increased population, and the home of a future active civilization. All the great nations of Europe, either by governmental act or through their Churches, are buying up grounds, and establishing, either within or without its walls, churches, schools, and hospices; while Christian engineers stand ready to bore the ground, and Christian archæologists to examine every stone of the foundations the moment permission can be obtained from the Turkish authorities. Let a Christian government be again established at Jerusalem—which will take place so soon as the tottering Turkish Empire goes to pieces—and we shall see there what we already see at Athens, a beautiful modern city arising either on the ruins, or close by the ruins, of the ancient walls.

Before inspecting the city I sought to fix in my mind its position. This I find to be lat. $31^{\circ} 46' 43''$ N., and long. $35^{\circ} 13'$ E. from Greenwich. Its height above the Mediterranean is about 2,535 feet. The space inclosed by the walls is an irregular quadrilateral, and embraces four hills, called Akra, Zion, Moriah, and Bezetha. On the east, south, and south-east, the valleys of Kedron and Hinnom separate these hills from the surrounding land, causing them to appear as one distinct hill or shoulder of the great central Palestine range. Above and beyond these valleys are the hill Scopus on the north and north-east,

mount Olivet on the east, the hill of Offense on the south-east, and the hill of Evil Counsel on the south; while directly to the west, north-west, and north, the



ground rolls away with but a slight elevation. I am glad my first approach to the city was not from Jaffa by the usual route of western travelers: by that road there is

no view of the walls until they are nearly reached, and then, no sight of the city.

The walls, two and one-eighth miles in circuit, were built by Sultan Suleiman, in 1542. They are pierced by seven gates, Jaffa Gate on the west, Damascus and Herod's Gates on the north, St. Stephen's and the Golden Gates on the east, and the Zion and Dung Gates on the south. Herod's Gate and the Golden Gate are now walled up. All the others are open only from morning to night, except the Jaffa Gate, which, for the accommodation of travelers, stands open day and night. This gate presents by far the busiest appearance; all day long it is the scene of the utmost stir; and, because of the representatives of the divers nations gathered here, exhibits the most varied effects in costumes and habits to be found in any part of the city, indeed, possibly, in any city of the world.

On the afternoon of our arrival our party went promptly to work. We first visited the Quarries under the city, which are entered through a narrow door-way on the outside of the wall, a little to the east of Damascus Gate. These Quarries were only discovered twenty years ago. We descended gradually over the shapeless fragments of stone, our way lighted by flaming torches, until we reached a point nearly under the present site of the Austrian Hospice. Here were evidences in the long, deep galleries, with pillars left for the support of the roof, that the natural rock had been removed for

building purposes. It is a soft, yellowish limestone, and when exposed to the air, hardens and whitens. By whom and for what special use were these excavations made? Some conjecture, by Solomon for the first temple; others, by Herod for the enlargement of the second temple.* It is singular that history sheds no light on this point. The Quarries are remarkable as showing the engineering skill and the fertility of utilizing resources possessed at the period when they were worked. It is quite evident that they have been almost unknown and seldom visited in modern times from the fact that few, if any, inscriptions were to be found in them, and that occasionally some cut of the chisel or mark of the draughtsman is to be seen as fresh as when left by the last workman.

Leaving the Quarries, we continued our walk eastward along the north wall. Here the wall rises over the hill Bezetha, and presents, in its somber gray stones, overgrown with tangled shrubbery, a very picturesque appearance. Herod's Gate, filled in by masonry, is near the highest ground level of this portion of the wall. If the hill Bezetha was for the first time inclosed by Herod

* When we remember the terraced limestone formation of Jerusalem, and the gentle, even slope at which the strata dip toward the temple area, a glance at the map shows, at once that great facilities existed for running down immense blocks of stone from the mouth of the quarries near the Damascus Gate to their position in the temple walls. It has, indeed, been suggested that the mouth of the quarries was at their southern end, near where is now the Austrian Consulate; and if this be the case, the present northern entrance may possibly be of later date than the reign of Herod: but no such opening has yet been discovered.—*Palestine Exploration Fund*, April, 1872, p. 48.

Agrippa A. D. 45, does the name of this gate indicate that the spot where it stands may have been on a line of his wall? The line of his wall is usually conceded to have run far to the north and east of this point. The road from the Damascus Gate eastward lies between the northern extremity of Bezetha and a deep fosse which



Wall near Herod's Gate.

runs close along the wall. In the side of the hill on the left, and nearly opposite Herod's Gate, is the Grotto of Jeremiah. It is well kept, but possesses little or no interest. The hill, its slopes now covered with olive groves, gardens, and Mohammedan tombs, is regarded by some as the true Calvary, though I think with little show of reason.

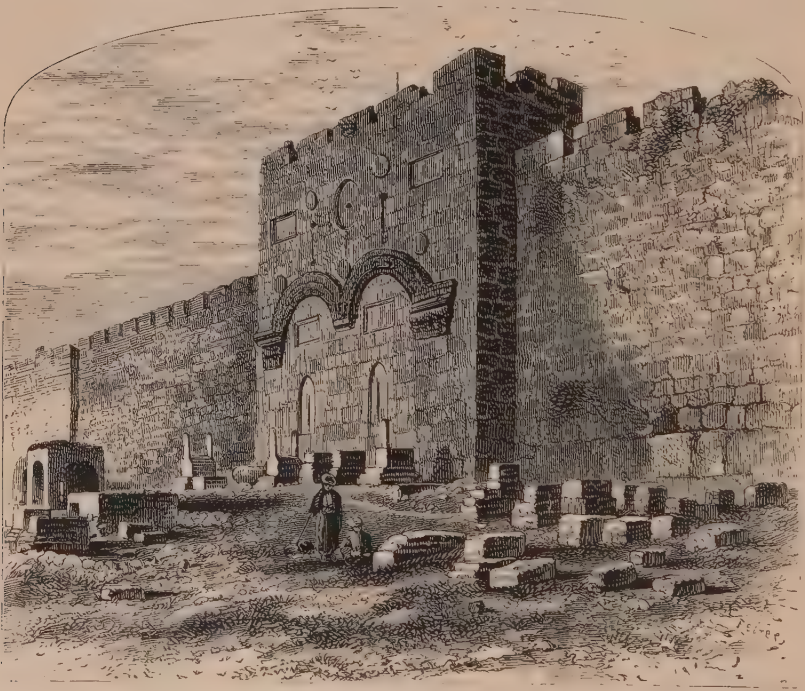
Near the wall is a reservoir, called Birket Hijjah. The wall now rapidly descends to its north-east angle.

Here we had our first view of the Valley of Jehoshaphat. The brook Kedron, which also gives its name to the valley, takes its rise directly north-west of the city, beyond the first swell of ground, about one and a quarter miles away, and running eastward at the foot of the hill Scopus, sweeps around, and then runs southward, cutting the city off from mount Olivet and the hill of Offense, and joins the valley of Hinnom from the west at En Rogel, or Joab's Well.

Because of the numerous conflicts of which this valley has been in part the battle-field and the debatable ground, the prophet Joel saw in it a symbol of God's judgments upon the enemies of Israel, and taking the hint from him, Jews, Christians, and Mohammedans have been accustomed to regard it as the scene of the last great judgment of the world. It is by far the most imposing valley around Jerusalem, both for its physical features and the hallowed associations connected with it. Its upper section is broad and fertile, and its lower section, while more rugged and precipitous, is equally capable of production. The bed of the stream through most of the year is entirely dry.

The course of the valley settles beyond doubt the position of the wall on the east side. It never could have been essentially different from its present line, so that after turning the north-east angle we were following where the wall of Herod Agrippa must have run, at least

in part, after it reached the valley of the Kedron. Here, as on the north side, is a fosse between the upper edge of the valley and the wall. It is nearly filled with earth, and is overgrown with grasses and shrubbery. Just before reaching St. Stephen's Gate, on the left, is Birket Sitti Maryam, (Pool of the Tribes.) From St. Stephen's Gate, Bab Sitti Maryam, (Gate of the Tribes,) the road leads down the hill, across the brook Kedron.



Exterior of the Golden Gate.

Just beyond the gate, at the point where the present Mosque Area begins, we noticed the first large stones in the wall. If these do not stand as they were originally set in the Herodian wall, they are probably some of the

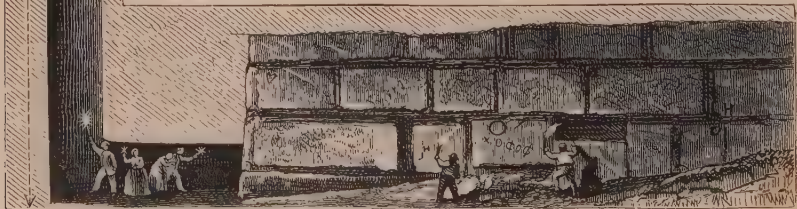
original stones replaced. They are supposed to mark the eastern end of the great Tower of Antonia, as their immense size indicates that they were a part of some formidable work. Farther on is the Golden Gate, (Bab al Taubie,) now walled up, the inside appearance and the history of which I shall hereafter notice in the description of the interior of the Mosque Area. All along this part of the wall the slope of the hill is covered with Mohammedan tombs, some of which are imposing and beautiful. The Mussulman thinks the nearer to the sacred wall his body can be buried the better for him in the day of judgment.

At the south-east angle of the wall we again found several huge stones; the masonry is very massive and substantial, and the whole appearance of the wall is more venerable and formidable looking than at any other point. It was long desired by explorers to penetrate below the surface, and to follow down the wall at this angle to its foundations, but every request was refused, till finally Captain Warren, of the British Palestine Exploration Society, was allowed to sink a shaft about fifty feet from the wall. After descending eighty feet he ran a horizontal shaft toward the wall, and struck, at this great depth in a vertical position under the wall, masonry of large, bevel-edged stones, with some of them retaining the original marks of the masons who laid them. From which it is clear that the bare rock on which the ancient wall was laid is far below the present surface. Here we



see the extent to which *débris* has accumulated, raising both the bed of the valley and its sides. Adding eighty feet, the present height of the wall, to the eighty feet below, and we have for the height of the ancient wall on the outside one hundred and sixty feet. Estimating the depth of the valley below the foundation at one hundred and sixty feet more, this would give three hundred and twenty feet from the top of the wall to the bottom of the abyss.

Supposing one to have stood in the portico which extended along the south wall of the temple at this point, it is easy to see how, as Josephus says, the "head would grow dark



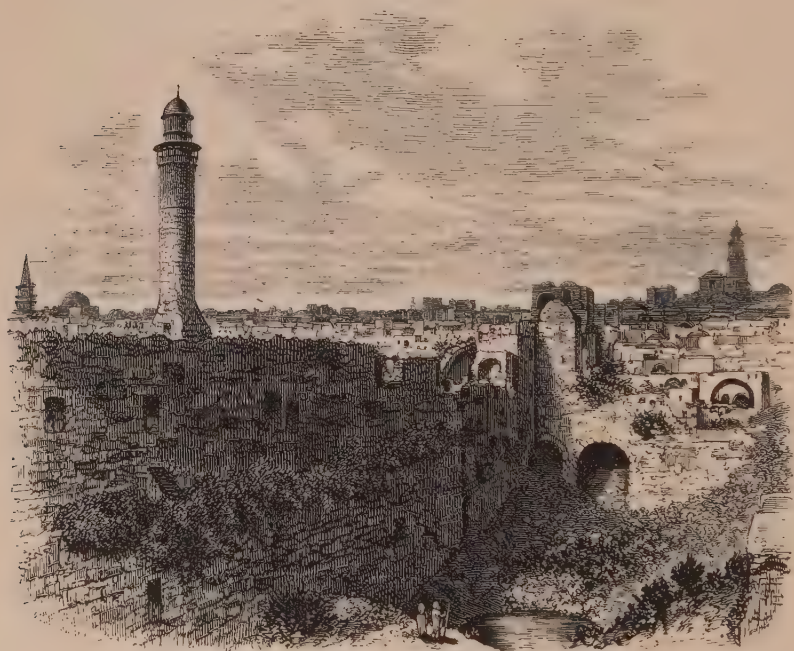
Shaft at South-east Angle of the Temple Wall.

and dizzy" in looking down, because of the great height. Could this have been the pinnacle from which Satan tempted Christ to cast himself?

Farther excavations also showed that the eastern wall was continued from this angle of the Temple Area along the east side of the hill Ophel toward the Pool of Siloam. It probably ran as far south as the junction of the Valley of the Kedron with that of Hinnom, and then westward on the south side of Mount Zion; and thence it took a course northward until it struck the line of the present wall and terminated at about the site of the Jaffa Gate, or the Tower of Hippicus. The wall now ends at the south-east angle of the Haram Area, and running westward along its south side, it deflects a little south of west over the Tyropœon Valley, and across Mount Zion, till it reaches the west side of Zion; thence continuing northward above the high slopes of the Valley of Gihon, beyond the Jaffa Gate, and along the rising plateau, until it reaches its north-west corner, it runs north-easterly to the Damascus Gate, the point at which we began our walk.

This first walk did not lead us farther than the south-east angle of the wall. After pausing awhile to look over the valley, and to note in the distance on the opposite side, rising above us, the beautiful Olivet, and, at its foot, the Garden of Gethsemane and the tombs of Absalom, St. James, and Zechariah, and beyond, south-east, the hill of Offense, with the village of Siloam (Silwan) clinging to its sides, and still beyond, the hills of the Wilderness of

Judea fading in the distance, we returned and entered the city at St. Stephen's Gate. The armed guard, both here and at the Damascus Gate, regarded us with a look hardly amounting to curiosity, so common has the Frank traveler become in all these parts. A short distance from the entrance, directly under the north wall of the mosque or Haram inclosure, is Birket Israel, the traditional Pool of



Pool of Bethesda.

Bethesda. "Now there is at Jerusalem by the sheep market [gate] a pool, which is called in the Hebrew tongue Bethesda, having five porches. In these lay a great multitude of impotent folk, of blind, halt, withered, waiting for the moving of the water." John v, 2, 3.

Dr. Robinson was of the opinion that this was not Bethesda, but a large fosse lying between the hill Bezetha and the Tower of Antonia, and that the present Pool of the Virgin, south-east of the mosque, under Ophel, was the ancient pool. His reasons are, substantially, that the present traditional Bethesda has the position and appearance of a fosse, and that the Fountain of the Virgin was near where he thinks the Sheep Gate was located, and is even now subject to such intermittent flowings as indicate a disturbance of its waters by an unseen cause.* The preponderance of judgment, however, is against him.

The size of the pool, its five porches, its evident proximity to the temple, the probability, from the description in Nehemiah, that the Sheep Gate was near the north-east angle of the Temple Area, the name of the adjoining hill, Bezetha, the meaning of the word Bezetha, *washing*, indicating its use in connection with the sacrificial cleansings of the temple, all give weight to the claim of the traditional pool as the real one. The more recent explorers adopt it without dissent.

The pool, as it now appears, consists of two parts. The whole length, east and west, is three hundred and fifty feet, and the breadth one hundred and thirty feet. It was evidently of great depth, for, though it has been the common receptacle of the filth of the neighborhood for generations, it is now quite deep in places. Here and there, about its sides, are remains of cement, showing it

* "Robinson's Researches," vol. i, pp. 433, 434, 489, 505, 508.

was once a reservoir of water. Mr. Maudsley, an English gentleman of fortune, who is doing much to improve the school of the English bishop on Mount Zion, and is thus helping forward discovery, has offered to clean out and restore the pool at his own expense if the authorities will allow him. His hope is, that in so doing he may not only restore the pool to practical uses, but also be able to discover the ancient means of its water supply. So jealously do the Turks watch every attempt which looks like unearthing the buried secrets of the Mosque Area, that thus far his proposals have been rejected.

Heretofore a great difficulty in accepting the traditional Bethesda was, the seeming absence of an adequate conduit leading to it; but in 1871 Mr. Schick, a German explorer, discovered an ancient aqueduct, to all appearances constructed before the time of Herod the Great, which he traced from a point near the entrance to the Quarries under the hill Bezetha, through the foundations beneath the Convent of the Sisters of Zion, to a point not far from the present site of the Barracks, or north-west angle of the Mosque Inclosure. He could go no farther, but plausibly conjectures that this aqueduct ran from an ancient pool now found lying north of the road a little beyond the Tombs of the Kings, along the valley of the Kedron, and then turned slightly south-westward, and, entering the city, was distributed to Bethesda, and possibly, also, to a reservoir under the Temple Area.*

* "Palestine Exploration Fund," April, 1872, London.

We now followed the street sometimes called the Street of Jehoshaphat, leading directly west from St. Stephen's Gate. At the right, about one hundred yards north-west from the gate, is the Church of St. Anne, well elevated, occupying the traditional site of the birth-place of St. Anne, mother of the Virgin Mary. From very earliest times a Christian church has stood there. It recently passed into the hands of the French, and has been rebuilt with much taste; very little, however, of the mediæval structure remains. We next passed along the walls inclosing the Barracks, and, where a stone arch spans the street, called the Arch of Ecce Homo, entered the Church of the Flagellation.

The Barracks occupy the site of the north-west angle of the Tower of Antonia, and just here, it is thought, was Pilate's Judgment Hall. It is reasonable to suppose that in its open court, which covered the natural rock,* which may still be partially seen, Christ was scourged by the soldiers: and that about the point where the arch is sprung, he, wearing a crown of thorns and a purple robe, was exposed to the multitude, while Pilate exclaimed, "Behold the man!" Here it was that the great trimmer between conscience and interest—the forerunner of so many rulers from that day to this—inquired of Jesus,

* M. Clermont Lanneau has recently traced the side of this scarped rock under the houses along *Via Dolorosa*, as far as the Austrian Hospice, discovering numerous rock-hewn chambers, which he thinks were most likely tombs. They are beyond the first—possibly the second—wall of the city.—*Palestine Exploration Fund*, April, 1874.

"What is truth?" and here, the next moment, he hurried out to the people to make the best bargain with them that he could, and yielding to their clamors, "Away with him! *away with him!*" "Crucify him!" delivered Jesus over to death.

Two of the most powerful pictures of the age are those of Doré, now on exhibition in London: the one, "Pilate's Wife's Dream;" and the other, "Christ Descending the Stair-way from the Judgment Hall." In this, Jesus is represented as dressed in pure white, with the crown of thorns upon his brow, the blood trickling down his temples, his wrists tied with cords, and, conducted by soldiers, to be stepping down to take his cross, which is already at the bottom of the steps. Of all the multitude Christ looks the least like the culprit. A serene majesty is on his brow and in his step; he wears more the aspect of a victor than of one vanquished and condemned. The group of priests and rabbis upon his right and upon his left stare with mingled wonder and fear, and the inconstant crowds, thronging the landing of the staircase, gaze at him either terror-stricken or melted to sympathy. In the foreground the faithful women, with the boy cured of the deaf and dumb devil, press forward in uncontrollable grief, as though they could not allow the object of their love to be thus ruthlessly torn from them. Jesus alone is self-contained, and superior to the overpowering conditions of hate, terror, and sorrow which surround him. What more marked

retribution than the swift justice which followed so quickly, when this very Tower of Antonia, the citadel of Pilate's Palace and of the Temple itself, fell in fire and blood under the attacks of Titus!

The Street of Jehoshaphat is also called the *Via Dolorosa*, the "Street of Grief." It marks the footsteps



Via Dolorosa.

of Christ from the "Pavement," where he took his cross, until he reached Calvary, where he was crucified. Like all the streets of Jerusalem, it is very narrow and irregular. It runs through the Mohammedan quarter

toward the center of the city, and terminates near the Church of the Holy Sepulchre. At the second turn it makes, is shown, in the side of a house, an indented stone, which, according to monkish tradition, marks the spot where Christ sunk beneath his cross. As, in the days of Christ, this portion of the city was without the walls, it is hardly to be supposed that the road to Golgotha took precisely its present angular course, yet it is highly probable that it followed the same general direction. It probably ran around the city, close along the wall. Thus we followed the path trod by the Redeemer of the world as he went forth to suffer "without the camp."

CHAPTER XII.

JERUSALEM—THE HOLY SEPULCHRE.

THE court of the Church of the Holy Sepulchre was once, undoubtedly, the *atrium* of the church, since the places on which the ancient pillars rested show it was formerly surrounded by cloisters or a colonnade. Under the same general roof are included the Church of the Holy Sepulchre and the Chapel of Calvary, so that we have in the same building, not more than a few hundred feet apart, the place where Jesus was crucified, and the tomb wherein he was buried. I was instantly struck with a feeling of disappointment, amounting to a protest against a tradition apparently so absurd and unsatisfactory. First, I was disappointed at finding the reputed site of both Calvary and the tomb within the most thickly inhabited part of the city; and, secondly, at finding both the tomb and Calvary under one roof. I was ready hastily to conclude the whole thing another instance of monkish superstition; but I was obliged to admit, after more mature examination, that the tradition which thus locates these two venerated spots is worthy of credence. Indeed, I may remark once for all, that I found here, as elsewhere, that it is seldom safe to depart from the traditions which relate to the principal

facts and features of the sacred land. There are minor points which can be brushed aside as trivial; but rarely can the main traditions be disregarded without violence or confusion.

As to the true locality of Calvary, or Golgotha, ("the place of a skull," so called either from its shape, or because a place of common execution,) it is clear, from the Scriptures, that it was outside of, but not far from, the walls of the ancient city, "for the place where Jesus was crucified was nigh to the city." John xix, 17-20. One quotation as to the relative position of the tomb and the place of crucifixion is sufficient: "Now in the place where he was crucified there was a garden; and in the garden a new sepulchre, wherein was never man yet laid." John xix, 41.

If any thing more were needed to add force to these declarations, we have but to recollect how common it always was in ancient times to put criminals to death within immediate sight of the people, as a terror to evil-doers; and also the fact that anciently, as now, it was the custom of the inhabitants of closely-built cities to have their gardens and their tombs only a little removed from their city walls.

With the above explicit scriptural statements, the first inquiry vital to the settlement of the true site is the position and direction of the wall of Jerusalem at the time of Christ. I speak, of course, of the north wall, as there is not the slightest probability that Cal-

vary could have been in other than a northerly or north-westerly direction from the city. The first ancient wall, it is universally agreed, ran from a point on the north-west, slightly to the south of the present site of the Jaffa Gate, almost due east, close to the north side of Mount Zion, until it reached the Tyropœon, or Mill Valley. The second wall was extended farther north, to include at least part of the hill Akra. If its line threw the site of the Holy Sepulchre outside of the wall, then a great difficulty is removed in its acceptance. I give, in a few words, Prof. Williams's summing up on this point: "1. The Hippic Tower (sometimes called the Tower of David) occupied the site of the north-west tower of the modern citadel. 2. The place of the Gate Gennath was some distance east of that tower, near the southern extremity of the present Bazaars, from which point the second wall ran to the Damascus Gate, just west of the line of St. Stephen's Street. 3. Akra is the hill to the north-west of the Temple-Mount; and, 4. The Tyropœon is the Mill Valley, extending from the Damascus Gate to the Pool of Siloam."*

This course of the second wall throws the Church of the Holy Sepulchre on the outside of the city, to the west. Prof. Williams made such discoveries as led him to think he had found some of the remains of this wall. Very recently Lieutenant Conder has reported: "The

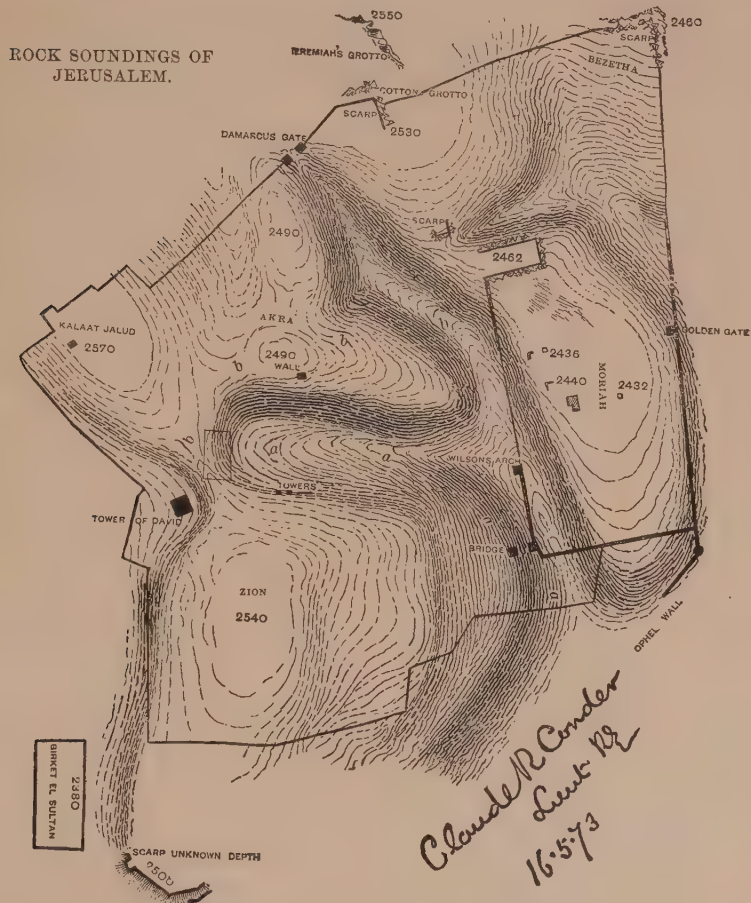
* "Holy City," vol. i, p. 64. London.

ruins east of the Holy Sepulchre were first examined by Count de Vogüé, who describes them in his book on the 'Temple of Jerusalem.' They are two in number, and differ entirely in character. The former is a wall which is undoubtedly composed of masonry of a period identical with that of the Jews' Wailing Place. The height of some of these magnificent stones, in the part of the wall running north and south, is forty-two feet, and their other two measurements in some cases the same. The ruin seems to have formed originally the south-west corner of some building, and afterward to have been used in the construction of the church which stood at one time on this spot; the wall was then faced on the west with smaller stones, without any marginal draft.*

Lieutenant Conder's "rock soundings" show that "a narrow ridge runs north and south, immediately east of the Tower of David, and separates, as a shed, the broad head of the Tyropæon from the western valley of the Birket el Sultan," or Valley of Hinnom. He thinks that this ridge would have been the natural line of the wall, inasmuch as the Tyropæon Valley broadens suddenly from its head, and consequently a wall running east of and parallel with it, being on lower ground, could have been commanded by a besieging army posted on the ridge. This would locate the Gate Gennath, as I understand it, farther west than the point claimed for it.

* "Palestine Exploration Fund for January 1873," p. 18. London.

by Mr. Williams, and a wall running north from it would necessarily have inclosed the site of the Holy Sepulchre.



The figures show heights of rocks from the sea level. *a*. The author's idea of the course of the Tyropæon Valley. *b*. The author's idea of the general direction of the second north wall.

But it ought to be remembered that when the second wall, that of Nehemiah, was constructed, such was the accumulation of *débris* that the difference in the height of the ground surface between a line running north, imme-

diately east of David's tower, and that immediately east of the Holy Sepulchre, may not have been material. Besides, the object of the wall was not so much to extend the area of the city as to inclose the middle city, lying between the two great hills, or "thighs," of the Tyropœon Valley. I incline to the opinion that the Tyropœon, or Mill Valley, did not extend from the north near the site of Damascus Gate, dividing Akra from Bezetha, but began a little east of the Tower of David, and curved around eastward, separating Zion from Akra, and then southward, separating Zion from Moriah. So much of the valley as at present lies north-west from the Austrian Hospice is the valley meant by Josephus when he says, "But the other hill, which is called Akra, and sustains the lower city, is of the shape of a moon when she is horned. Over against this there was a third hill, but naturally lower than Akra, and parted formerly from the other by a broad valley." *

Standing one day on top of the wall, at its highest part, between the Damascus Gate and its north-east angle, I distinctly noticed the depression running down from the Jaffa Gate, or Tower of David, between Zion and Akra. In support of the existence of this valley and its great depth, Lieutenant Conder, in his rock soundings in connection with the excavations of the knights of St. John, has not yet touched the natural rock, though he has pierced very many feet.

* "The Jewish Wars," book v, chap. iv, sec. 1.

From these considerations, and the account of Josephus,* it is not improbable that the second wall, commencing somewhere east of the Tower of David, extended only so far north as to include the portion of the city which reached to the hill Akra, and then running eastward, terminated at the Tower of Antonia, or the north-west angle of the present Mosque Area.† And this course of the wall might easily exclude the site of the Holy Sepulchre from the ancient city. From the character of the masonry discovered just east of the Sepulchre it would not be surprising if it was a part of the north-west angle of the second wall, or that it at least indicates the location from which it took an eastern direction.

It is undoubtedly of moment that two such authorities as Dr. Robinson and Professor Fergusson dissent from the view which accepts the traditional site of the Crucifixion and the Sepulchre. Their arguments are worthy of careful consideration, but the weight of opinion is against them. The farther the researches about the Temple Area are pushed, the less credible appears Professor Fergusson's bold theory, which identifies the tomb of

* "The second wall took its beginning from the gate called Gennath, which belonged to the first wall; it only encompassed the northern quarter of the city, and reached as far as the Tower of Antonia."—*The Jewish Wars*, book v, chap. iv, sec. 2.

† Kraft holds that it began at the Gate Gennath, but did not go so far north as the Damascus Gate, but to the Gate "Portu Judicaria," a little north-east of the Holy Sepulchre, and there turning a sharp angle, ran eastward to the Tower of Antonia.—*Ritter*, vol. iv, p. 124. Edinburgh.

Christ with the great rock of the Mosque of Omar.* The effect of Dr. Robinson's investigations was simply to throw doubt upon the location, and to fix it nowhere. In the present condition of the explorations we must be content to wait awhile longer to have determined with exactness a point in which centers so much interest, and which has given rise to so much ingenious and heated discussion. Meanwhile it is proper that the testimony of tradition should have its due influence upon our judgments.

Before the destruction of Jerusalem by Titus, A. D. 70, the Christians all fled to Pella, beyond the Jōrdan. Up to this time they had been subject to great persecutions by the Jews. After the destruction of the city only three colossal towers were left; all else was in ruins. For fifty years the city was a mere Roman garrison. In A. D. 132 the emperor Ælius Hadrianus determined to restore the city, and gave to the Roman colony the name Ælia Capitolina, in honor of a new temple to Jupiter, which he erected. On account of a rebellion among the Jews soon after, he forbade all Jews, under penalty of death, from ever entering the new city. The Christians, however, he allowed freely to enter.

It is likely that they now returned from their refuge at Pella, and again gathered about the sacred places of their original religious home, which they found to be turned into a heathen capital. At Pella, Judas, the

* Smith's "Dictionary of the Bible," art. Jerusalem.

fifteenth in the line of their bishops, had died. These had all been, thus far, of Jewish descent. They now chose Marcus, who was a Gentile convert, and a contemporary of Hadrian. At the time of the conversion of Constantine, Macarius, the twenty-fifth bishop, occupied the see. This was during the first quarter of the fourth century. Immediately upon his conversion Constantine was moved by a divine impulse, as Eusebius, his historian, says, to recover and restore the Holy Sepulchre. His mother, the Empress Helena, visited Jerusalem in 326, on which occasion a cave, which was covered by a mound of earth, and on which stood a temple dedicated to Venus, was identified as the Tomb.

The site was so implicitly accepted that forthwith Constantine ordered the building of a church upon the spot. The work was begun under Macarius, who died within a year—the twenty-first year of Constantine—and was in progress when visited by the Bordeaux Pilgrim in A. D. 333, six years after the death of Helena. It was completed in the thirtieth year of the emperor's reign, and a great council was convened at Tyre for the purpose of taking part in its dedication. Among the members of this council was Eusebius, who, as an eye-witness, has left us a description of the building. This description Kraft has compared so successfully with the present condition of the place as to make it evident that, despite the repeated destructions and changes, the original site is to be recognized in the massive and very peculiar building

which covers the reputed Golgotha, as well as the place of the Sepulchre.*

It seems impossible that the Christians could have forgotten, in the space of sixty-three years, the period of their residence at Pella, a place of such importance; and however obscured and profaned from the time of their return until the visit of Helena, they must have retained among them, during an interval of about two hundred years, (which might have been bridged by the lives of three or four persons, and was actually bridged by ten bishops in unbroken succession,) a correct knowledge of its location. What interest could there have been in fixing upon one spot more than another, only so far as that spot answered the demands of the general historical opinion which then existed. While the *furor* for discovering relics and creating shrines, which sprang up largely through the zeal of Helena, may account for many of the extravagances which she sanctioned, yet it is not reasonable to suppose that in a matter so set with historical lights, and so near to the central historical fact of Christianity, there could have been a serious mistake either through perversion or carelessness. That age was one of ripe scholarship, of rigid investigation, and the men who guided the Church were no children in understanding. Every question affecting the truth and honor of the Christian religion was discussed with jealous care: the age of unquestioning credulity had not yet arrived.

* See Ritter, vol. iv, p. 134. Edinburgh.

That the locality accepted by Constantine is the same as that subsequently accepted by the Church, and now occupied by the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, is confirmed by numerous writers, from the Bordeaux Pilgrim and Eusebius, A. D. 333, to William of Tyre, in the twelfth century. The description of the Cave by Eusebius, who was a bishop of Palestine, is as follows: "The grave itself was a cave, which had evidently been hewn out; a cave that had now been cut out in the rock, and which had experienced the reception of no other body.... For it is astonishing to see even this rock standing out erect and alone on a level land, and having only one cavern in it."*

Then follows, a little later, the testimony of St. Cyril; two centuries later that of a western traveler; and in the year 698 that of Bishop Arculfus. He speaks of "a round chapel hewn out of the rock, ornamented externally with beautiful marble decorations, but tasteless in the interior, and still bearing in the red limestone marks of the chisel." This was after the invasion and destruction of Jerusalem by the Persians under Chosroes II., 614, when the Church built by Constantine had perished in the flames. Next is the account of Willibald, of England, a century later. In the year 868 Paschasius Radbertus, in his Commentary on St. Matthew, cites the commonly received opinion as to the plan and structure of the Holy Sepulchre, agreeing substantially with what has been

* Williams, "Holy City," vol. ii, p. 79.

given. The church was again destroyed by the Egyptian Caliph Hahem, the prophet of the Druses, in 1010, and again restored by the Emperor Romanus in 1048.

The Russian pilgrim Daniel, the first to visit it after its adornment by the Franks in the reign of Baldwin II., gives an important and interesting account: "Under this same open roof of the rotunda, after the following fashion, [is,] as it were, a small cave cut out in the rock, having small doors. One can creep in by bending on the knees. The height is that of a short man, four cubits in length and in breadth, and all beautiful. But when you have crept into that cave by those small doors, on the right hand side there is a small ledge cut out in the very rock of the cave. On that ledge lay the body of our Lord Jesus Christ, and that ledge is now covered with a marble casing, and there are made on the front three circular apertures, and by those apertures you may see the sacred rock. . . . Such is the Lord's Sepulchre; this cave, such as I have described it, after having diligently inquired from those who have been on the spot from of old, and have thoroughly known the holy places."

Under Boniface, of Ragusa, who was guardian of the Holy Sepulchre from A. D. 1550 to 1559, and again from A. D. 1563 to 1565, important repairs were made to the Tomb in 1555 by authority of Charles V., emperor of Germany, and his son, Philip II. In the presence of many witnesses, "Christians from the east and the west," the native rock was laid bare, and then re-covered as

before. In 1808 the church was destroyed for the third time. "But the cave itself, though deluged with a shower of lead, and covered with a mountain of fire, received not the slightest injury internally; the silk hangings and the painting of the resurrection remaining in the midst of the volcanic eruption unscathed by the flame, the smell of the fire not having passed upon them."* The present building was completed in 1810 under a Greek architect named Commenes, from Mitylene. "In it, here and there parts of walls, gates, pillars, and other ornaments, are found still preserved from the older buildings."

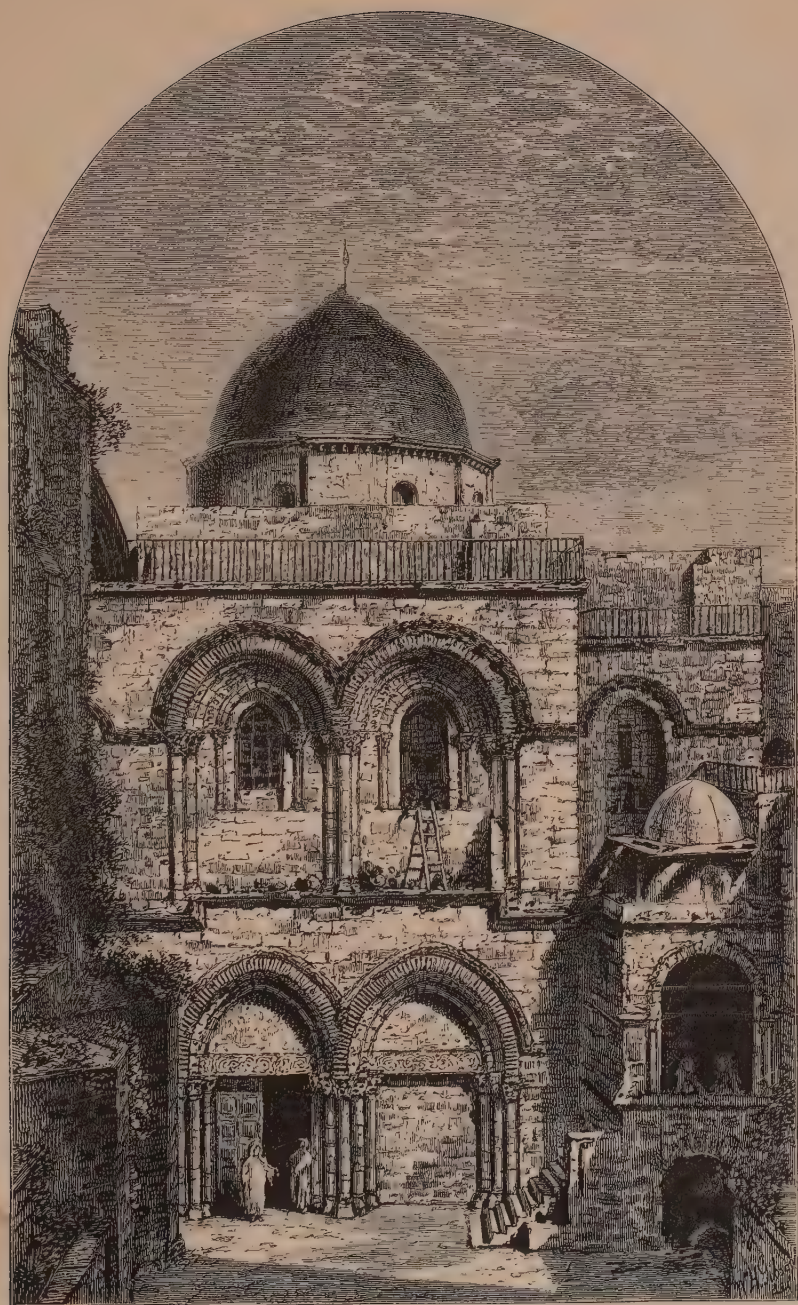
The thorough and impartial Ritter sums up his views thus: "Although in what has been adduced above there are no positive proofs, yet there are weighty grounds for believing that the site of the Holy Sepulchre is to be looked for beneath the church erected by Constantine, and that, moreover, Golgotha (only a stone's throw away, says the *Itin. Burdig.*) was the place now bearing the name and receiving the honor paid to it. The 'Monticulus Golgotha' of the *Itin. Burdig.*, thirty-five feet, according to Tobler, above the lowest part of the chapel where the cross is said to have been found—the rock called by Jerome *Crucis Rupes*, by which the place of execution—Calvaria, the *Kranion* of Luke xxiii, 33, and the *kranion topos* of the other evangelists—can be easily recognized at the present time in the tract covered by the pile of ecclesiastical buildings."†

* "Holy City," vol. ii, p. 88.

† Ritter, vol. iv, p. 134.

As we looked up at the great building, or rather buildings, forming the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, the slant rays of approaching twilight threw a mellow, indistinct light on the time-worn stones, and invested the ancient structure with a soft, grayish appearance, which made it seem more venerable than it really is. The order of architecture is Romanesque. The *façade*, though much defaced, is very pleasing. On the left, as we stood facing it, the old campanile, complete to the third story, rises above the roof of the church. It had, when perfect, five stories, and must have been very imposing. In the first story is the Chapel of St. John. The upper stories have beautifully pointed windows. On the right of the court is a small, projecting porch, with an ornamented cupola and pointed window. The main entrance, now the only one, is by a wide double door-way, with graceful shafts supporting architraves which are richly sculptured, representing Christ's triumphal entry into Jerusalem. Two things, just at the threshold, reminded me of the superstitious and fanatical present: nails driven by some persons into the wall between the campanile and the main building as preventives of toothache and other pains, and the Turkish officers stationed inside the door to keep the peace between rival Christian sects.

Immediately upon entering what looks like the vestibule, but is really the south transept, the first object which arrested my attention was the Stone of Unction. This stone covers the real stone upon which Jesus was anointed



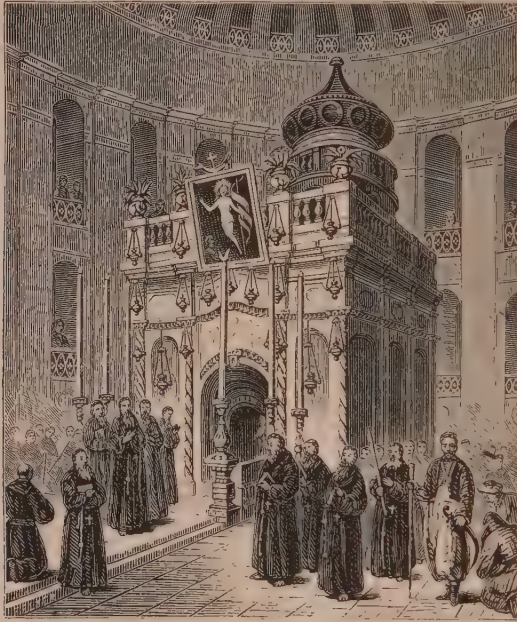
CHURCH OF THE HOLY SEPULCHRE.

for his burial. It shows the wear of the frequent kisses bestowed upon it. Once there was a chapel over it, but now it is bare. This part of the building belongs to all sects alike. Turning to the left, we passed through a space owned by the Armenians, from which they go up to their quarters by a stair-way. Near the stair-way is a circular stone, which marks the spot where Mary, the mother of Jesus, stood while he was being embalmed. It is covered by a frame, in which a lamp always burns. A few paces more brought us into the rotunda, a large circular room, with eighteen massive piers, above which is a clear-story, with numerous windows. Above the clear-story springs a dome, large, imposing, and graceful, with an opening at the top, like the Pantheon at Rome. Behind the piers on the west side are vaulted arches, some of them leading into chapels.

Directly under the dome is the Holy Sepulchre, covered by a building twenty-six feet long and eighteen feet broad. This building is of yellowish marble, with tasteful pilasters, and a rich, heavy cornice, surmounted by a cupola, with a top shaped something like a crown. Except at the west, it is rectangular; there it tapers into a pentagonal form. It is very high for its size, and withal presents a pleasing though somewhat singular appearance. The front is highly decorated with gold and silver lamps set with precious stones, the gifts of friends from all nations. Large silver candelabums support immense candles, which are lighted only on special occasions. The

approach is by a slightly elevated platform, with marble balustrades.

As we walked under the great dome and drew near the sacred shrine, pilgrims were gliding in and out. The



The Holy Sepulchre.

Chapel of the Angel was first entered. Here it was that the angel sat after he had rolled away the stone from the mouth of the tomb. The real stone is pointed out. (!) Waiting our turn, then stooping and advancing through a low door, we stood within the Sepulchre itself. It is a four-sided room, with a dome supported by columns. On the right side is the "sepulchral couch," elevated about two feet from the floor, and faced with white marble. The lamps were burning, and at the farthest extremity

stood a monk, with the inevitable contribution box, its open mouth crying, in the very grave of Christ, "Give!" The air was close and stifling, and a short time was enough to satisfy curiosity: so beating a hasty retreat, we sought external conditions more favorable to meditation. The interior answers well to the descriptions given by different writers of all ages.

The projection of the solid rock Tomb above the surrounding surface is strictly in keeping with such monoliths as Absalom's or Jehoshaphat's Tomb and the Tombs of St. James and Zechariah. It is possible that in the erection of the first superb church by Constantine the adjoining rocks were cut away to afford a level surface. Above the door of the outside Chapel of the Annunciation is a small and pleasing painting of the resurrection of Jesus.

Our inspection of some of the parts of this building was necessarily brief. The largest and most imposing of them is the Greek Chapel, which is directly in front, and to the east, of the Sepulchre. In less prominent situations are the Latin, Armenian, Coptic, and Syrian Chapels; and there, of course, every incident and person connected with the resurrection of Jesus is commemorated by a shrine, a stone, or a chapel. A round marble stone marks the spot where Christ appeared to Mary Magdalene, and another star-shaped stone shows where Mary stood. Then there is the Chapel of the Apparition, so called because here Jesus appeared, after his resurrection,

to Mary his mother. This belongs to the Franciscans. Formerly there was also exhibited here a piece of the true cross, but that is no longer seen, the Armenians having stolen it, as the Latins affirm, some years ago. With singular inconsistency, the place where Christ was imprisoned, and the very bonds he wore, are shown. The bonds are two holes in a stone, which probably once led to an old cistern! Thus has superstition made the most of this great event, the history of which is narrated by the evangelists with so many circumstantial details, and which appeals with such richness of hope and comfort to all believing hearts.

The Greek chapel occupies what was designed and used by the crusaders for the choir of the church. Originally of Romanesque order, like the *façade*, it suffered severely in the fire of 1808, was refitted by the Greeks, but now retains very few of its former peculiarities. The beautiful *apsis* and presbytery are partially hid from view by the screen, that architectural barbarism of the Greek Church, which, as usual, is highly ornamented, but destitute of taste. There is a richly carved reading desk, and also massive chairs, one of which serves as the throne of the patriarch of Jerusalem. In this church there is a daily morning and evening service, and on the high festivals the ritual of the Greek Church is observed in all its elaborateness and gaudy splendor. It was not surprising to see here, beneath the great lantern, the real center of the earth, certified to by tradition from the eighth cen-

tury, and, as though needing further proof, confirmed, according to Sæwulf, by holy Scripture, "For God is my king of old, making salvation in the midst of the earth!"

From the eastern end of the aisle we descended, by a flight of twenty-seven stone steps, to the Chapel of St. Helena. This is regarded as "the most beautiful and picturesque chapel of the Church of the Holy Sepulchre." It is not out of place that the empress should be thus commemorated in a Church which professes to owe so much to her pious zeal in restoring the holy places. The order of architecture is chiefly Byzantine. On the side of the nave, in a break of the wall, is a marble chair, in which Helena is said to have sat when inspecting the search for the true cross; and near the eastern end of the south aisle, by a descent of twelve steps, the irregularly shaped vault is entered where three crosses, the crown of thorns, the nails, and the inscription of Pilate, were dug up, having lain there for three centuries! In a recess on the south side is an altar and crucifix, erected on the spot where the true cross lay. This shrine is very sacred with all pilgrims, and is much frequented.

Returning from these subterranean shrines to the main aisle of the church, and passing immediately the little "Chapel of Mocking," we came to a flight of steps at the south-east angle, by which the ascent is made to the principal chapels of Golgotha. To Calvary we should have gone at first, but we followed what seemed to be the absorbing idea of the building, the open tomb, the van-

quished grave, of Christ. These chapels stand on a rock about fifteen feet above the floor of the rotunda. The evangelists do not speak of Calvary as a hill. It is first called *Monticulus* (little mount) by the author of the "Jerusalem Itinerary." The first chapel, "The Elevation of the Cross," is a low, vaulted room, with a marble floor. Here, at the eastern end, we approached a platform raised about eighteen inches above the floor, and ten feet by six in dimensions. In the center is an altar, underneath which is a hole through the marble, which leads to a hole below in the limestone rock. In this the cross of Christ was planted. Near by, through an opening in the marble facing, is shown the *rent* in the rock. The holes of the two crosses on which the thieves suffered are on the right and left.

The Latins, determined to possess a share in Calvary, fixed their chapel where the cross, if erected, must have stood in mid air! The Greek Helen, they say, removed the earth from the top of the rock! Looking through a barred window, we saw the chapel *Notre Dame des Douleurs*, where Mary, the mother of Christ, watched her suffering son. These are enough: I pass unnoticed the tombs of Adam and Melchizedek, eager to retire from the artificial abuses which well-nigh conceal from my gaze the holy reality of an historical and spiritual Christ.

I confess that it was hard for the heart to perceive and feel the truth symbolized in these buildings, while the eye was engaged with seeing so many fabulous in-

ventions. How wisely and consistently the apostles made but little reference to the times and places of Christ's history! Their absorbing theme was the moral work which he came to accomplish. To us these times and places are alike of little consequence, only as they assist to unravel the historical accuracy of sacred writ, and so serve to quicken, by evident fidelity to historical details, our faith in the Biblical narratives. This difference between the apostles and ourselves, however, should not be overlooked: they needed not to accurately describe places which were so well known; whereas we require, as far as possible, to determine these locations with a view to historical verification. They needed more to spiritualize the manifest literalness of accepted facts, while we must meet a skepticism which tends to idealize the history of Jesus of Nazareth.

The giving of the Holy Fire, which takes place in the Church of the Holy Sepulchre the day before Easter Sunday, is the most unique and imposing of all the services which occur in Jerusalem during the great festivals. Mrs. Ridgaway, who was an eye-witness of the ceremony, has furnished me with the following description:—

The most exciting day of all the Easter time is that upon which the Greek fire is given out from the Holy Sepulchre. For days it had been the topic of conversation among strangers in the city, and great was the desire to obtain suitable positions for seeing this wonderful ceremony. I did not conceal my pleasure in accepting the

invitation of our courteous consul to become one of his family party on the occasion. Dr. De Hass had been assured that the services would not begin before twelve o'clock at noon, and preferred to spend the time comfortably at home until near that hour, and this proved to be the wiser plan; for when we presented ourselves, preceded by the Turkish officers connected with the consulate, we were conducted safely through what seemed to be an impenetrable mass of human beings. The little gallery offered for his special use had been kept vacant, and seemed to us one of the best positions in the building. It is built in connection with the screen which divides the Greek Chapel from the main body of the church. We were elevated above the heads of the people, directly facing the front of the Sepulchre, and commanded a view of the entire rotunda. A *cavass* stood by our side, who could act in the double capacity of protector and interpreter. We had only room to stand, closely wedged together, but with a railing upon which to lean, and nothing to obstruct our view.

Here were pilgrims gathered from all nations, who had come hither to unite in the festivities of holy week at the sacred shrines of Jerusalem. For weeks they had been devoutly joining in worship, forgetful of weariness and privation. Early in the morning I had seen them go by to their devotions, and late at night I had seen large parties returning with lighted candles in their hands, singing low, monotonous chants. And now had come to them

the crowning day of all these services—to many of them the supreme day of their lives. The gorgeous and imposing displays of Holy Thursday, and the sad and somber scenes of Good Friday, had passed. To-morrow would be the glorious Easter, and to-day they were looking for the fire which they believe comes directly from heaven. Here were gathered also a large number of Christian travelers from all quarters of the globe to behold the scenes connected with this great imposture.

The galleries which run around the different stories of the rotunda afforded fine accommodation for many spectators. In addition to these, temporary galleries had been projected at various points. It was an attractive scene, and the eye rested upon many a brilliant group as it took the circuit of the vast area and glanced from gallery to gallery. The front of the Holy Sepulchre was hung with many beautiful lamps, and the immense candelabums stood surrounded by large candles, splendidly decorated with gilt and various bright colors. The lights, which are kept burning all the year, had been extinguished. The clear light of the mid-day sun streamed down through the open roof upon the crowded mass of people who were gathered in the area immediately about the Holy Sepulchre itself—a crowd so dense that its motions were like the moving of the waves of the sea. The greater number bore the hardy features and wore the simple garb of the Russian peasant. All carried in their hands candles, or bunches of candles, which were to be

lighted from the flame which should come from within the sacred inclosure. It seemed that all who could afford it were supplied with a number of large and handsome candles, while others had only a few simple ones.

Enthusiasm and excitement prevailed throughout the crowd, and Turkish soldiers were there in large numbers to preserve order, and prevent serious disturbance, such as sometimes arises on these occasions. To keep open a passage way the soldiers were stationed shoulder to shoulder, forming a solid cordon which could not easily be broken, though the line swayed hither and thither from the pressure it was obliged to withstand. There was shouting and clapping of hands, a sort of chanting, which sometimes seemed responsive, one party saying something and another answering; then the swelling sound of many voices joining in some general chorus. Occasionally, men who seemed to be leaders, or to be specially enthusiastic, and to be haranguing those about them, were lifted on the shoulders of others, all the time gesticulating wildly. Our interpreter said their expressions were something like this:—

“This is the sepulchre of Christ. We have a Christ; the Jews have no Christ!”

Presently there was heard a sound which calmed the multitude—a low chant from the priests assembled within the inclosure of the altar of the Greek Chapel. The screen was thrown open, and down a few steps they came—the patriarch, bishops, and priests—and slowly wended

their way through the aisle and out from the inclosure of their chapel until they stood in a body facing the entrance to the Holy Sepulchre. The patriarch I had seen before—a handsome old man, of full form, with white hair and beard, and a florid complexion. He bore himself with great dignity, and had withal a benign and pleasing expression. His dress was superb; the miter blazing with the light of precious stones, the robe richly embroidered, and upon his breast were ornaments of gold and jewels, the signs and symbols of his office. He was followed by at least twelve bishops, whose dress was similar in style and magnificence to his own. Then followed a large body of priests, whose dress was black; their robes were flowing, and each wore the usual high, round black hat, with a small black vail hanging behind. The procession halted so near us that we could notice the faces of the entire body. I thought one handsome young priest was quite conscious of the notice bestowed upon him by a young lady of our party.

A stalwart black man, who seemed to be a servant, stood ready with key to open the door of the Sepulchre. At the proper moment the patriarch stepped forward with two attendants, entered, and the door was closed. There are two apertures, and we had questioned through which would come the holy flame, but learned afterward that through one it is given to the Greeks, and through the other to the Armenians. There was comparative silence for ten or fifteen minutes, a hushed, expectant

waiting for that for which all looked. Those who had positions near the Sepulchre maintained them persistently. Suddenly there was a shout. A light was passed through the aperture in the north side of the Sepulchre; it was inside a silver case with a long handle, and blessed indeed was he who first received it, and from whom the light was given to others.

During the next half hour the scene was one of the utmost excitement and confusion, and the soldiers ceased to try to keep order. All pressed with frantic effort and wild struggle to light their candles. Hats were thrown off, old men and women fell, and were trampled upon, as the stronger carried out their purpose; but the light spread, and with such rapidity that it seemed well-nigh miraculous, for its appearance at many points all over the house was almost simultaneous. The Greek Chapel blazed with light. It was carried into the galleries; the lamps about the Sepulchre and the altars were lighted; it was given to mounted horsemen, who stood ready at the door to carry it to the neighboring convents; and I was told that the light communicated from this flame would be carried with religious care even to Russia. It was truly frightful to look upon such a scene of fanaticism, and it seemed impossible that the hour could pass without some dreadful accident. But soon the *furor* was over. The pilgrims passed the flame over their faces, as if thus to prove its supernatural nature; then the candles were extinguished with cotton batting, which they had ready

for the purpose, and henceforth they were to be kept for the most solemn occasions of their lives; some of them would not again be lighted until the event of their death.

The soldiers again assumed control, driving the people into compact positions, or obliging them to leave the room altogether. When space could be commanded, a procession, composed of patriarch, bishops, and a large body of priests, passed three times around the Sepulchre, carrying relics and banners; they then retired to their own chapel. Afterward followed other similar processions—first the Armenians, and then the Copts.

It is strange, indeed, that this custom is still preserved. The Romanists used to join in it, but gave it up on account of some jealousy, and since then have denounced it bitterly. The more enlightened in the Greek Church heartily disapprove of its observance. A cultivated young Greek gentleman, who sat near us at table for some time, seemed disinclined to talk upon the subject, but expressed regret that the observance was still continued. Two years since the English bishop at Jerusalem asked the patriarch, who is a gentleman and a scholar, why such an imposition was permitted. He replied, in substance, that the Church could not afford to give it up. So this great Church, the leaders of which, at least, are enlightened, lends itself to so gross a deception, and allows the mass of its worshippers to believe a lie because it pays.

The day was nearly spent as we left the court of the Church of the Holy Sepulchre; but desiring to husband

the time, we crossed Palmer-street, which runs directly in front of the court, and knocked for admission at the rickety door by which strangers gain access to the inclosure of the Muristan. An Arab attendant answered the call, and we were ushered inside of the old stone walls into the midst of ruins which were formerly the spacious palace and hospital of the Knights of St. John. The existence of these ruins was, until quite recently, totally unknown. There has lain here, just to the south of the Holy Sepulchre, for six hundred years, an open green space with no external indications of its meaning save a picturesque gateway, on which are figures representing the signs of the zodiac, and portions of a church and court-yard. The last two were so covered with *débris* as scarcely to claim a moment's attention from the traveler.

In the year 1869, on occasion of a visit of the Crown Prince of Prussia to the Holy Land, the Sultan made a grant of the eastern half of the Muristan to the Prussian Government, with permission to erect a church, or rebuild that of the Knights of St. John. Excavations have since been made, under the superintendence of Mr. Schick, with very interesting results. The whole original ground plan of the palace and hospital, with their chapels, cloisters, galleries, courts, and cisterns, with here and there columns standing, arches unbroken, and remains of tessellated pavements, have been unearthed. The excavations have also disclosed magnificent results, in which huge piers of stones, with rustic base, are traced down to their

rock foundations in the Tyropœon Valley. These piers are laid with straight joints, which, with other features noticed, indicate three distinct dates of building. There has also been found a series of rock-cut steps, and a series



Excavations at the Muristan.

of large tanks, forty feet deep, which seem to be anterior to the date of the building. Although these excavations cover considerable width, and have reached a depth of something like sixty feet below the present surface of the city, no traces of the second wall of the city have yet been found. As I looked down into the openings—there being no facilities at hand for descending—I began to understand the stupendous work still to be accomplished under the foundations of the city. Thus it is not improbable that every building in modern Jerusalem may stand upon one, two, or more buildings. Rarely is an excavation made for a new house, or an alteration made in an old one, that some massive masonry work is not struck.

Wandering around the covered aisles of this old hospital, the memory of the Crusaders and their brave deeds came fresh to mind. Here was the center of their power in the Holy Land. In these halls the once pure, self-denying, and noble order of the Knights of St. John held their councils and planned their battles. They came from afar to rescue the Holy Sepulchre from the grasp of the infidels; and when they had rescued it, they sat down by it to keep perpetual vigils at its altars. But with the increase of wealth, consequent upon the increase of power and popularity, their original simplicity and piety degenerated into extravagance and haughtiness. From being pilgrims, devoted to chastity, poverty, and toil, they became lords of untold estates, and lovers of pleasure more than lovers of God. These same halls, in which once resounded only the voice of prayer and the tread of stern purpose, became noisy with revelry and dissipation. At length their power waned; and, although brave to the last, their arms were broken by Saladin's cimeter strokes, and they were banished from the Holy City, and these walls were left vacant and silent, to fall, or to be buried and forgotten.

From the Muristan we returned to Palmer-street, and continued our walk westward till we came out on Christian-street: thence, through Christian-street southward, and David-street westward, we reached the Mediterranean Hotel, which stands on the open plaza or market place, not far from the Jaffa Gate. My companions went

on to camp, (a few hundred yards out of the gate on the left side of the road leading to the upper Pool of Gihon,) and I turned into the hotel.

The Mediterranean Hotel, under the management of Mr. Hornstein, a German, is well conducted. Its rooms open on an interior court, and the whole premises, though lacking the elegance of a European hotel, have a neat, cool, and homelike aspect. The order of meals is coffee in the morning, breakfast at noon, and dinner in the evening. Luncheons are supplied at any time to guests who wish to go off on short excursions. My wife, though alone here for nearly eight weeks, was very comfortable. She had every opportunity for seeing the city and its environs, and was agreeably entertained by the pleasing variety which arises from a constant succession of visitors. With her it was a source of unfailing amusement to see the different parties as they would come and go—parties from the four quarters of the globe, with all conceivable tastes, habits, and tempers—and hear them recount their haps and mishaps, their adventures by land and sea. Fancy a dozen people, men and women, coming in from their tents outside the walls, wet and shivering, and begging for any place to stay within dry walls, where they could get near a fire, and some of the romance of tent life in the Holy Land may be imagined. Then there would be a lively, young, married English lady, who had left half a dozen children at home, and was making the tour of Palestine with as much *naïveté*

as she would take a gallop through Hyde Park, or bound over the fields of old Surrey. On the right might be a gentleman or lady, whose tongue would run endlessly, pouring out in voluble flow enthusiastic talk on sights, scenes, rocks, parapets, shrines, services, excavations, identifications here and discrepancies there; and on the left, an insipid young man or girl, who could see nothing and feel nothing, and could speak only of stupid Arabs, monstrous old rubbish, and repeat over and over that Jerusalem was not nigh so pleasant a city as Paris!

CHAPTER XIII.

JERUSALEM—EL HARAM ES SHEREIF.

THE first morning after our arrival (April the 16th) gave us plenty to do in reading up correspondence and papers, and getting letters ready for the homeward mail.

By arrangement, the Rev. Dr. De Hass accompanied us in the afternoon to el Haram es Shereif, or the inclosure of the Mosque of Omar. Until lately it was impossible for a Christian to gain admission; then permission was granted for a great sum; but now, for the small fee of five francs each, our party were allowed to enter. The consul of each nation makes special terms with the authorities, and Dr. De Hass had been successful in obtaining for Americans the very lowest terms. We left the consular office, preceded by his dragoman Mohamet, a fine-looking Arab, in the costume of a Turkish soldier. At every few steps he would bring his mace down heavily upon the pavement, to indicate that one of authority was passing and that the way must be cleared. We walked through the street of David, past Christian-street, till we reached the street of the Bazaars; turning down this, we followed it to Market-street, and thence to Bab an Nazir, "Gate of the Inspector," near the north-west

angle of the Area of el Haram es Shereif, or Noble Sanctuary. The covered way under which we passed just before reaching the gate presents a remarkable appearance, because of the singular angles of the masonry. The stones are peculiarly adjusted, as though meant to sustain themselves by resting against, instead of on, one another. The age of this work I did not ascertain; but it is likely not older than the Crusader period.

At the gate we were met by one or more of the sheiks of the Haram. I say one or more, because during the whole visit there was a contention among them, which seemed to be about relative authority, and a division of the fees. The grand inclosure upon which we now entered at once impressed me with its magnitude. There is room to move and breathe.

The space varies from an exact square. The northern side is 1,042 feet, the eastern 1,530 feet, the southern 922 feet, and the western 1,601 feet. The western wall has five principal entrances: Bab el Guanimi, the Gate of Abraham, nearest the north wall; Bab an Nazir, the Gate of the Inspector, sometimes called Gabriel's Gate; Bab el Hadid, the Iron Gate; Bab el Katanin, the Gate of the Cotton Merchants, supposed to have been the Beautiful Gate of St. John; Bab es Sekiné, the Gate of Tranquillity; and Bab es Silsile, the Gate of the Chain. Some of these gates I found, on subsequent inspection, to be highly ornamented. The northern wall has three gates. Going eastward is Bab el Dewata, the Gate of the Secretary;

Bab el Hitta, the Gate of the Remission of Sins; and Bab al Asbat, the Gate of the Tribes. The east wall has but one gate, Bab el Taubé, the Golden Gate, and the south but one triple gate, both of which are closed.

On the left, toward the north wall, and on the right, along the west wall, I observed numerous small structures which are the colleges, convents, and praying places erected by caliphs and sultans for the use of the devout and the studious; but these could only have a side glance as we walked toward the center of the Area. Directly before us was the great platform, surmounted by Kubbet es Sakhrâh, or the Dome of the Rock, the one object of all eyes and all thoughts. Ascending the marble steps, and walking over the white marble pavement, as I looked at the Mosque, and my eye wandered rapidly over the whole scene, the impression which was uppermost was that of *beauty in decay*. Faded, fading still, is this holy and beautiful place, following the destiny of that mighty empire which, in its prime and power, rebuilt and adorned this ever-memorable spot! Thus almost every thing in the vast Turkish domain, which especially depends upon Turkish rule, has *perishing* written upon it. The empire, sick at heart, shows first its feebleness at the extremities.

But the Mosque of Omar, while an inferior representative of the Temples of Solomon, Nehemiah, and Herod, is an admirable structure, imparting, by its unique and simple appearance, a very pleasing effect. When bright in its original splendor—its polished marble, and dome of

plated gold, glittering in the sunlight, subdued only by the somber green of the tall, spindling cypresses which surrounded it—we may easily imagine how it fulfilled all the conditions of oriental magnificence.

The Mosque crowns the highest summit of the supposed Mount Moriah. Here it was, according to the clearest Biblical indications, and the pointings of Jewish tradition, that Abraham was in the act of sacrificing his son Isaac when the angel stayed his hand, and Abraham turning, found the ram caught in the thicket. Gen. xxii, 13 Here, too, was the threshing-floor of Araunah, where David saw the angel with uplifted sword about to smite the inhabitants of Jerusalem, and where he, hastily seizing one of the beasts, and some of the implements in service, offered a sacrifice which appeased the divine vengeance. 2 Sam. xxiv. This threshing-floor he purchased from Araunah at a great price, and upon it Solomon afterward erected the Temple, for which David had collected materials, but which he was not allowed to build because a man of blood. This structure, for its extent, elaborateness, and grandeur, was not only the pride of all Israel, but the wonder of all people who saw it. In the Temple was the great altar of sacrifice, the holy of holies, which contained the shekinah, the symbol of Jehovah's presence, toward which the eyes of all the nation were turned as the point where the infinite God revealed himself in material as well as spiritual beauty to his worshipers.

The original Temple was destroyed by the Assyrians,

but under the zeal of Nehemiah and Ezra another arose upon its foundations, equal in extent to the former, though lacking many of its sacred associations. This second temple was further enlarged and beautified by Herod the Great, who, to do the Jews a pleasure, and aggrandize his own reign, lavished upon it the skill and treasures of his dominions. It, too, fell under the last great blow which crushed the Jewish people, and left them "without a king, and without a prince, and without a sacrifice, and without an image, and without an ephod, and without teraphim." Hos. iii, 4.

For centuries after all these stones were cast down they lay a heap of ruins. In A. D. 680 Caliph Omar, hastening from Medina with all the simplicity of a native Bedawy, his whole equipment a tattered camel's hair aba, a pair of saddle-bags filled with the commonest provisions slung before him on his camel, a large leathern bottle and wooden platter slung behind him, entered the city before his conquering troops, and inquiring for the Mosque of David, was led by the Patriarch Sophronius successively to the Church of the Holy Sepulchre and the church on Mount Zion. To both of these he replied, "Thou liest! for the apostle of God (on whom be the blessing and the peace of God!) described to me the Mosque of David, which does not answer to this." Finally he was led to the Gate of Mohammed, and was told he could go no farther except by crawling on hands and feet. The water was rushing down the side of the hill through

masses of rubbish. Nothing daunted, he proceeded through it till he came to a level space at the top, where there were ruins. Here he paused, and looking around and contemplating for awhile, he said, "This is that which the apostle of God (on whom be the peace and blessing of God!) described to me." The place had been turned into a dunghill by the Christians in contempt of the Jews. He and his followers began at once to clear away the filth, using their hands and garments for the purpose, and he forthwith ordered the erection of a mosque on the spot.

This first structure was probably a rude wooden one. It was left for 'Abd el Ibn Marwan, of the house of Omiyah, the tenth caliph, to build the present capacious and superb edifice. The name of Omar, given to the first, was transmitted to the later mosque, and is still retained. It was commenced in the sixty-ninth year of the Hejira, A. D. 688, and completed in three years. Upon it was expended the proceeds of seven years' taxes levied upon Egypt. After Jerusalem was recaptured by the Christians, during the rule of the Crusaders, and until their expulsion, it was used as a Christian church. All evidence of such use, the vilest desecration, in the estimation of the Moslem, has been carefully removed, except such marks as the chisel left when the sacred rock was covered with a marble facing.

The building is of octagonal shape, each side measuring sixty-seven feet, and its doors front the points of the

compass—north, south, east, and west. It is much nearer the western than the eastern wall of the inclosure, thus affording a broad, open space toward the east. The exterior is of different-colored marbles and tiling. It is much defaced and peeled by time. At the time of our visit scaffolding was up around it, and the whole outside was in process of repair. The general effect was thus not a little marred. The renovation, however, was none too soon, for it seemed as though a few years would leave but little of its former beauty. On the east side is David's Throne, an exquisite little mosque or oratory. It stands a few paces from the eastern door, which, like that on the north and west, is inclosed by a marble porch. Here we entered, and were chagrined as we looked about at the bustling scene of busy workmen.

The interior is one hundred and forty-eight feet in diameter. Around the whole is a corridor thirteen feet wide. On the inner side of the corridor stand eight piers. The spaces between the several piers are filled with sixteen marble Corinthian columns, which, though exceedingly graceful, struck me at once as not originally made for their positions. Their differences in base, and length, and style, show they were in use in some previous building. In laying bare the bases of these columns, in the repairs which are going on, in some cases double bands of lead, of one and a half inches in thickness, were found, which were, doubtless, for the purpose of equalizing their lengths. Within this outer corridor is yet another,

thirty feet wide. On its inner circle stand twelve larger Corinthian columns, with four great intervening piers. These support the clear-story and the dome, which is sixty-six feet in diameter. Through the rich stained glass windows of the clear-story a soft, subdued light is shed beneath the highly ornamented dome. Within the circle inclosed by the last corridor, and protected by a railing, is the "rock," a huge piece of the natural limestone of the "missa strata," standing, according to Captain Wilson, "four feet nine and a half inches above the marble pavement at its highest point, and one foot at its lowest, with a dip 12° in a direction of 85° east of north." In one corridor is the "praying place of Solomon," a sort of marble pulpit, supported by columns of marble twisted together in twos, as fig-trees are frequently seen to grow. It is supposed to be a relic of some more ancient structure. The whole walls of the interior are covered with marbles, mosaics, and gilt stucco in arabesque, and passages from the Koran in highly ornamented Arabic characters. Upon the whole the appearance is rather common to the eye that has seen such specimens of architectural taste as the Chapel of the Medici at Florence, or the Baptistry of the Cathedral at Pisa.

The surface of the rock is very rough, and bears marks of chiseling, steps having been cut and holes drilled, probably when the building was used by the Crusaders as a Christian church. On the rock is shown the footprints of Mohammed at the point from which he ascended to

heaven, and also the prints of the Angel Gabriel's huge fingers, where he clasped the rock to prevent its ascension with the prophet. At its south-west corner, through a circular opening in which is a door-way with pointed arch, the cave is entered. The chamber is not very large. It has an average height of six feet, and is capable of holding about fifty persons. In the different corners are pointed out the places where David, Abraham, and Solomon prayed. The Mohammedans believe the rock to be suspended in mid-air, and, as proof of it, cite the ringing sound given forth when the bottom of the cave is struck. In the center of the floor is Bir el Arwah, the Well of Spirits. In this, they say, all departed souls are confined by Mohammed until the last judgment.

The theory of Professor Willis and others is, that the great altar of sacrifice in the Temple stood on this rock, that the cave was the cesspool beneath the altar, and that the Well of Spirits was none other than the drain through which the blood and water flowed from the altar into the sewers underneath the Temple Area. It seems, as Dean Stanley hints, a little improbable that so unshapely a rock should have been left in the midst of the temple; yet it is certain that Araunah and his four sons hid themselves when they saw the angel, and also came out of the threshing-floor at David's arrival, showing that there was a place of concealment. 1 Chron. xxi, 20, 21. In the threshing-floor of Gideon's father there was such a place, where he hid the grain from the Midianites, and just such a cave I

found afterward, adjoining the great rock on which the altar of the Samaritan Temple is supposed to have stood. This cavernous rock was likely regarded by David and all his successors as most holy, and hence was not cut down, but left in naked simplicity, and carefully covered and protected.

Quitting the Dome of the Rock by its southern door, which, unlike the other doors, has an open porch supported on columns, we descended again to the main pavement, in the direction of the Mosque el Aksa. On



Mosque el Aksa.

the right, near the steps leading from the platform, is a marble pulpit, "a gem of Arab architecture," built by Barhan ed Din Kady, A. D. 798. Going on under the great arch, and down one step, and following a broad tessellated avenue, with tall cypresses on either side, and a

large fountain in the center, we reached el Aksa. Around are great cisterns, connecting with some central reservoir under the Area, and immediately in front of the door a beautiful little marble well, the sides of which are deeply worn by the cords which for centuries have drawn water from it. Underneath el Aksa I noticed some broken columns and stones, on one of which were Hebrew characters; also a triple gate in the south wall, which may have belonged to the old temple. The mosque is an altered Christian church, supposed to have been built by Justinian in the sixth century. It is two hundred and seventy-two feet long by one hundred and eighty-four wide, with a ground area of fifty thousand square feet, has seven aisles, and the interior is supported by forty-five columns. These columns, too, are of different orders and different sizes, showing that they were not originally designed for their present uses. In the wall of the south end are some of the most perfect mosaics I have seen, but the stained windows, while very beautiful, are not so rich as those of the "Dome."

The objects of principal interest are near the large mihrâb, at the south end, such as the Minbar Omar, a wooden pulpit with raised panels, on which are delicately-carved arabesques, and also, directly at the east, a long room with pointed arches, which is called the mosque of Omar. This mosque is not to be confounded with the Dome of the Rock, and takes its name from the mihrâb of Omar, where tradition tells us Omar first prayed

when he entered Jerusalem. From the windows of this mosque we could look out upon the hill Ophel. Before leaving the great Mosque el Aksa we had to try the "passage of the two columns." These columns stand so close together that it is with difficulty that a man of ordinary size can squeeze himself between them. Some of the leaner members of our party got safely through. The tradition is, that he who can go through is sure of Paradise. Some of the stout Mohammedans whom I saw around would have need to fast long before being able to perform the feat without inconvenience. There are two similar columns with a like tradition in the dilapidated Mosque of Amor, at Old Cairo.

From el Aksa we came out again upon the open Area to the south-east corner of the great inclosure. Through the joints of the pavement the grass has grown up, presenting over the whole surface a neglected aspect. There are but few trees scattered about through the grounds. I noticed a large carob-tree, near the door of the mosque. In the south-east angle of the walls is the little Mosque of Isa, (Jesus.) The Mohammedans do not refuse to call Jesus a prophet. Descending a flight of steps beneath the dome of this little mosque, we came to a square subterranean chamber, in the middle of which, laid on the floor, is a sarcophagus, with a canopy over it. This, we were told, is the cradle of Jesus.

Going down an additional flight of steps, we entered the vaults commonly called "Solomon's Stables." It is

possible that these subterranean apartments were used by the Crusaders for stabling their horses, as holes seemingly for fastening horses are found. As far as the excavations have proceeded, arches have been discovered which rest on columns of different sizes at varying intervals from each other. They extend about two hundred and seventy feet westward; and northward, two hundred feet at one point, and one hundred and four feet at another, from the south wall, and at these distances they are walled in, the northern portions probably being used for cisterns.

These substructions were evidently designed to support the Haram Area, but whether or no they were built prior to Mohammedan possession is not easily determined. One or two massive piers, as, for example, that near the cradle of Jesus, indicate a more ancient masonry than these. Of whatever period, they certainly show that the method by which Solomon and his successors extended the level area of the Temple was by building up these enormous piers and arches, and then either by filling them in or by covering them with flooring. It is not at all improbable that the vast reservoir of water affirmed to exist under the inclosure is contained in the midst of vaults similar to those now disclosed. Precisely thus the great Reservoir or "Piscina" near Baia, in Italy, is constructed. In our examinations we could not proceed farther than within one hundred and fifty feet of a line directly below the Mosque el Aksa. The

ground floor of these vaults is about thirty-two feet below the surface of the Haram Area. Their character and age do not fully determine the position of the south wall of the Temple.

Ascending from these caverns to the top of the east wall, we enjoyed for a moment the same prospect, only more extended, which we had previously seen, when on the first day we stood at the base of the wall on the outside. I could form some notion of the dizzy height of this point when these walls were higher, and the adjacent valleys were deeper, than now. Some of us walked



Looking East from the Wall of the Mosque.

along the top of the wall. Looking east from the wall we had a good view of the Mount of Olives, the Jericho road, and the hill of Offense. Projecting on the outside is a fragment of a column on which Mohammed is to sit when he judges the world. I was unable to resist the temptation to straddle it.

Descending at a convenient point, we next approached Bab al Taubé, or the Golden Gate, the only gate in the east wall, and distant about nine hundred feet from the south-east angle. This gate is closed with massive masonry. The Mohámmedans have a tradition that the Christians, if they ever again possess Jerusalem, will enter through it, and hence they take the precaution to keep it walled up. Though walled up flush on the outside, the interior is quite a large open court, the floor of



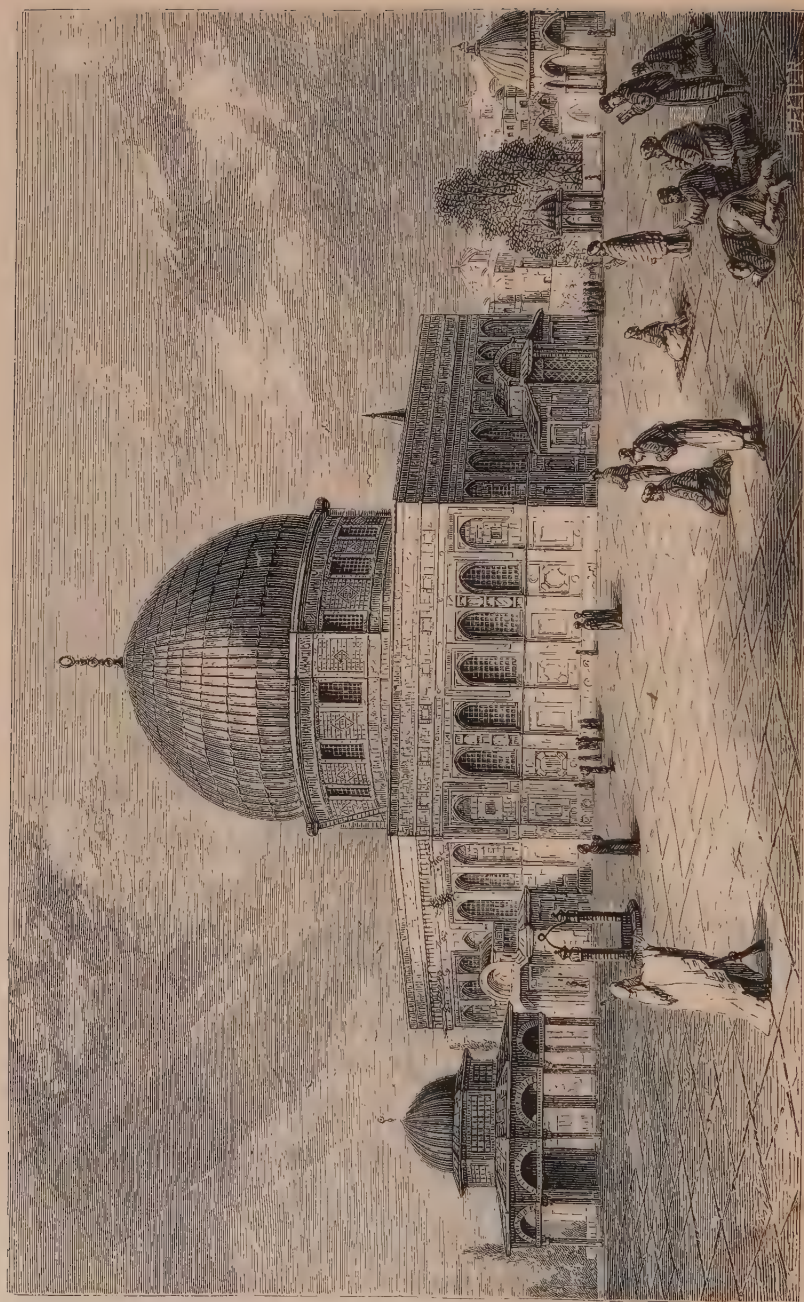
Interior of the Golden Gate.

which is a few feet lower than the Sanctuary Area. There are two center columns, two half columns with pilasters, and four side pilasters supporting two principal and four minor domes. The huge monolithic jambs and bronze mortices where the great doors hung, still exist. This gate is confidently assumed by some to have been

included in the great Temple Area, by which it is seen that the whole inclosure was approximately one thousand feet square. The space beyond, to the north, over five hundred feet, embraced in the present area, was probably added by Herod the Great.

As to the origin of the Golden Gate, the jambs and a few specimens of masonry near by would seem to make it very old; but the order of the columns, debased Corinthian and Ionic, as well as the entablatures, show it to have been, as it now exists, comparatively modern. There is reason to think the site was always occupied as a gate. Along this eastern wall extended Solomon's Porch. A little to the north of the gate is "Solomon's Throne." Thus his name is still associated with the magnificent work which he here erected. On the south wall, according to Josephus, from the Valley of the Kedron to the Tyropæon Valley, ran Herod's Porch. These porches were splendid marble colonnades, where the vast multitudes who visited the Temple collected—walking, sitting, and talking at their pleasure. Here Jesus walked, and here he delivered to the people, eager to listen to one who had created so much stir from the peaceful hill-sides of Galilee to the thronged streets of the great city, those brief sentences which so intensified the interest felt in his person as to awaken the deadly envy and hate of the rulers of Israel.

The excitement which his presence created may be readily imagined. On great festival occasions, such as



MOSQUE OF OMAR.

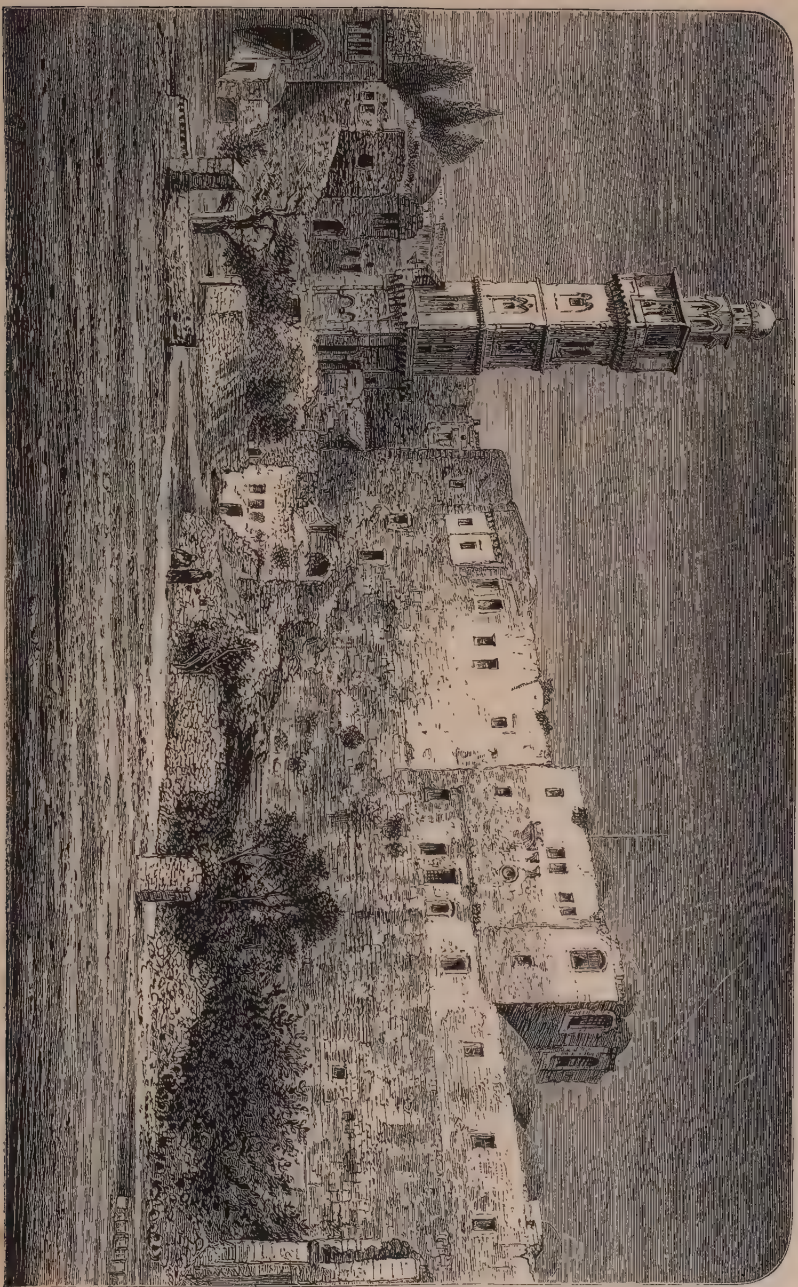
the Passover, many thousands of people, in addition to the usual inhabitants of Jerusalem, came up from all the borders of the land, and dwelling in booths and tents pitched in every available spot about the city, thronged each day the courts and corridors of the Temple, and were all too ready, under the inspiration of patriotic and religious zeal, to be inflamed into a popular outburst by any great leader who should appeal to their national passions and prejudices. Fain would they have been borne away by the Galilean into open revolt against their Roman oppressors ; but, alas ! his words and acts were turned more against the Jews than the Romans. Disappointed in such sayings as, "If any man thirst, let him come unto me and drink ;" rebuked by such acts as the cleansing of the house of God by the expulsion of them who bought and sold within its sacred precincts ; and stung to the quick by such denunciations as the threatened destruction of the Temple ; they became enraged against him, and the same excited populace who, on one day, sang, in their enthusiastic admiration, "Hosanna to the Son of David !" almost in the next breath cried, in their madness, "Away with him !" "Crucify him !"

The Mosque of Omar shows to the best advantage as seen on its eastern side, from the pavement near the east wall. As we strolled leisurely from the Golden Gate toward the north wall the shadows of evening were falling, and threw a somber hue over the venerable building. Here and there women had come into the sacred park,

and were sitting quietly beneath the trees. With their white garments and veiled faces they looked exceedingly picturesque. On Friday, the Mohammedan Sabbath, when the whole pavement is alive with worshipers and loiterers, it is not permitted to Christians to enter.

I observed nothing of especial note along the north wall. Through an opening I looked into the Pool of Bethesda, and had even a better view of its mass of filth and rubbish than before. Two graceful minarets stand on this wall, one about midway, and the other at the north-west corner. This is commonly called the Tower of Antonia, and is supposed to mark the spot, or at least a part of the ground, which was occupied by the ancient tower. The whole fortress, of which the tower was the most prominent and formidable point, probably covered the entire north side of the Temple Inclosure. It was designed for the protection of the Temple. Hence, when it fell into the hands of Titus, the Temple was immediately entered, pillaged and burned. The structure which now covers the north-west section of this wall is used as a barrack for soldiers, and as the pasha's residence. There is some force in the transmitted uses to which positions and structures are appropriated.

On a subsequent day we went into this building from Via Dolorosa, and winding through numerous rooms and stair-ways, amid groups of idle soldiers, we came out upon a flat roof, from which we had an admirable view of the whole Mosque Inclosure. This position, until quite



TOWER OF ANTONIA.



recently, was the only point from which a Jew or a Christian was allowed to see it.

While our party lingered at the gate by which we had entered, I walked back and examined more closely the exterior of the Dome of the Rock, picked up a few samples of the tiling used in its ornamentation, but saw nothing new or striking. On my return the company had left, and supposing they had gone to the Jews' Wailing Place I made my way in that direction, hoping to overtake them. After a fruitless search through narrow, close, and filthy streets in the Jewish quarter, I was obliged to return alone to the hotel.

CHAPTER XIV.

CIRCUIT AROUND JERUSALEM.

THE next morning we met at camp to select horses for our Palestine tour. The animals appeared to be in good condition. The tallest horse of the group, a white stallion, named Nablousa, fell to my lot. He had been raised by a Bedawy east of the Jordan, was brought into Nablous, where he was bought by Areph, our mule-teen, and henceforth called Nablousa, and put upon the track as a carrier of howadji. For the first season or two he had no equal on the road, and only the more skillful horsemen among tourists were able to ride him; but now I found him quiet and slow enough for my most moderate wishes. From the start the two stout English spurs were brought into more constant requisition than the strong English curb with which I was careful to provide myself against all possible runaways; but Nablousa proved a faithful servant. Up hill and down hill, midst cold and heat, through sand, rocks, and mire, he carried me safely; did not throw me once, and never fell once though sliding oft; so that at the close I could not resist the desire to have his likeness taken that I might bring it home as a souvenir.

Under the direction of our new dragoman, Mr. Floyd, an American who lives at Jaffa, and who is employed by

Cook, Son, & Jenkins, we mounted for a ride around the environs of Jerusalem. Starting from the Jaffa Gate, we rode southward down the Valley of Hinnom, with the Lower Pool of Gihon, which was entirely dry, on our



Howadji.

right. Thence we turned eastward between Mount Zion and the hill of Evil Counsel through what was once the dark and gloomy depths of the Valley of Moloch, till we reached En-rogel, or Joab's Well, which is at the intersection of the Valleys of Hinnom and Kedron. This is a deep well, from which the water is drawn by rotary buckets. It was in the mouth of this well that the two young men, Jonathan and Ahimaaz, sent by Hushai and Zadok to warn king David of the subtle and wicked counsel of Ahithophel, are supposed to have been concealed. The position answers fitly to the narrative contained in 2 Sam. xvii, 17, 18, 19, etc.

Turning up the Valley of the Kedron we came to the Pool of Siloam, where the Tyropœon Valley enters the Kedron. A short distance below the pool, immediately on the roadside, is the traditional tree under which the prophet Isaiah was sawn asunder. The water in the pool is of a greenish, stagnant appearance, but where it flows from the rocky hill-side it is fresh and sparkling. Some boys were taking a bath in the first basin nearest the fountain. It is a question whether the waters of Siloam are from the reservoirs under the city, or from an original source. The drift of opinion is, that they come through the same aqueducts which furnish the principal water supply of the city.

Some beautiful marble masonry, and also a few marble columns and fragments, indicate the character of the work which formerly inclosed the waters; but however enchanting this spot once may have been, it is now not at all enticing. Heaps of rubbish and filth, dirty-looking women and boys, and the hot sun streaming down upon the bare rocks, reminded me of any thing but the pleasant associations of childhood:—

“ By cool Siloam’s shady rill
How sweet the lily grows!
How sweet the breath, beneath the hill,
Of Sharon’s dewy rose!”

We continued up the valley, skirting the village of Siloam (Silwan) on our right, and turned again under the hill Ophel to see the “Fountain of the Virgin.” The

Ordnance Survey makes this fountain to be distant about one thousand feet in a straight line from that of Siloam, and gives its bed at the same level above the sea—two thousand and eighty-seven feet. It is in a deep cavern. Twenty-six steps, cut in the rock, lead down to the water, which bubbles up from under the lowest step. As we went down, men and women from the village opposite were bathing. The water is clear and cold, with the sweetish taste peculiar to it and to that of Siloam, and also to the waters found about the Mosque.

The conduit leading from this fountain, and that leading to Siloam, have been sufficiently explored, first by Dr. Robinson, and afterward by Capt. Warren, to justify the conclusion that the water from the Fountain of the Virgin flows to the Fountain of Siloam through a serpentine channel about one thousand seven hundred and fifty feet long. But where the water comes from is not yet determined, though it is confidently believed its immediate source is the immense reservoir or reservoirs under the Mosque Area.

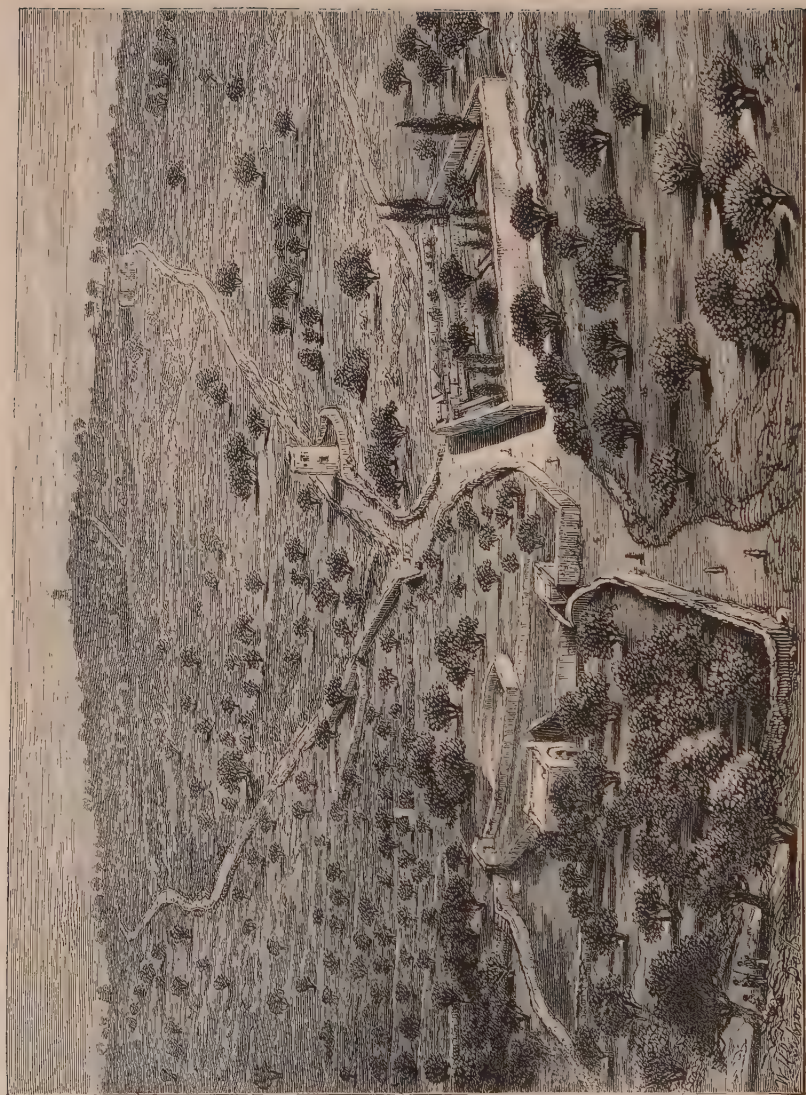
Another fountain in the city, near the great Mosque, which supplies the Bath of Healing, (entered from the Cotton Market,) has been explored by a Mr. Wolcott. At a depth of eighty-two and a half feet he found water four and a half feet deep. Opposite to an excavated chamber he discovered the channel of the water, and followed it, as he supposes, eighty feet in the direction of the Mosque, where he met a well of unknown depth. Here

he found a wall which barred his way, and obliged him to return. The water has the same taste as that of the Virgin's Pool. An Arab, who afterward was questioned closely by two other travelers, asserted that the water comes from the reservoir under the Haram.*

It is thus a matter of intense interest to get at the regions below the Haram, to see what water is there, whence it comes, and whither it goes. Unless there be an original fountain under the Haram, there is no proof that there is a single natural spring under or immediately around Jerusalem. The conclusion thus far is, that the inexhaustible supply of water for which the city has always been noted must have come by conduits from a distance. It is remarkable that while armies, when besieging the city, have often been obliged to retire or perish of thirst, the city itself has never been reduced for lack of water.

To recur to the Virgin's Pool: one of the features well worthy of note is the intermittent flow of its waters. This first led Dr. Robinson to suggest that it might be the Pool of Bethesda, and that this intermittent flow might be the explanation of the "moving of the waters" by the angel. The Mohammedan explanation is, that a dragon lies at the bottom; when he sleeps the water flows, and when he awakes it ceases. There is also a tradition that this water was used as a test of the guilt or innocence of women accused of adultery. If guilty, it

* See Williams' "Holy City," vol. ii, pp. 459, 460.



GARDEN OF GETHSEMANE AND MOUNT OF OLIVES.

killed them to drink it; if innocent, there was no injury. The monkish tradition is, that the Virgin Mary, when falsely accused of adultery, drank it, and the pool ever after took her name. The irregular flow of the water is probably due to a greater or less use of other fountains within the city which are nearer the main source. The distance of this fountain from the Temple Area, and the incapacity of its superficies to accommodate the five porches mentioned as belonging to Bethesda, would seem to exclude it from the claim of being considered as identical with that pool.

Recrossing the valley from the Fountain of the Virgin, we stopped a moment before the Tombs of Abraham, St. James, and Zechariah, and then hurried on to the Garden of Gethsemane, situated at the foot of the Mount of Olives. The first feeling, as I came to the garden, was one of disappointment. Here were high stone walls of an irregular quadrilateral shape, covered with mastic, inclosing about an acre of ground. Had not the lay of the land fixed the position of the garden with a precision which is almost irresistible, I must have revolted against this artificial arrangement. But the well-worn road leading from St. Stephen's Gate, which must stand either on the site or not far from the site of the eastern gate of the ancient city, drops down and winds so naturally through the Valley of the Kedron, until, a few paces beyond the brook, it divides—one branch deflecting to the south around the mountain, and the other running directly up

and over it—that it is impossible, without violence, to resist the tradition which from antiquity has placed the garden immediately in the angle where the road separates. It is certainly a most convenient location, when looked at in the light of the scriptural narrative: “When Jesus had spoken these words, he went forth with his disciples over the brook Cedron, where was a garden, into the which he entered, and his disciples.” John xviii, 1. The other evangelists say this garden was “Gethsemane”—seemingly a well-known place—and that it was “unto” or “at” Mount Olivet. Judas took the armed bands so directly to the spot, that it appears he knew it to be a place of resort with the Master. In all probability the garden was less artificial then than now. The fence—if one existed, which is not unlikely, seeing it is both an ancient and modern custom to wall in gardens—must have been lower than the present one, and the whole surrounding valley was more thickly grown with trees of every variety; but, as to the location and substantial features of the garden, they likely remain the same.

We gained admission to the garden by a small gate at the south-east corner. A monk of the Franciscan order received and welcomed us. At the center of the east wall is a lodge for the monks in charge. Within the walls is a plain wooden picket fence, inclosing the garden proper. The garden thus inclosed is again subdivided into four parts. A path leads around between the outside stone wall and the picket fence, and at every few steps there are

paintings against the wall in small cases, which represent the fourteen stations of Christ on the way to the cross, among which are: Jesus sentenced to death; Jesus guarded to the cross; Jesus nailed to the cross; his descent from the cross, and entombment. They are all very recent paintings, possessing but little merit, and serve only to mar the feeling which is proper to the place. The monk unlocked the gate of the picket fence, and we walked in among the trees and flowers. The little plats are carefully tended, and flowers are kept in constant bloom for the supply of pilgrims and tourists. Quite a large bouquet was gathered, which we divided among us. One pretty little modest wild flower would have been more charming than them all.

The feature of the place is the eight olive trees. Notwithstanding the great age to which the olive lives, we are sure these trees could not have existed in Christ's day. The whole north and east side of the city was a scene of utter desolation, wrought by the siege of Titus. One of his legions encamped on the Mount of Olives, and probably destroyed every green thing within their reach. It is not unlikely, however, that trees subsequently sprang up from the seeds of the original trees, or that shoots sprouted from the old stumps. The eight trees now standing in the garden seem to be very old; one especially so, gnarled, scraggy, and hollow. It stands just to the right of the gate in the picket fence, and is designated as that under which the agony of Jesus

took place. As I stood under it the whole scene of Christ's suffering came vividly before me. The Last Supper had been eaten, the words, "Rise, let us go hence," had been spoken, when Jesus and his disciples threaded their way through the hushed city to the East Gate, and thence, under the full paschal moon, descended the hill and crossed the Kedron by the familiar path which had so often led them to the simple and genial hospitality of Bethany. Not now, however, did he go to the social warmth of the friendly home, but to abandonment, sorrow, and death.

"And they came to a place which was named Gethsemane; and he saith to his disciples, Sit ye here, while I shall pray. And he taketh with him Peter and James and John, and began to be sore amazed, and to be very heavy; and saith unto them, My soul is exceeding sorrowful unto death: tarry ye here, and watch. And he went forward a little, and fell on the ground, and prayed that, if it were possible, the hour might pass from him." "And being in an agony he prayed more earnestly: and his sweat was as it were great drops of blood falling down to the ground."

Admit that the goodly old tree, a few of whose leaves I was allowed to pluck, is not the identical tree where the Saviour's agony took place, still it is a successor of that tree, and grows near the spot where he drank the cup of sorrow. I could not resist the impulse to get furtively behind it and breathe a silent prayer through that divine

Mediator who was here crushed in spirit for my sin. Very fittingly was the garden called Gethsemane—the place of the wine-press—"I have trodden the wine-press alone; and of the people there was none with me." That night his disciples forsook him and fled.

The best time for visiting Gethsemane is either in the early morning or early evening hours, when the stillness is greatest, and the subdued light lends impressiveness to the place. Of all the holy shrines in or around Jerusalem it is the favorite resort of Protestants, as being the most natural, and tending, in its freedom from factitious abuses, to bring the heart nearest to Christ.

A short distance across the road to the north is the "Grotto of the Agony." The Latins, not content with the inclosed garden, have also the Grotto of the Agony fitted up with a small chapel, over the altar of which is a painting representing the angel supporting Christ in his sorrow. The marks left in the rocky bank where the disciples fell asleep, and the spot where Judas betrayed Jesus with a kiss, are all pointed out. Still farther up is the Tomb and Chapel of the Virgin Mary. Here we found quite a large church fitted up in a cavern. It is very ancient, and with its somber gray stone and dismal depths lighted by numerous flaming silver lamps, presents a weird appearance, much such, I imagine, as the old heathen grotto did, where all manner of superstitions were practiced. The descent into it is by sixty stone steps. In a dark chapel at the eastern extremity is the

empty Tomb of the Virgin. It contains an altar, which was profusely decked with artificial flowers. This church belongs to the Greeks and Armenians, and they, determined to have a Gethsemane also, have set up a grotto of the agony near by. In all these places the attendant monks present the same expressionless countenances, a slight sparkle only passing over their dull faces at the glitter of a shilling.

Ah, what a pleasure it was to climb the side of Olivet, and to feel here is God's work—no mistake, no humbug here—this is the earth, the natural ground; though swept by many a storm of rain and battle, it remains ground still! We went up the very pathway (following a slight depression, which rises almost at a right angle with the valley) which David trod when he fled from Absalom, and which Christ must have frequently trod when he went out to Bethany. There grows near the road, about a third of the way up the mountain, a large carob-tree. It was full of the "husks that the swine did eat," of which the prodigal son "would fain have filled his belly," but in the green state. The "husk" is a large pod containing beans, much the size, shape, and quality of the pod and bean of our sweet-locust. The opportunity was a good one to obtain a supply for home uses, and so we bore away some of the precious husks for future illustrations. At the brow of the hill the road forks, the left leading to Scopus, and the right to the summit of Olives, called by the Arabs Jebel et Tur.



JERUSALEM, FROM THE MOUNT OF OLIVES.

A poor Arab village surrounds the Mosque or Church of the Ascension, which crowns the top. My beautiful visions of Olivet vanished as I stood amid the squalor of these wretched people. A keen-looking Arab, sheik of the village, whose numerous children attest to his being much married, conducted us to the top of the minaret of the little mosque. A rickety old affair is this minaret, but the view from it is superb. The mountain itself,—dotted with olives, figs, and carobs, with here and there a bit of a ruin, a broken tower or fence, and a green garden,—looks well, and the city lies out in all its fullness and grace. The panorama is perfect. The greater eminence of Olivet—two thousand four hundred feet above the Mediterranean—enabled us to look down into the Haram Area, the broad expanse of which, with the Dome of the Roçk, the Mosque el Aksa, the several smaller structures, the slender minarets and tapering cypresses, shows to the highest advantage. Nothing could be more pleasing to the eye of a tourist from the western world than the gray old walls overhung with vines and bushes, and dotted with turreted gates and watch-towers, inclosing a mass of compact flat roofs, with occasional domes, cupolas, and minarets, all overtopped in effect, if not in height, by the frowning battlements of the Tower of David.

On the north-west of the walls is the Russian settlement, with its cluster of buildings. On the same line beyond, miles away, stands Neby Samwil, high above the

whole region, with the hills of Ephraim still beyond. The mountains on the western horizon shut in the view, except where a small opening allows a peep down the Valley of Roses. South-west lies the bold ridge on which stands the Convent of Mar Elias, with the intervening valley of Rephaim between it and the hill of Offense; more directly to the south is seen the truncated Frank mountain; south-east appears the dreary-looking Wilderness of Judea; and more directly east and south of east, the green line marking the course of the Jordan. Beyond these, between the high cliffs, glimpses may be caught of the Dead Sea with the mountains of Moab stretching, in

their wavy outlines, in the far distance. So near did the rarified air bring the waters of the Dead Sea, that they looked as if I could have tossed a stone into them.

The Church of the Ascension, a small, octagonal-shaped building, possesses nothing of interest apart from its name. Its possible occupancy of the site whence our Lord ascended to heaven led us to look into it. It is a



The Church of the Ascension.

plain structure, much neglected. A stone, bearing the impress of a foot, is the only relic which attracts the visitor's attention. The precise spot of Christ's ascension does not appear to have possessed an equal interest for the primitive Church with the place of his nativity, of his crucifixion, or of his burial, and hence tradition is more uncertain. It is significant, however, that the only spot which tradition has fixed upon as the scene of this great event is the one where this little mosque stands.

The Scriptures merely indicate the ascension to have been from some part of the Mount, without positively settling the exact location. Their testimony is: "Then returned they (the disciples, after the ascension) unto Jerusalem from the mount called Olivet, which is from Jerusalem a sabbath day's journey." Acts i, 12. The rabbinic allowance for a sabbath day's journey was two thousand cubits, which, by fair English computation, make three thousand three hundred and thirty-three feet; and as Josephus gives in two instances the distance of Mount Olivet from the city at five and six *stadia*, between three thousand and four thousand feet, the summit of the mount answers all this condition. But the same evangelist, in his gospel, says, "And he led them out as far as to Bethany;" (Luke xxiv, 50;) while Bethany, according to John, was fifteen furlongs, or *stadia*, from the city, or three times a sabbath day's journey.

There are two ways of explaining the discrepancy: either by rendering the *to*, *toward*, or by assuming that

the village of Bethany gave its name to the entire eastern declivity of the mount, at the foot of which it stood, both of which suppositions are consistent with the text and the usages of the country. This would allow the ascension to have taken place either from the summit—the traditional site—or from any part of the slope toward Bethany. Some spot on this mountain was the last on earth which was pressed by the Redeemer's feet, and from which he ascended into heaven. It matters little that we cannot definitely determine where it is. Our effort to do so is as fruitless as was the gaze of the disciples when their eyes followed the Master as he was taken up into a cloud and received out of their sight. The event itself crowns the Mount of Olives with a glory which belongs to no other mountain. "Ye men of Galilee, why stand ye gazing up into heaven? this same Jesus which is taken up from you into heaven, shall so come in like manner as ye have seen him go into heaven." Acts i, 11.

From the Church of the Ascension we rode southward to the "Church of Pater Noster," standing on the traditional site where Jesus taught his disciples the Lord's Prayer. We could not gain admission. On another day I visited this church and was well repaid. It stands a few hundred feet from the summit. A French princess is having a beautiful new church and convent erected upon the grounds. In the outer court flowers already begin to bloom. The *atrium*, an inclosed quadrangle, is tastefully decorated. On the walls of a colonnade which surrounds

the interior court the Lord's Prayer is painted in thirty-two different languages. In a niche at the north side is an exquisite statue of the princess in a reclining posture, on the base of which is the following inscription, translated from the French: "Aurelia of Bossi, Princess of Tours, of Auvergne, Duchess of Bouillon, has given to France, and restored to Christian worship, this venerable sanctuary. To our Saviour, Jesus Christ, where he taught the Pater Noster to his disciples, she has erected this monument. May the all-powerful God cause his blessing for time and for eternity! Amen." In an urn in the wall above, the heart of her father is preserved: "To Count Charles of Bossi," etc.

The princess has lately spent seven years in Jerusalem, superintending these improvements. Beneath, in what were the vaults of the original church, she has had a chapel fitted up, at the altar of which she pays her devotions. The east window of the room at the Mediterranean Hotel, which she occupied when in the city, looks toward Mount Olivet. There she loved to sit with her eyes toward the scene of her work and affection. She has arranged for her burial beneath her statue. The excavations about the foundations of the old church are interesting, but reveal nothing anterior to the Christian era.

Leaving our horses, the party walked down the side of the mount to the tombs of the prophets. We crawled into one of them—a large cavern in the rocky sides of the hill, now nearly filled up with rubbish. Still lower

down on the mount lies the Jewish burial ground, the whole surface being dotted with the flat slabs which cover the graves. This location is as near to the walls as Jews are allowed to be buried. We could see from the rear how perfectly the tombs of Absalom, St. James, and Zechariah are cut from the sides of the mountain. Admission to these sealed tombs would amply reward one, but it is denied. It is possible they may never have been rifled of their contents, though it is doubtful if any place around Jerusalem, supposed to contain valuable treasures or relics, has escaped being entered and pilfered.

We now returned by the summit of the mount, and rode northward, taking the northern path where the roads fork. Following the line of the northern shoulder of Olivet, we came in a few minutes to the hill Scopus, situated north-east of the city, about a mile from the walls. The position on which we reined up our horses is of crown shape, and is part of a high continuous range which runs north-west, and crosses a half mile distant the road leading to Nablous. The view of the city is scarcely inferior to that obtained from the Mount of Olivet. The Haram looks depressed, but all the northern and western parts of the city, with the Russian buildings at the north-west, stand out in bold relief. While this round prominence may be regarded as a part of the Scopus range, it is evidently not the Scopus of Josephus, from which, as a "look-out," Cestus and Titus

are represented as having obtained their first sight of the city, and where Titus encamped preparatory to besieging it. This hill is less than seven furlongs from the ancient (third) wall of Agrippa. The true Scopus must be looked for farther back, and falls naturally on the range where the Nablous road intersects it.

The latter point is about seven furlongs from the walls, if the distance be measured from the massive ruins near the Tombs of the Kings, which Captain Wilson supposes to be part of Agrippa's wall. Besides, Lieutenant Conder has accurately surveyed the ground and found the valley just in front of the ridge to run eastward eight hundred yards, and north and south three hundred yards, containing fifty acres, which, with ten acres easily available to the west of the road, is capable of accommodating a stationary camp of two Roman legions, (fifteen thousand men.) A slight swell of land divides this valley from the larger Wady el Goz, and would conceal from the city any large force which might be encamped in it. Then three furlongs farther north, west of the ridge, in the direction of Tell el Ful, is a piece of level ground, where the third legion could have been accommodated. It is significant, too, that the Arabic name El Mesharif (the *Look-out*, identical with the Greek *Skopos*)* is applied to this ridge according to a half-dozen separate native witnesses, who were questioned.

We descended circuitously from the traditional Sco-

* "Palestine Exploration Fund," April, 1874.

pus, down shelving banks, and through green fields, and across the upper part of the Valley of Kedron, southward, till we came to the Tombs of the Kings, sometimes called the Tomb of Helena, Queen of Adiabene. All the best authorities adopt the latter name. Though the tomb was well known for the first four centuries of the Christian era, it was afterward lost sight of, and remained unknown until discovered in the twelfth century, when, in the absence of a name, and because of its grandeur, it was termed the Tomb of the Kings.

There is no tradition, scriptural or otherwise, for supposing the kings of Judah were buried in this vicinity. Among the ancient writers who describe this tomb are Josephus, Eusebius, and Pausanias. De Saulcy, among moderns, thoroughly explored it. He opened a chamber hitherto unknown, and found a sarcophagus containing a skeleton in good preservation. On the sarcophagus was an inscription in Syriac and Hebrew—“*Sarah, Queen.*” He discovered in the antechamber some terra cotta vases and urns, and three small oriental alabaster vases. These are now in the Museum of the Louvre.* Helena having become, with her son Izate, a Jewish proselyte, after the death of her husband Monotagus removed to Jerusalem, and caused this tomb to be built, and after a life of great devotion to the people whose religion she had espoused, died, and was buried here.

The tomb is represented by ancient writers as one

* Porter : “ Hand-Book of Syria and Palestine,” p. 147.

of great splendor, with three pyramids, and a *façade* of exceeding beauty. Now there is little, externally, to impress one. It lies in a deep depression, surrounded by olive-trees. The ancient stair-way down into it is laid bare. The exterior court is nearly filled with *débris* and growing shrubbery. The door by which the vestibule was entered is gone. That by which the antechamber is entered is, *in situ*, a little below the surface of the ground at the south end of the vestibule. A round flat stone, much the shape of a huge millstone, closes the mouth, and rolls to the left. "We rolled away the stone," and with lighted tapers went into the antechamber. Thence we entered a second chamber, lying directly south. The door to this opens on the inside, and is so constructed that if closed when a person is within, it is almost impossible to open it. We did not choose to try the experiment of shutting it. The design, no doubt, was to entrap any one who might attempt to rob the dead.

Around this chamber are sinks, or *loculi*, designed for the bodies of the dead. In the center of each sink is generally another sink or cut. Whether two bodies were placed in each large sink on either side of the little sink, or a single body was placed directly over the sink, does not appear. These smaller *loculi*, may have been for depositing the special treasures or jewelry of the dead, while still others of triangular shape in the walls above were likely for lamps. This chamber has six *loculi*, and is a specimen of three others, all of which we did not care to

examine. The whole tomb, from the *façade* in front to the innermost chamber, is hewn from the solid rock. But for extent and grandeur it is not comparable to the Tombs of the Kings at Thebes. There we penetrated for hundreds of feet, through beautifully ornamented aisles, to find at the end, in some cases, a series of large and richly painted chambers and immense granite sarcophagi.

Our way south to the city lay through old olive orchards, by some ruins, supposed to mark the line of Agrippa's wall, and by the "Ash Heap" to the "Russian possessions." Here, on high ground, the most eligible location about the city, the Russians have bought up extensive lands, and planted themselves by the erection of a superb church, convent, and hospice, thus "throwing an anchor to windward" against the day when the "sick man's" empire shall go to pieces, and the Russian Bear shall gobble up the Holy Land as one of his small morsels. If there were not political design on the part of Russia, why is not its government content to be represented by the Greek Church as constituted in the Turkish Empire? Although the Greek Church, as recognized in Turkey and the East generally, has the richest property in Jerusalem, still there must be also a Russian Greek establishment.

The grounds about the buildings are yet new, and not highly ornamented. A large ancient column lies near the church, the original design of which is unknown, but it is quite clear that it was broken while being cut, and

was never finished, nor removed from its resting place. We could not get into the church, but on another occasion I was present at one of the evening services. The building is cruciform byzantine, with a highly ornamented screen. The priests came out and performed their devotions at a small altar, which stands a little removed from and in front of the screen. They threw the incense toward the altar and screen, and bowing and bobbing, uttered incoherent Greek sentences at a rate which made the ordinary ritual of Romanism appear rational and convenient. The service was chanted by a choir of superb male voices. There were no pews, but all over the marble pavement the rude peasants either stood or knelt, some of them prostrating themselves until their foreheads touched the floor. One lady of eminence was present, and to her and her companions marked deference was paid.

At high noon we arrived at our tents, gratified with the circuit we had made, and with our dragoman and horses.

CHAPTER XV.

JERUSALEM—TEMPLE WALL—MOUNT ZION.

IT was hard to continue sight-seeing this same afternoon; but it was Friday, the opportune time for visiting the Jews' Wailing Place. Accordingly, putting ourselves again under the escort of Dr. De Hass, we penetrated through the



A Jerusalem Jew.

street of David to the Jewish quarter. Very soon a straggling Jew, with his long locks, long-tail coat, and fur cap; or a stray Jewess, draped in her newest, whitest izar, falling gracefully over the back of the head and form, indicated our proximity to the sacred spot. It is an exposed part of the exterior western wall of the Haram between the Gates of the Chain and of the Strangers, and, from its large bevel-edged stones, is supposed to have belonged to the ancient temple. Pictures may assist the im-

agination in conceiving the scene, but the actual seeing can alone enable one to feel it. In a little open space, about twenty feet wide and seventy feet long, we found three or four dozen Jews grouped—reading, listening, praying, and weeping. Some grave old men read out of greasy old books, (the Bible or the Talmud,) while



Jews' Wailing Place.

others listened. Some of the women, too—apart, of course—read to other women. A few put their faces as close to the wall as possible, seeming intent upon thrusting their noses into the very crevices of the stones. Here these people gather from week to week to sigh and mourn for all the evils which have happened to Israel, especially

that the site of their great and beautiful Temple has become the possession of infidels. It is said, also, that individuals bring hither their private griefs—griefs for the dead and the living, of disappointment and jealousy. Pretty young maidens have been known here to bewail their unrequited loves. Why should not the heart take its greatest sorrow, the world over, to the holiest place? I confess that though the first effect upon me as I stood by was rather ludicrous, I found myself, as I tarried longer, entering sympathetically into the sobs, whether sincere or simulated, of these poor, despised Israelites.

To the north of the Wailing Place, immediately in front of Bab es Silsile, or Gate of the Chain, is "Wilson's Arch," discovered by Captain Wilson, of the Palestine Exploration Society. It is found, on entering a little garden which surrounds the Hall of Justice, at twenty-five feet below the level of the causeway or bed of David-street, and then clambering over a little moslem dwelling, under a succession of pointed, ragged arches of moslem style, with the Haram wall on the right, until the Pool el Burak is reached. This pool is, at the south, covered over by an arch of seventeen feet six inches span, apparently of Roman construction. Beyond this is a trimmer arch and still beyond is Wilson's Arch. The shape of the *voussoirs* in it indicate its date to be about the fifth or sixth century. The span of the arch is forty-two feet, and its width forty-three feet. In connection with Wilson's Arch is a series of semicircular and segmental

arches, over which the viaduct or causeway from Mount Moriah to Mount Zion is constructed. None of these, except Wilson's Arch, appears to have been exposed, but were probably used as secret chambers for stores and for water.

A shaft sunk alongside of the Haram or Sanctuary Wall, under the southern end of Wilson's Arch, has revealed, at a depth of twenty-four feet, a mass of masonry, apparently the *voussoirs* and drafted stones of a fallen arch and wall. At forty-four feet, water in great quantity is found, which tastes like that of the Virgin's Pool; at seven feet still lower, more water and soft rock. At fifty-one feet nine inches below the springing of the arch, the bottom course of the Haram wall is let into the rock, and at two feet ten inches farther down it can be seen resting upon the hard rock called, by the Arabs, *mezzeh*. This rock has usually upon it two or three feet of water, and shows that there is still a flow of water from north to south through the Tyropœon Valley. No trace has been found of the second suburban gate, as given in Furgusson's "Restoration of the Temple." The Sanctuary Wall, believed to be the wall of the Temple, is found *in situ*. There are twenty-one courses of drafted stones, averaging from three feet eight to four feet in height, and making, in all, a height of about seventy-five feet six inches above the rock. The courses are similar to those at the Wailing Place; and the wall is probably one of the oldest portions of the Sanctuary now existing, and is

believed to have been, when first built, above ground and exposed to view.*

From the "Wailing Place" we passed around, zigzagging a little, to an open space attached to the house of Abu Saud, from which we had a good view of the south end of the western wall of the Haram. Between these points, concealed by modern houses, but accessible to the adventurous, is a small alley way leading down into a gloomy court, where, between the angle of the wall and a house, in the midst of Jewish masonry, is a section of a gate-way. The lintel of this gate-way is seven feet in depth, and measures sixteen feet in length to the place where it is covered by the wall of the house. The gate-way formerly led to a little mosque dedicated to Burak, the famous charger of Mohammed. A subterranean passage has been discovered leading up from the gate into the Haram Area. The gate is believed to have belonged to the Temple, and to have been the second gate from the south wall leading from the Temple into what was called the "suburb" of the city.†

The first object to attract attention on approaching the wall at the south end was the famous "Robinson's Arch," consisting of projecting stones, forming a continuous course of masonry fifty-one feet long. It is thirty-nine feet, at its southern extremity, from the south-west angle of the wall. Dr. Robinson supposed, when he first saw

* "The Recovery of Jerusalem," chap. iii, 56, etc.
Book of Syria and Palestine," p. 113.

† Porter, "Hand-

these stones, that they were merely a bulge in the wall caused by some convulsion, but subsequently, in conversation with some friends, the thought of the great bridge which, according to Josephus, connected the Temple with the Xystus, or Mount Zion,* suggested to him the possibility that this masonry was the remains of the first arch of the bridge. A more careful examination afterward convinced him of the correctness of this theory. The massive stones are regularly laid; the curve of the arch is accurately determined, so much so that its span is calculated to have been about forty-five feet. Captain Warren reckoned from the length of this span where to look for one of the piers, as he supposed it required five such arches to span the whole width of the valley (three hundred and fifty-nine feet) from Mount Moriah to Mount Zion. After carrying a shaft to the depth of thirty-seven feet, "a block of solid colossal masonry of Jewish type was found, its western face being fifty-four feet from the Haram wall."

The discovery of this pier seems to set two questions at rest: first, that this arch was part of the bridge; and, secondly, that the wall in which it is found is part of the wall of the ancient Temple. The absence of any similar projection anywhere else, so far as I saw, would appear to be enough to discredit Professor Williams' view, that the

* Spoken of at the taking of the city by Pompey, "Jewish War," vol. ii, book xiv, chap. iv, sec. 2. Also by Titus, "Jewish War," vol. iv, book vi, chap. vi, sec. 2.

so-called arch is but a part of a series of vaults like those under the southern area. The lowness of the arch (a radius of about twenty feet) militates nothing; since it is easy to conceive of its supporting masonry forty feet high, on which the bed of the bridge was laid. Or the masonry may have been a series of arches, one above another, as is often seen in aqueducts. Then, as to the superior height of Mount Zion on the west end, it is probable the distance above the bed of the bridge was overcome by a flight of steps.

The extreme jealousy of the Arab owner of the property adjoining is a great drawback to further excavations; but it is to be hoped that ere long a second pier will be found. It was amusing to see the sharpness with which the two dark eyes of a swarthy-visaged Arab watched us as we sauntered around. The fear evidently was, not that we were about sinking another shaft, but that our unwary feet might trample on some water-melon vines which were growing in the hot, soft soil! A prospective melon is of more importance to a lazy moslem than all the "manner of stones" which excited the wonder of Christ's disciples, and now excited ours.

On quitting the south-west angle of the Haram, we walked along the south wall of the city, through luxuriant growths of cactuses. The whole valley and hillside are covered with them. They bear a fruit which, when ripe, is highly prized by the natives, and is a source of no little nourishment to the poor of the city. Passing out at the

Dung Gate, probably the ancient Water Gate, or on a line with it, we began the "climb up Zion's Hill." The afternoon sun was pouring down, and the walk brought to mind, in more senses than one, the "*climbing, c-l-i-m-b-i-n-g,*" so often repeated in the little Sunday-school song.

We had reached Jerusalem too late in the season to see plowing on Mount Zion. But all around us were the proofs, in the growing, ripening grain, that the plow for this, as well as many previous years, had been at the double work of preparing for grain and fulfilling prophecy: "Therefore shall Zion, for your sake, be plowed as a field, and Jerusalem shall become heaps, and the mountain of the house as the high places of the forest." Micah iii, 12. This part of Mount Zion, now south of the wall of the city, was included within the ancient city. The first wall, undoubtedly, ran south from the south-east angle of the Temple Area, as far at least as the Pool of Siloam, and then around westward and northward, encompassing the whole hill.

This was the mountain of the Jebusites, which for four hundred years bade defiance to Israel, and was at last captured by David and his valiant young men. Here David established his capital, built his "ceiled house," and dwelt as the king of Israel. Though now a desolation, with only a few meager buildings and inclosures grouped together to designate the place of his habitation and burial, it was always worthy the palace of a king and the home of a poet. Upon this height, "beautiful for situa-

tion," was David's kingly home; and here, overlooking many of the scenes of his youth and of his outlawed life among the Judean hills, he recalled the wondrous dealings of God with him, till his musings were kindled into those psalms of pure thought, of tender pathos, and devout ecstasy, which have been the study and delight of the religious mind from his day to the present time.

Around the hill, a little below its crown, runs the aqueduct, or one of the aqueducts, leading from Solomon's Pools. Cisterns are quite numerous. Into one of these we threw stones, and from the sound produced, ascertained it to be of great dimensions. We also observed that the rocks in several places on the extreme southern eminence had been scarped at some remote period. A flight of steps hewed in the rock has been recently discovered at the English Cemetery, near the south-west corner. Bishop Gobat, in removing earth from the spot to fill up depressions near his boys' school, laid bare thirty-four steps, without reaching the bottom of the flight. There is also a stair-way in the hill Ophel, near the Pool of Siloam; the same that Tristram thinks is referred to by Nehemiah: "The gate of the fountain repaired Shal-lun the son of Col-hozeh, the ruler of part of Mizpah; he built it, . . . and the wall of the Pool of Siloah . . . and unto the stairs that go down from the city of David." Neh. iii, 15. May not these last steps have communicated with the king's garden, which, in all probability, comprised the terraced sides of the Tyropœon Valley?

The steps near the English Cemetery have since been found to be a part of a continuous line of scarped rock at the south-west corner of the hill, running north and east. Mr. Maudsley, after vainly seeking the privilege of cleaning out the Pool of Bethesda, (Birket Israel,) turned his attention to the location occupied by the English school on Zion, with both a philanthropic and archæological purpose, and with very important results. Lieutenant Conder has examined these excavations, and has been able to determine not only the position of the ancient wall, but also the solid rock part of the tower, which stood at the south-west angle of the wall. "We now arrived at the first tower, or buttress of rock, upon the top of which the dining-room of the school-house is placed. This square foundation of rock is about forty-five feet either way, and its general level is twenty feet above an outer ledge of rock which surrounds it. . . . The general result is, that a tower projected forty-six feet from the scarp at this point, having its top level with the crest of the scarp, and that it stood upon a broad ledge also scarped, which probably had steps leading down from it, although from the impossibility of tracing the whole line, they have not been discovered. In the passage leading to the upper story of the school-house the south face of the tower is exposed, forming one wall of the passage, and the steps which led up from the outer ledge or platform are seen in profile as they run parallel to the south face."*

* "Palestine Exploration Fund," April, 1875. London.

Having discovered the location of three towers, (two additional east of the corner tower,) Lieutenant Conder further remarks: "As regards the towers themselves, they answer well to the general description of Josephus. It will appear from the plan that no less than eighteen cisterns supplied the towers with water. The discovery of a second tower north of the corner tower under the school-house would make the question of the intervals much clearer; and if a gate were found, as seems probable, it would be a valuable discovery. Eastward, I contend that a little further exploration might set at rest the question as to where the old wall crossed (as it undoubtedly did) the Tyropœon Valley." He thinks that the explorations of Mr. Maudsley, pushed to completion, will lead to the determination of the complete lines of the old wall, the recovery of the Royal Towers, the Gate of the Essenes, and other results equally important to the archæology of Jerusalem.

Our company sat in the vicinity of these excavations, and discussed for some time these and kindred questions, the conversation meanwhile enlivened with gleams of home talk and personal anecdote, and then entered the *Cœnaculum*, the House of the Last Supper. This building, known also as David's Tomb, was originally the church and monastery, or stood on the site of the church and monastery, of the St. Franciscan order, and is now a mosque. Its minaret is one of the first objects seen in approaching the city from the south. It is affirmed that

a church stood on the spot as early as the fourth century. At present the building is much out of repair, is quite common in appearance, and does not at all comport with the dignity of David's burial place. We ascended by a stair-way in an interior court to the second story, and then passed through a main central room to an elevated recess, where, behind a screen, the tomb of David was pointed out. We were not allowed to go behind the screen. The tomb appeared to be an ordinary sarcophagus, covered by green satin tapestry (the favorite color of Moslemism) richly embroidered with gold. Over it is a canopy of red, blue, and green satin, with strips of yellow suspended above. Two tall silver candlesticks stand before a door at one end of the room, and this door is said to be the entrance to the cave below. If David be buried here, it is in the cave below—the upper sarcophagus being, as in other instances, merely the visible tomb.

The evidence from the Scriptures and from Josephus that Mount Zion is the place where David, Solomon, and the kings of Judah were buried, is conclusive. Nehemiah, in describing the rebuilding of the wall, says: "After him repaired Nehemiah the son of Azbuk . . . unto the place over against the sepulchres of David, and to the pool that was made, and unto the house of the mighty." Neh. iii, 16. The "house of the mighty" was probably the towers at the south-west angle. Peter spoke of the tomb of David as a thing known in his day. Acts ii, 29.

Not until the eleventh century is the subject again mentioned, and after that several accounts are given.

The most glowing description is that by Benjamin of Tudela, A. D. 1160. Though familiar, I venture to give it again, as quoted in Williams' "Holy City :—" "On Mount Zion are the sepulchres of the house of David and those of the kings who reigned after him. In consequence of the following circumstance, however, this place is hardly to be recognized at present. Fifteen years ago one of the walls of the place of worship on Mount Zion fell down, which the patriarch ordered the priest to repair. He commanded to take stones from the original wall of Zion and to employ them for that purpose, which command was obeyed. Two laborers, who were engaged in digging stones from the very foundation of the walls of Zion, happened to meet with one which formed the mouth of a cavern. They agreed to enter the cave and search for treasure; and, in pursuit of this object, they penetrated to a large hall, supported by pillars of marble, incrustured with gold and silver, before which stood a table with a golden scepter and crown. This was the sepulchre of David, king of Israel, to the left of which they saw that of Solomon, and of all the kings of Israel who were buried there. They further saw locked chests, and desired to enter the hall to examine them; but a blast of wind, like a storm, issued from the mouth of the cavern, and prostrated them almost lifeless on the ground. They lay in this state until evening, when they heard a voice commanding them to

rise up and to go forth from the place. They proceeded, terror-stricken, to the patriarch, and informed him of what had occurred. Upon being satisfied of the correctness of their statement the patriarch ordered the 'place to be walled up,' so as to hide it effectually from every one to the present day."

This statement, though in some respects highly fabulous, affords early support to the tradition, both from a Jewish and a Christian point of view. It is reasonable to conclude that when Mount Zion shall be thoroughly explored, the tombs of David and his successors will be laid open as successfully as those of the kings of Thebes and Memphis. Why not? Just as soon as permission can be obtained of the Turkish authorities, shafts will be sunk a little removed from the Mosque, and the cave, if there be one, will be approached by a horizontal shaft as at the south-east angle of the Haram wall. At no place in the city is the *débris* deeper than on Mount Zion.

That is a curious tradition, however, which places the "upper chamber" where Jesus ate the Last Supper with his disciples, where he appeared to the eleven, the doors being shut, and where the disciples were assembled with one accord on the day of Pentecost, and the Holy Ghost descended upon them—in the same building with the tomb of David. But here it is—a large, barren, desolate room; and even the hole in the ceiling through which the Spirit came! This is but another example of the jumble into which fact and fiction are thrown together

around the historical sites of the Holy City. And then a little farther on, between the *Cœnaculum* and the gate of Zion, we visited the "House of Caiaphas the High-priest." This was his city palace, to which our Lord was taken from the house of Annas, and where he was formally examined before the Sanhedrim and condemned. The present building, utterly without architectural pretension, belongs to the Armenians. Conveniently situated to each other are the prison in which Christ was confined, the stone which closed the tomb of Jesus, stolen from the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, the spot where Peter stood when he denied his Master, and even the stone on which the cock was roosting when he crew!

A few feet to the west of the House of Caiaphas is the American Burial Ground. I climbed to the top of the high wall and looked over. There are only a few graves, and the little inclosure is overgrown with weeds and wild vines. The English Burial Ground, farther south, on the brow of the hill, is larger, has a number of interesting and beautiful tombs, and is well kept.

It was now near sunset, so we entered the Zion Gate, or Bab en Neby David, the Gate of the Prophet David, which, though a fine Saracenic structure, is not so large and elaborate as either the Jaffa or Damascus Gate, and turned eastward down the hill to see the Lepers' quarter. Here these loathsome creatures are allowed to live, huddled together without the least care, or the least effort to abate the nuisance. Although relief has been offered by

strangers, and the Turkish Government makes an appropriation for their benefit, little or no attention is paid to their wants by the local administration. They are permitted to thrust their hideous forms before the public in the thoroughfares, and one day in the week, by common consent, they sally forth on a general begging expedition. Repeated private efforts have been made to gather them into a hospital, but the authorities are indifferent to every such movement.

Thence our steps led us westward and northward, through the high-walled Armenian quarter. The convent, church, hospice, and grounds of the Armenian Christians, occupy the most sightly part of the modern Mount Zion, and are by far the most eligible and extensive of all the Christian possessions in Jerusalem. The Church of St. James, their great church, stands on the traditional site of the martyrdom of St. James the Apostle, the first bishop of Jerusalem. It is the next largest church to that of the Holy Sepulchre in the city, is elaborately finished, and is said to possess more costly vestments than any other. The whole furniture and ornamentation are rather tawdry. The chair in which St. James sat is preserved, but the most interesting spot is a little cloister at the left, immediately off the main room, said to be the place where the apostle was beheaded. It is carefully veiled, and is shown as a most sacred shrine. I saw a priest showing it to a young man and woman, foreign Armenians, who seemed deeply impressed. When through with seeing the

sacred relics, the woman stooped to kiss the priest's feet ; but he instantly checked her and lifted her up. In the vestibule is a fountain of water, the purity and sweetness of which are due to the martyrdom of St. James ! Curious old-fashioned bars of wood and iron, used formerly instead of bells, are still suspended in the vestibule. A few paces more, along the street al Kala, by al Kala (or the Citadel,) which lies hard on to the western wall and runs northward nearly to the Jaffa Gate, and we came out into Maakaf, the Market-place, an open plaza in front of the Mediterranean Hotel.

The next day was Saturday. A visit to the Citadel was made by most of our party. The consul obtained permission from the governor, and kindly sent his *cavass*, Mohammet, with us. We entered by the portcullis on the east, and examined pretty thoroughly the whole fortress, from the gloomy dungeon beneath, to the parapets at the top. The refitting is all modern, and there is nothing, apart from associations, to make this fortress more interesting than many to be found elsewhere. Two old iron cannon mount the rampart, which are used for occasional salutes. From the roof is obtained an admirable view of the city and of the adjacent hills and valleys.

The Citadel, known now as the Tower of David, is confidently believed to be the same as the Tower of Hippicus, which stood at the north-west angle of the first and most ancient wall of Mount Zion. It is built upon the solid rock, the rock being scarped so as to slope back

from the broad fosse which lies between it and the street. This rock is faced with large stones, some of them from nine to thirteen feet in length and four feet wide, and is a striking specimen of what is supposed to be Herodian masonry. This ancient work extends only about forty feet high : that above is modern. If this be the Tower of Hippicus, then it is one of the few things which Titus spared in the destruction of the city ; and certainly the character of the masonry shows it to belong to a period as early as the time of Herod the Great.*

In digging for the foundations of the English Church, not over two or three hundred yards to the east, an under-ground passage was discovered, forty feet below the surface, which, when explored, was found to lead to this tower on the west, and also eastward in the direction of the Temple Area. The conjecture is, that it was a secret passage from the Palace to the Citadel, to the Temple, and, possibly, to the quarries under the city, and that it was by it that Simon the Tyrant made his escape, and through it returned to make his last mad and fruitless attempt to surprise the Romans after they had captured the Tower.

When coming out of the Citadel one of those little episodes occurred which illustrate Arab character, and serve to spice the monotony of sight-seeing. The *cavass* was suddenly set upon by an insolent soldier. A scuffle ensued, and it looked for a moment as though blood

* See Frontispiece.

would be shed. The base fellow was enraged because liberal backsheesh was not given him, and was determined to be avenged on our inoffensive attendant. On being reported he was instantly thrown into prison. The governor was ready to administer any punishment which might be required by the howadji to atone for the insult. Because of the vigilance of foreign consuls all injury and disrespect to strangers are quickly redressed. Nothing but such prompt and decisive action renders traveling safe, or even tolerably agreeable. If, in addition to the perpetual importunity for backsheesh, there was liability to violence and insult, it would indeed be intolerable. As it is, the consideration which travelers receive from the local authorities is all that could be desired.

In the afternoon, it being the Jewish Sabbath, I visited, in company with my wife, one of the Jewish synagogues. We passed along David-street, turned up by the Jewish Hospital, through the street of the Prophet David, and found ourselves in the midst of the Jewish quarter. Here, situated in a comparatively small compass, are synagogues and schools enough for all the Jews in Berlin, not to say Jerusalem. I did not count them, but the Ordnance Survey gives fifteen synagogues and four schools. These are divided between two sects, known as the Sephardim and the Ashkenazim. The former are of Spanish origin, but were driven from Spain by Ferdinand and Isabella as early as 1497, and are now mostly gathered here, and recognized as Turkish subjects: the latter

are of German or Polish origin. The Karaites, a small sect, who reject the Talmud, have but one synagogue.

To which sect the synagogue we entered belongs I did not learn. It is a large building, and the lower floor was well filled with men. Our presence excited some attention, especially that of Mrs. Ridgaway. We were very courteously invited to seats. In the pulpit, at the eastern end, a rabbi was preaching with much earnestness and at great length. His audience were grouped heterogeneously around him, some standing in front, others sitting on the pulpit stairs, and others again in the pulpit itself, all seemingly intent, in an easy way, upon what was being said. The deep furrows on their brows showed that even then they were possibly endeavoring to solve the problem of their people's destiny. Farther down the room there were those who were content to sit quietly, either perusing a book or in a meditative attitude. Whatever else I failed to see, I did not miss the invariable fur cap and long-tailed coat.

Outside the synagogue, and flanking it, was the school. Here, in a long, low building, were gathered women, poring over the Talmud and the Bible. Some read aloud, while others eagerly listened. Boys and girls were in separate rooms in process of instruction. The Jews in Jerusalem may be idle on work days, but they certainly show commendable attention to religious worship on their Sabbaths. I looked into the faces of these people, and there I saw the same physiognomy with which I had been

familiar in America. To the number of eight thousand, amid poverty and wretchedness, they cling with the tenacity of death to the sacred dust of their fathers. While the passion of accumulation is an instinct, and carries them as a race the world over, here are those who forego its impulses, and weep about the broken and desolated altars of the ancient city, dependent largely upon the alms of their distant and wealthier brethren. No doubt, among them are unworthy skulks, but, in the main, I think it is devotion to their religious traditions which brings and keeps them here. They love, too, to be in the heart of the city, as near as possible to the very foundations of the Temple; for although Sir Moses Montefiore, of London, has built long rows of cottages for their accommodation in the south-western suburb, only a few can be induced to occupy them.

Many of the Jews are among the most thrifty and enterprising citizens of Jerusalem, mechanics and merchants, and live in a well-to-do style. A marriage in one of the families of the better class is thus described by Mrs. Ridgaway:—

We called one day, with letters of introduction, upon Mrs. Bailey, the wife of one of the missionaries to the Jews. They have a comfortable home and flourishing schools. She is an English lady, affable and intelligent and interested us in the work among the Jewish women. She placed us under the escort of a converted Jew, the father of one of their teachers, and he spent the afternoon

in accompanying us from place to place. As we wended our way with careful steps through the rough and muddy streets, our attention was attracted by the sound of Arabic music. Our guide remarked that there was a wedding near by, and as we saw a procession forming, we turned into the narrow street, at the junction of which we stood. A party of young girls were coming out of a house, and in the hand of each was placed a lighted candle as she left the door. They all wore the izar, the usual white robe covering the entire person, but below this could be seen pretty light-colored silk dresses and neat boots. It was easy to distinguish the bride—she walked in front, her face covered with a white lace veil, and attendants on either side were supporting her. The lady who gave them the candles, and who seemed to be mistress of ceremonies, was dressed in Frank costume, and we afterward learned that she was a sister of the groom. When she noticed us standing near with curious eyes, she said to our attendant: "Ask the lady to accompany us." We looked as if to say, "We should like to, but do you really mean it?" Her answering look was one of cordial invitation, so we followed the procession along the uninteresting street, by blank walls, until under a dark archway we came to a door where the party entered and ascended a flight of steps.

We hesitated slightly, but followed the party and found ourselves upon a landing, or court, upon which opened various rooms used for the domestic purposes of

the household. Here we were met by a few well-dressed ladies, who assisted the bridal party to lay aside their wraps, and who also took our water-proofs. A sweet drink, flavored with the essence of orange blossoms, was offered to the bride, and afterward passed to us, and we sipped from the same glass. The bridal party then ascended a flight of stairs to the better rooms, which are always located on the upper stories, and we were invited to accompany them.

At the head of these stairs the groom appeared for the first time. He met his bride and conducted her into an adjoining room, where they were seated together on a divan. Candles, at least a yard long and some inches in diameter, and elaborately decorated with blue and red and gold, were lighted and given to them. We had chairs opposite, while many of the guests stood; and though feeling some embarrassment at our anomalous position, we used the opportunity to make as many observations as possible. All eyes were upon the bride and groom. He was tall, with light hair and complexion, fair for an eastern gentleman, and seemed not more than twenty-one years of age; his dress was that of a well-dressed European. The bride might, we thought, be about seventeen; she had dark hair, and was quite stout. Her dress was of blue silk, brocaded with gilt flowers, with gilt fringe on the skirt, over which she wore a short sacque of a lighter colored blue silk. Around her neck and about her forehead were ornaments of gold, oriental in style and make.

She sat with downcast eyes, and seemed too timid to raise them, even to her nearest friends.

Three women were playing upon simple musical instruments continually, and were, I suppose, hired performers; they kept time with their bodies, and nearly the entire company joined in clapping of hands as they moved slowly before the bride. The company varied in appearance; some were handsomely dressed and others quite simply; it seemed, altogether, as if it might be a family party. Presently, lemonade, deliciously flavored, was furnished, and then a sweetmeat was brought in on one plate and with one spoon, and from this we all took a taste.

All this time we sat in ignorance of much that we desired to know. Fortunately one of our party could talk Italian, and she discovered that the groom also understood that language. Another talked a little German with the brother of the groom. We were informed that the wedding ceremony had that forenoon been performed at the house of the bride's parents, according to Jewish form. When we met the company the bride was being escorted by her maiden friends to the house of her husband's parents, which was henceforth to be her home. We were told that the festivities would continue for a week, different days being devoted to different entertainments. After awhile the groom left the room and joined his gentlemen friends, who were smoking; then the two mothers took position on either side of the bride and held the two candles, while the music and rejoicing continued.

As soon as we could suitably do so we shook hands with the bride, tried to offer congratulations and to return thanks for the courtesy extended to us; and then, excusing ourselves, we retired, well pleased with such an unexpected and unusual display of hospitality.

We afterward learned that the English physician and his wife, and other foreigners, had been present at the marriage ceremony, and that the groom belonged to a family considered to be quite wealthy. We were also told that the young man had been partially educated in Europe, and that while abroad he had formed an attachment for a French girl, whom he desired to make his wife. But this was the wife chosen by his family, and, according to Eastern custom, the young people must abide by the choice of their parents and friends.

The following Sunday passed pleasantly. Two or three of us walked early in the morning to the Chapel of the Virgin, to Gethsemane, to the summit of Olivet, and out as far as to Bethany. I attended service in the forenoon at the English Church, and heard a good sermon from the venerable Bishop Gobat. The bishop, though aged and feeble, preaches very regularly on Sunday mornings. He is truly an apostolic man, thoroughly evangelical in spirit, and much devoted to a school which he has founded for the education of native children.

The English Church had its origin in Jerusalem in the attempt to propagate the Gospel among the Jews. The first missionary was Dr. Dalton, who located himself

in Jerusalem in 1824, and died in 1826. He was followed by the Rev. J. Nicolayson. Through many difficulties and delays the mission maintained a feeble existence. "In 1841 an agreement was entered into by the English and Prussian governments to establish a bishopric of the Anglican Church at Jerusalem, with a diocese embracing Mesopotamia, Chaldea, Syria, Palestine, Egypt, and Abyssinia. It was stipulated that the bishops should be nominated alternately by the crowns of England and Prussia, the archbishop of Canterbury having the right of veto with those nominated by the latter. . . . To provide an endowment, the king of Prussia at once gave the large sum of fifteen thousand pounds, the annual interest of which, with six hundred pounds more raised in England, constitutes the bishop's income."*

The first bishop was Michael Solomon Alexander, a Jewish convert. On his death, Mr. Gobat, then a missionary to Abyssinia, was elected to the vacant see. The present church edifice is a neat Gothic structure, seating about five hundred persons. The Society for the Propagation of the Gospel among the Jews has its independent work, and maintains a school and hospital at its own expense. The missionary physician, Dr. Chaplain, is a Christian gentleman, a skillful practitioner, and a reliable archæologist. His quiet English home, overlooking the vacant grounds of the Muristan, is indeed an oasis amid the general material and moral waste.

* Murray, "Hand-Book of Syria and Palestine," p. 80.

CHAPTER XVI.

THE VALLEY OF THE JORDAN.

OUR arrangements being perfected for the tour to the Jordan, through Moab, and around the Dead Sea, we started on the morning of April 21. It was originally our plan to go directly to Damascus, and thence southward through the Hauran country to Kerak, thence around the foot of the Dead Sea; but our detention at Akabah of five days took the time we should have given to the Hauran, and as the season was far advanced we deemed it safer for health to make this southern expedition at once. The sequel showed the wisdom of the change. Sheik Haza, of the Adwan nation, whose territory lies from Jerash on the north to Ma'an on the south, and from the Jordan seventy miles east, had come over to Jerusalem, and agreed to conduct us through their land for thirty napoleons. His protection could only avail after crossing the Jordan, and so we were obliged to obtain from the sheiks of the Jordan a safe conduct through their domains. Travelers to the Jordan, unprotected by an escort from these sheiks, are as liable to fall among thieves to-day as in the days of Jesus. A young American, who only recently disregarded this advice, was stripped and robbed.

We left the Jaffa Gate at nine A. M.* The morning was pleasant. We all felt in good spirits, though the expedition before us was one of greater danger than even that of the Desert. We had no assurance at starting that we could succeed in all we proposed, since the tribes beyond the Jordan, especially those of Kerak and at the south-east of the Dead Sea, were treacherous. We were, however, especially favored in having Dr. De Haas as one of our party during the Moab tour. His office, held in high respect by the Bedawin, did not a little to facilitate our movements. The "beke," in the opinion of the untamed children of Ishmael, is about as big a personage as the Sultan of Turkey. At his instance the local government is a little swifter to avenge outrages than of its own motion, or even of the motion of the Sublime Porte.

Our pack-train, consisting of about thirty mules and donkeys, with their drivers, under the control of Areph, or Abu Kaliel, "Father of the Little (son)," had started in advance. We passed around the north wall of the city, and across the Kedron, and on the east side took the old road

* The composition of our company had somewhat changed. Dr. Chambers, Mr. Jackson, and Mr. Townsend had formed a distinct party for a shorter tour through Palestine; Dr. Vail, after accompanying us to the Jordan, was to go directly to Damascus; and Mr. Bankart had left immediately for Europe. We regretted to have these four gentlemen fall away from the original twelve. We were, however, pleasantly reinforced by the Rev. Dr. D. J. Yerkes, the Rev. Dr. H. C. Fish and his son, Mr. Frederick S. Fish, all of New Jersey, who constituted part of our company until we returned to Italy. Some of the time my wife and Miss Fish, daughter of Dr. Fish, accompanied us. They, with another lady, were now along on the trip to the Jordan.

to Jericho over the eastern slopes of Olivet. We stopped to look at some rock caves to the right of the road just above Bethany, one of which is said to be the tomb of Lazarus, and also at Bethany, just at the foot of the eastern shoulder of the mountain, to see the "House of Simon the Leper," and also the "House of Mary and Martha." The tradition which places the grave of Lazarus among these caves is not without plausibility, since it was a universal custom for villagers to bury the dead in tombs hewn in the rocks near by their villages. The road goes directly through Bethany, and over against it, to the south-east, is a village occupying the site of Bethphage.

The road descends from Bethany quite rapidly, and is in much better condition than I had expected to find it. A few years since a Russian gentleman was thrown from his horse while riding over it and had a leg broken; at his death, he requested his wife to have a road made leading to the Jordan. She contributed £300, and had a tolerable bridle-road constructed. There is no village between Bethany and Jericho, nor do we read that there ever was any; the wild state of the country accounting for the fact that it has always been a favorite resort for robbers. Hills and valleys suited for cultivation are the exception. Limestone rocks, twisted and torn, bleak and scorched, are piled up in all directions.

After lunching by the ruins of an old caravansary called the Khan, situated on a high ridge, we resumed our journey. Immediately we met a band of desperate-

looking black Arabs, all armed, who, no doubt, if we had not been regularly guarded, would have fallen upon us and despoiled us of our purses and raiment. The road now approached the deep gorge of Wady Kelt, and for an hour we rode looking down into the dry bed of the supposed brook Cherith, where Elijah was fed by the ravens. There was a little water trickling through it. Emerging from the narrow defile, the Plain of the Jor-



Plain of the Jordan near Jericho.

dan, the course of the river marked by a belt of green, the Salt Sea, and the mountains east of the Jordan, stretched out before us. An easy descent brought us to the edge of the plain.

As we neared the brook Kelt, (Cherith,) now a deep stream of rushing water, Dr. De Haas and I were busily talking, and were startled by a cry. The ladies were ahead, and, with several of the gentlemen, were in the act of fording the stream. Mrs. Ridgaway's horse took a notion to lie down, and she, not accustomed to riding, fell off into the water. Instantly Dr. Yerkes, Mohammed, Dr. De Haas' dragoman, who was attending the ladies, and Mr. Floyd, sprang into the stream. Dr. Yerkes was the first to catch her. Fortunately no other harm resulted than a pretty thorough wetting and a more thorough fright. I had a good laugh at the doctor, that for once a Baptist minister rescued a Methodist from immersion! Mrs. Ridgaway found comfortable quarters at a rude little hotel near by, where she and the other ladies lodged for the night.

The same afternoon we visited the site of old Jericho, lying on a tell, or hill, a mile to the north of Wady Kelt. At the foot of the hill, on the east side, is a large spring, called 'Ain es Sultan, which answers to the description of the fountain whose waters were healed by the prophet Elisha: "Behold, I pray thee, the situation of the city is pleasant, as my lord seeth: but the water is naught, and the ground barren. And he said, Bring me a new cruse, and put salt therein. And they brought it to him. And he went forth unto the spring of the waters, and cast the salt in there, and said, Thus saith the Lord, I have healed these waters; there shall not be from thence

any more death or barren land." 2 Kings ii, 19-21. Certainly, the rank growth of the thorny knukub, of weeds and wild flowers, and of grain wherever cultivated, attest that the land is not now barren. The position of this spring fixes the site of the first Jericho. On the adjoining hills are heaps of *débris*, but so matted with bushes and weeds as to defy examination. The vicinage of the mountains, and the lay of the land between them and Jericho, furnish a ready explanation of the ease with which Joshua's spies made their escape from the house of Rahab.

On returning to the plain, we deflected to the east of the point where we forded the Kelt and found our camp pitched near the village er Riha, which stands on the supposed site of the second, or Herod's, Jericho. This is situated about a mile and a quarter from the site of the old city. Here we had our first dinner—at least I had—under the new *régime* of servants; all went smoothly; food, for quantity and quality, good, and service prompt and satisfactory. After dinner Dr. De Haas and I went over to the hotel to see the ladies. My wife had recovered from the dampness and fright, and they were discussing an uncommonly good dinner, which the Arab proprietor had prepared for them. Nothing could be more simple than this little structure, and yet better food could not be asked. But as to the sleeping, whew! I arranged that they should spend the night in a tent under the trees, anticipating for them escape from vermin.

The Bedawin of the village were invited to dance for us in the evening, and, taking the ladies over to our camp, we were soon surrounded by the swarthy, half-naked savages. The men danced first. The dance was merely a shaking, shuffling motion, with genuflexions, guided by a leader who stood in front of the rank and brandished a sword, performing all sorts of gyrations, such as we suppose he would make when in battle. Meanwhile they sang a low, dull chant. The captain, in his flourishes, would come uncomfortably near the howadjis' throats. His war shriek was terrific. The men were followed by the women, as the men and women do not dance together. The women did much the same as the men, only two flourished the sword instead of one. The chief part of their singing was a like monotone, but in a higher strain. I asked the dragoman what they were saying.

"Oh, they are wishing you a good time."

"May the beke go round the Dead Sea!" "May he be greater than the Sultan!"

Of course all this meant backsheesh! We divided the backsheesh between the men and women, after which they retired to their village, and left us in entire quiet.

The next morning, instead of going on up the valley, as we had anticipated, we agreed to spend the day in the vicinity. We all started off together in the direction of the mouth of the Jordan, or head of the Dead Sea. As we expected to see much of the sea later in our trip, we allowed Dr. Vail and the ladies to go by themselves, the

rest of the gentlemen striking across the plain. They reported the approach to the sea as very level, and the distance very deceptive. The ground is covered with salt incrustations. The mouth of the river is about one hundred and eighty yards wide, with only three or four feet depth of water, but with a bottom of very deep mire, so as to render it impassable. At its mouth the river sweeps toward the north-east corner of the sea. The shore of the sea is very flat, with much drift-wood lodged upon it. On the west a peninsula makes out, which is covered with ruins of massive stones. The heat was oppressive but endurable.

On the north-east of the head of the sea, beyond the Jordan's mouth, is a wide open ghor, which is identified



Mountains at North-east of Dead Sea.

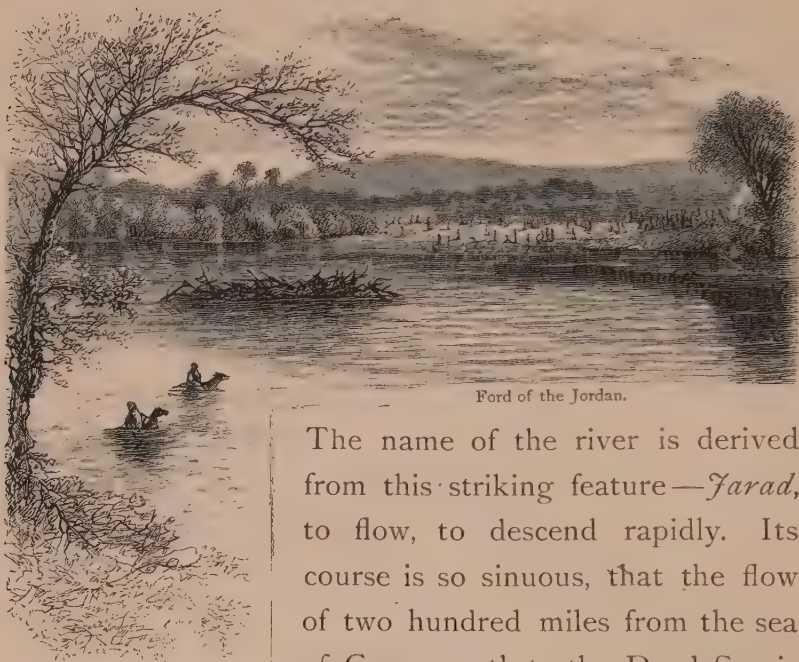
by some as the Vale of Siddim, on which Sodom and Gomorrah stood. The mountains of Moab shoot down on this plain like a wall, and thus continue along the east side of the sea, cut here and there by wadies making

down from the east. The mountains of Judea, with their bold, chalky cliffs, also trend close upon the north-western angle of the sea. Prominent among them rises Neby Musa, on the summit of which is a Mohammedan wely. This mount the Mohammedans regard as the true Pisgah, where Moses was buried, and to it they make a yearly pilgrimage.

The preparations at Jerusalem for this pilgrimage are on a grand scale. On the day that the pilgrims, some of whom have come from remote countries, start for Neby Musa, an immense procession is formed of representatives gathered, during Holy Week, from the cities of Syria. On leaving the Haram, where it is formed, it goes out at St. Stephen's Gate, and defiling through the Valley of Jehoshaphat marches around the Mount of Olives. The pasha of Jerusalem leads the procession on foot, followed by the heads of mosques, and other high officers, on gayly caparisoned horses. Banners innumerable, of red, green, and gold, with all sorts of mottoes inscribed upon them, flutter along the ranks. All the soldiers of the garrison and adjoining garrisons attend as a guard of honor. The pilgrims ride, with provisions upon their horses for encamping. The people gather upon the hills, dressed in their richest costumes, to witness a spectacle which is the great event of Holy Week. After the procession has proceeded a short distance on the road it returns again to the city, leaving the pilgrims under an escort of soldiers to pursue their way.

Our first pause was at Kasr Hajla, the ruins of a Christian monastery. In one of the rooms, almost entire, is a little chapel, maintained by one or two Greek monks, who stay here most of the year and manufacture trinkets, which they sell to pilgrims. Thence we rode, in a north-east direction, to 'Ain Hajla, the scriptural Beth-hoglah, a place on the boundary between Judah and Benjamin. Joshua xv, 5, 6. The spring is large, surrounded by bushes, and the water is good. We bore thence a little south-of-east over a smooth path, with here and there a slight depression, until we reached the Jordan. There is at first an outer bank with a slight dip, and then a short stretch and the bank proper, which is come upon very suddenly ; so suddenly, indeed, that the river is scarcely seen till one is right upon it.

At this point—the bathing-place for the Greek pilgrims, the traditional site of the crossing of Israel and of Elijah and Elisha, and, according to some, of the baptism of Christ—the river is from eighty to a hundred feet wide, and its main channel from ten to twelve feet deep. While the west banks are flat, just beyond the east bank, and forming a part of the bank itself, the ground is high and precipitous, with an opening by which an easy access is gained to the river. The current is so swift as to make the swimming of the river hazardous to all but expert swimmers. The strength and rapidity of its flow is not surprising if we remember that the river falls nearly a thousand feet in a distance of nearly two hundred miles.



Ford of the Jordan.

The name of the river is derived from this striking feature—*Jarad*, to flow, to descend rapidly. Its course is so sinuous, that the flow of two hundred miles from the sea of Gennesareth to the Dead Sea is within an actual distance of sixty miles as the crow flies. The banks are generally flat, and consist mostly of a soft loam, which the rapid and tortuous motion of the stream so perpetually washes down as to keep the water always turbid, and give it a dirty appearance. A thick growth of oleanders, tamarisks, nukubs, willows, and reeds stud and mat the shores, otherwise they would be much less stable than they are. At some places the water can only be approached through tangled thickets of these trees.

We, of course, could not miss the opportunity of bathing in the sacred river; so stripping and clinging to the overhanging oleanders I waded out, my feet sinking in the deep soft bottom at every step, until I ventured to let

go and swam a short distance with the current, taking good care not to go too far out from the shore. The water, though muddy, is very sweet to the taste, and exceedingly soft and pleasant to the skin. I could imagine no more agreeable drinking water if well filtered. The effort to pull my feet out of the mud was a forcible illustration of the action of the priests in coming up out of the bed of the river after the Israelites had crossed, where, it is said, "the soles of the priests' feet were lifted up [literally, *plucked up*] unto the dry land," etc. Joshua iv, 18.

As to the point of the "crossing of Israel," this place, called Ford el Helu, has many conditions in its favor. It is at the mouth of the Wady Hesban, which runs down from Hesban, situated on the highlands of Moab. The overthrow of Sihon, king of Heshbon and king of the Amorites, removed the last obstacle between the children of Israel and the Jordan. As the Wady Hesban is the natural approach to the river, it was likely through it they asked that they might go quietly, and when denied, forced their way. The name of the last camping-place, Shittim, was probably derived from the abundance of the acacia or shittim-trees growing in the valley.

No one, however, after reading the biblical account, and looking at the nature of the ground, can stickle for one precise point within a few miles, more than another. The water was evidently cut off much higher up the stream, and the whole bed was left dry down to the sea, and so "the people passed over right against Jericho."

Joshua iii, 16. This point, or the one claimed by the Latins at Kasr el Yahud, (The Jews' Castle, or St. John on Jordan,) about two miles above, or the whole space between them, answers very well ; so well that we may feel a moral certainty that here the great transaction took place which brought the people of God from the land of their wanderings into the Land of Promise, and gave them foothold in the country where, for fifteen hundred years, they flourished as a nation.

The description of Elijah's and Elisha's crossing, "when the Lord would take Elijah up into heaven," is quite as exact in fixing the location as the account of the nation's crossing. Elisha, forecasting what was about to take place, followed his master from Gilgal to Bethel, from Bethel to Jericho, and from Jericho to the Jordan: "and they two stood by Jordan. And Elijah took his mantle, and wrapped it together, and smote the waters, and they were divided hither and thither, so that they two went over on dry ground. . . . And it came to pass, as they still went on, [likely up the Valley of Heshbon,] and talked, that, behold, there appeared a chariot of fire, and horses of fire, and parted them both asunder ; and Elijah went up by a whirlwind into heaven." 2 Kings ii, 7, 8, 11. Thus from the neighborhood of Nebo, Elijah joined Moses in the heavenly Canaan. This last scene of his earthly sojourn and triumph was also to be the scene of the second Elijah's moral conflicts and victories. For along this same river, in after years, rang the awakening cry of

one in the spirit and power of Elijah, saying, "Prepare ye the way of the Lord, make his paths straight." John, the natural successor of the reforming, unworldly prophet, came preaching, "Repent, for the kingdom of heaven is at hand."

At every eligible spot, convenient to the population, it is reasonable to suppose John baptized. I think, however, that it was not here, at this ford, but higher up, that most of his baptizing was done, and that the place of Christ's baptism was probably near the mouth of Wady Jalud, (the Valley of Jezreel.) My doubts as to the identification of the place of Israel's crossing with Bethabara were aroused by the words immediately following the call by Jesus of his earlier disciples: "And the third day there was a marriage in Cana of Galilee," at which Jesus and his disciples were present. John ii, 1. The distance from this point to Cana of Galilee is too great, as a glance at the map will show, to be traveled on foot in two days. It is a good four days' journey by the shortest route possible.

Lieutenant Conder, writing on the subject, says:—

It seems to me, therefore, that the search for this site should be confined to the immediate neighborhood of Jordan, within thirty miles of the site of Cana of Galilee, (the present Khirbet Kanna;) and it is precisely in such a position, one mile north of the mouth of Wady Jalud, within an easy two days' journey (twenty-five miles) of Nazareth and Cana, and at one of the principal fords, that we have found the name. The ford in question is called Makhadhet 'Abara, or the Ford of the Crossing-over, for the name is derived from the Arabic verb *'Abr*, having the meaning of crossing; and thus, though the sec-

ond a is an *aleph*, and would not occur in the Hebrew Beth'abara, the Arabic root and the Hebrew root, and, consequently, the meaning of the name in both languages, is identical.

Makhadhet 'Abara is one of the principal northern fords; the great road descending Wady Jalud on its northern side, and leading to Gilead and the south of the Hauran, passes over by it. The situation is well fitted for the site of the baptism, not only on account of its nearness to Galilee and Nazareth, but also because the river bed is here more open, and the deep banks of the upper valley or ghor lesser and farther retired, thus leaving a broader space for the collection of the great crowd which had followed John the Baptist into the wilderness.*

To this should be added the account given of the route of the Midianites by Gideon: "And Gideon sent messengers throughout all Mount Ephraim, saying, Come down against the Midianites, and take before them the waters unto Beth-barah and Jordan." Judges vii, 24. The design was plainly to intercept the flight of the panic-stricken hosts, and prevent their recrossing the Jordan. And where would they have so naturally sought to cross as at the first place possible, the well-known ford at the mouth of the valley down which they had fled?

The sun was nearing the zenith, and we had yet much to do. Grouped on the bank on our horses, we awaited the 'oiterers of our company. One of the horses standing near mine gave a violent kick, landing his foot on the skirt of my saddle, and grazing my leg. Had the leg been struck it must have been broken, and I, perhaps, disabled for the rest of my time in Palestine. Dr. Yerkes was afterward kicked and lamed for several days. I men-

* "Palestine Exploration Fund," April, 1875.

tion this to put tourists on their guard. The horses furnished are usually stallions, and need to be managed with care.

It was late in the season when we visited the Jordan, and hardly a pilgrim was to be seen. At the height of the Easter festivals, they pour along in a steady stream from Jerusalem to the river. Dressed in the various costumes of their countries, and wild with enthusiasm, they make a most interesting spectacle to the quiet observer. Crowds of them rush for the water, and would be drowned in their frenzy but for the presence of guards. Some of them have religiously abstained from ablution since leaving their distant homes, and, having bathed in the sacred waters, they bathe no more till they reach their homes again. They thus carry the purification far away with them!

Bidding adieu for the present to the Jordan, we galloped back toward our camp, visiting, as we returned, the sites of Gilgal and the second Jericho. The spot to which we were taken for Gilgal is a little over a mile south-east of the village er Riha, and has nothing but measurement to give probability to its identity. It was, according to Josephus, fifty *stadia* from the Jordan and ten *stadia* from Jericho. The Jericho of Josephus was the Jericho of Herod, likely the present village er Riha. We found on the supposed site of Gilgal only a few stones covered with tangled bushes and weeds.

Lieutenant Conder, guided by a hint from a Ger-

man traveler, (Herr Zschokke,) thinks he has identified the true site at Tell Jiljal, on the north side of Wady Kelt, (brook Cherith,) about one and a third English miles from the tower of the modern Jericho (er Riha) toward the east, where he found a solitary tamarisk, Shejaret el Ithleh, to which a local tradition points as standing on the site of "The City of Brass." He was told by the Arabs of a tradition to the effect that a siege of the city had taken place by a great Mohammedan imam, that its walls had fallen when the imam had ridden around them, that he destroyed its inhabitants, and that he commanded the sun to stand still over Koruntul at the sultan's command. Mr. Conder found no extensive ruins on or near the spot—only a pool choked with soil, a few scattered hewn stones, and a large cemetery of Arab tombs. He was satisfied that the name Birket Jeljulieh was applied to the pool one hundred and fifty yards south-east of the tree. The pool is about forty by thirty paces, and its walls two feet six inches thick, built of round pebbles, six to eighteen inches in diameter, well packed.*

Near the village er Riha we passed a large tower, which is the single ancient ruin that affords any clew to the Jericho of Herod the Great. The curse upon ancient Jericho probably led Herod to rebuild the city at this point. It could not have escaped his passion for city and fortress building, that a great city was desirable in the

* "Palestine Exploration Fund," April, 1874.

midst of this fertile plain, where residence was so pleasant in the winter season. This was the Jericho which Christ frequented, and where the miracle of the healing of blind Bartimeus and the conversion of Zaccheus took place. Here, also, the death of Herod the Great occurred, by a most loathsome and painful disease, after a reign of thirty-seven years. The present Arab village is but a collection of mud huts, exceeding rude and filthy. Most of the population were now out in their tents on the banks of the Kelt.

In the afternoon we rode up past the site of ancient Jericho, to the mountain directly west of it. We went, without regard to paths, part of the time through fields of grain. The remains of aqueducts, and reservoirs, and old mills are numerous. At the foot of the Quarantania, or Mount of Temptation, we dismounted, and walked up its steep sides. The almost perpendicular east face of the mountain abounds with caves, which give evidence of having been occupied at various periods by human beings. Undoubtedly the primitive Christians fled to them from Jerusalem during the persecutions; and in them swarmed the monks of the Middle Ages when several large monasteries thrived in the plains below.

Most of these caves, at least those which are accessible, are used now as cattle and goat pens. Some of the party explored one of considerable dimensions and two stories high. Another, six or seven hundred feet above the plain, is fitted up as a Greek chapel. A lone, forlorn

monk keeps his vigils in it from year to year. There are the remains of what was once a capacious church. Traces of old frescoes are on the walls, and several rude pictures are shown, and, in a niche, is an altar at which mass is celebrated. With the utmost gravity the monk pointed out to us the rock chair on which Christ sat when he was tempted of the devil after his baptism. How pitiable the efforts of a Church to revive, even through its poorest instruments, such vain superstitions! As to the place of Christ's temptation, it would seem more likely that it was farther away in the depths of the Wilderness of Judea, or, possibly, in the regions beyond Jordan. From the caves there is a superb view of the Plain of Jordan and the mountains of Gilead and Moab.

The ladies and Dr. Vail got back before we did. After dinner they came over to the camp, feeling lively enough notwithstanding their long ride. Despite my precautions to secure them good sleep, the ladies spent most of the night pursuing and being pursued of fleas, and that, too, when the Arabs who had been detailed to guard them lay snoring at the tent door the live-long night, careless alike of fleas and robbers.

April 23. We took a very early start up the valley, parting with Dr. Vail and the ladies, who left at the same moment for Jerusalem. Following the path of the previous afternoon, we passed near the foot of the Quarantania, (Jebel Kuruntul,) along a rapid stream whose course is fringed with thickets of reeds, and marked with the ruins

of an old aqueduct, till we reached 'Ain Duk, where two large and beautiful springs burst from the hill-side. One comes out directly from under a large tree, seemingly from its very roots. The waters of both are very pleasant. They flow off into the stream along which we had ridden, and also into that which takes the course of Wady Nawaimeh to the Jordan. Through the valley lying to the west of 'Ain Duk, Wady el Mutyah, is the road to Bethel and the site of ancient Ai. It was through this valley that Joshua, after the capture of Jericho, marched to the assault of Ai, and thence to the subjugation of the whole land. Down it, also, Lot came with his servants and flocks, after his fatal choice of the plain country and his separation from Abraham.

Our route lay directly north, across Wadies Nawaimeh, Diab, and Aujeh. On both sides of our bridle-path were ruins of towns and aqueducts; while, on every hand, the ground was luxuriant with weeds, grass, and flowers, and the air vocal with the songs of birds. Seeing these noble streams and fountains of water, and the remains of ancient aqueducts, I could not wonder at the immense fertility of this whole Plain of the Jordan when every arable acre was properly irrigated and tilled. This was one of the prolific sources of supply to the teeming population of Palestine in its prosperous days. On reaching Wady Aujeh we came in sight of our pack-train, which was following the direct line for Damieh Ferry, but instead of joining them we crossed the open plain to the north-

west, going by the ruins of Phasaelus, as far as to 'Ain el Fusail, near which we lunched.

'Ain el Fusail is quite a large spring, and the stream flowing from it is put down by Van de Velde in his map as the brook Cherith. I was in no mood to see or to speculate, as I felt very ill all the morning. It was, indeed, a dry brook to me. I appreciated the condition of Elijah when, having fled from the face of Jezebel, he sat down under a juniper in the Wilderness of Beer-sheba. (1 Kings xix, 4.) Under the hot sun I got off Nablousa and crawled under a thorn-bush, and the very stones were a soft and agreeable pillow to my head! I could eat nothing but an orange; but after taking a Sedlitz powder, I fell asleep and awoke refreshed. The moment of starting came, and we must mount. I breathed a silent prayer for help, and almost immediately a cloud overspread us, and under its shadow, with occasional sprinkles of rain, we rode for an hour or two, until the excessive heat had abated. I said to Dr. Harvey, "Why should I not accept the cloud as an answer to my prayer?" "Why not?" he quickly responded. This was about the only approach to a shower we had in our whole Syrian tour.

Our way was a constant descent through a rolling and fertile land, waving with rank vegetable matter. The whole section lies waste; due, most likely, to the absence of all protection against the marauding Bedawin who live east of the Jordan.

We had noticed during the day a prominent cone-

shaped mountain toward the north, standing-out upon the plain, and apparently cut off from the chain of mountains on the west, and now we passed pretty close under it, leaving it on the left. It arrested general attention. We were merely told its name, (Kurn Surtabeh,) but had no intimation of any especial tradition connected with it. Lieutenant Conder thinks that on its summit was the altar of Ed, built as a witness by the two-and-a-half tribes on their return to the Jordan after the conquest of Canaan. Commentators are divided as to whether the account (Joshua xxii) requires that the location of the altar was on the east or west side of the river, and this without any reference to so eligible a position for it on the west side as Kurn Surtabeh. "The borders" of Jordan, meaning literally *circles, circuit, region*, does not necessarily imply that it was beyond Jordan. The visit of the remonstrants to Gilead only shows that the two-and-a-half tribes after erecting the altar had gone to their own land, and to be found had to be seen there. The objection that they had no right to build on the west side is overcome by the consideration that, as the "borders," it was neutral ground, and, as Lieutenant Conder justly observes, the main object of the altar was to show to posterity the unity of the tribes; that those upon the east side had equal rights and common inheritance with those on the west.

These are the sum of the arguments given for this particular mountain: Its great height, two thousand feet above the plain, and its proximity to the Jordan; its loca-

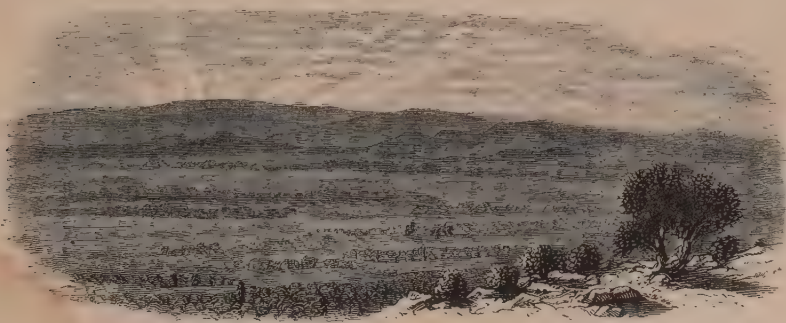
tion, just between the valley on the south leading from Shiloh and the valley on the north leading from Gerizim and Ebal, to the principal crossing of the Jordan into the land of Gilead; the isolation of the mountain; the evidence it affords on its summit of having been artificially sloped on the west as much as two hundred and seventy feet; an oblong area on the top, of about thirty by a hundred yards, inclosed by a ruined wall of fine hewn blocks, with a great platform eighteen feet high, consisting of ten courses of stone, beautifully cut, and averaging three or four feet in length, with a broad marginal draft; and the name of the natural ascent to the Kurn from the north, "Tal 'at Abu 'Ayd,"—the ascent of the father of 'Ayd. "The peculiar use in the vernacular Arabic of the word Abu, as meaning that which produces, or leads to, or possesses, would make the natural translation of this term to be, 'The going up which leads to 'Ayd.'"*

Before coming to the Jordan we crossed a deep, muddy stream, which flows down Wady el Ferah, taking its rise in the mountains north-east of Nablous. In this valley, which Van de Velde puts down on his map as "beautiful," somewhere near the point where it *debouches* upon the great plain, is supposed to have been the site of Ænon, where John baptized. John iii, 23. A short distance brought us to the ford at Damieh, about fifteen miles, in a direct line from the mouth of the Jordan, and fifty miles as the water flows. On the opposite side our tents were

* "Palestine Exploration Fund," October, 1874.

already pitched. We and our horses were ferried over on a scow, which was pulled across by a rope extended from shore to shore, just as many rapid and deep streams in America are passed. It is not improbable that this is the ford by which David crossed when he fled from the face of Absalom to the regions of Mahanaim beyond Gilead. If he returned after Absalom's death by the same route, then it is in connection with it that the phrase ferry-boat occurs for the only time in the Bible. See 2 Sam. xvii, 22; xix, 18.

Have we the root of the old Hebrew word *Adam*, *Admah*—the town against which the waters were cut off at the passage of Israel—in this modern Arabic word *Damieh*? As the great ford from both Shiloh and Nablous to Ramoth-gilead, it has always been a point of importance. The current of the Jordan is here swifter than below, and the banks steeper. The course of the river is also less tortuous. A few paces above are the ruins of a bridge. In the morning I took a refreshing bath in its waters, notwithstanding the strength of its current.



VALLEY OF THE JORDAN.

CHAPTER XVII.

RAMOTH-GILEAD—RABBATH-AMMON.

WE rode from Damieh directly across the plain on the east, and in about three hours began the ascent of the mountains of Gilead. These we found to be very steep, and well wooded with oaks and terebinths. We passed on the left a deep cave, which had been used for a tomb by the Bedawin. In the ascent we caught our first glimpses of Mount Hermon, his snowy peak like a white cloud far away in the north. Henceforth I could not wonder he should have been called by the Hebrews "The Mountain," and by the Arabs "The Sheik;" for seldom did we get away from his luminous summit. He is, indeed, the crown of the Land of Palestine.

On gaining the top of Mount Gilead (Jebel Jilad) we came to Neby Osha, the Tomb of Hosea, who, it is claimed by the Mohammedans, was buried here. There is a small wely, near which is a magnificent terebinth-tree, beneath the dense and ample shade of which we spread our lunch, and meanwhile discussed the old knotty question of Jephthah and his daughter. Around this mountain, Mizpeh of Gilead, it is thought Jephthah rallied the children of Reuben and Gad for his grand and successful assault on the Ammonites, the vast roving bands dwelling to the

eastward. Judges xi. From a ledge lying north of the wely is one of the most magnificent views in all Palestine. It commands the whole of central and upper Palestine. From it we could look into Wady Zerka (river Jabbok) lying directly north.

An hour and a half brought us to es Salt, the ancient Ramoth-gilead. The narrow valley leading down the eastern slope of Mount Gilead to es Salt is a continuous vineyard, the sides terraced and the bottom planted, so that every available spot is taken up. The stocks of the vines lie flat on the ground, to protect the fruit from the excessive heat. No better grapes are raised, and no better raisins are manufactured, in all Syria than in this vicinity. But little wine is made, and it is immediately sent off to Jerusalem or elsewhere. The Mohammedans do not drink wine, and consequently its manufacture in Palestine has ceased almost entirely.

Es Salt is remarkably situated between two mountains, lying east and west, the houses being built in the intermediate space, and running up the sides of both mountains. In the center is a large fountain, in connection with which is a public bath for males and females. It was pleasant to see the women and children—the women with the universal necklaces of silver coins, (worn either on the head or neck,) and armlets and anklets of silver, bustling around the fountain and bearing thence the pitchers or pots of water. Some were good looking, and all were erect and well developed.

We called to see the school buildings of the Rev. Mr. Bellamy, whom we had met at Jerusalem. His mission is under the supervision of Bishop Gobat. The buildings, substantial and commodious, built of the beautiful cream-colored stone of the neighborhood, were erected by the natives at their own expense. Mosa, a native of Nineveh, who was formerly connected with the American mission at Beirut, where he was educated and converted, had come here at Mr. Bellamy's invitation to assist him. By some means a variance arose between them, and now he is working under the Baptist Union of London. The issue between him and Mr. Bellamy, he stated, was with reference to the recognition of a converted Mohammedan, who had two wives. We called at Mosa's house, a good stone structure, and saw his wife and children.

We also visited the house of the *effendi*, mayor or governor of the town, to whom we bore a letter from Mr. Bellamy. His house is near the only mosque I saw in the place, and is very comfortable. His *effendiship* was absent, but we were hospitably entertained by his servants. After being seated on divans at one end of the reception room—the beke being placed higher than the rest on a cushion in the window—we were served first with lemonade, and then with black coffee. To hand coffee or lemonade to visitors is the invariable custom of the East. There is no hospitality without it. On retiring from the door I noticed a woman peeping from a back gate, that I thought must be the *effendi's* wife. I bowed

politely, and my recognition was returned with a gracious smile. She was unvailed, as indeed were many of the women on the street. Many of the people are Jews and Christians, which fact may account for a greater freedom even among the Mohammedans. The population is estimated at about three thousand persons, four hundred Mohammedan and eighty Greek Christian families.

The most striking object of the place is the Citadel, which stands on the summit of the western mountain. It was rebuilt in the last century by Dhabar Ibn Omer, governor of Acre. For a long while it was without a garrison, and only recently have the Turks placed one in it. This is the first decisive step toward bringing the Bedawin of East Palestine and Moab under military control. The lower portion of the walls belongs to an age anterior to the work of the Turks, and even of the Saracens. They are grand specimens of masonry, seemingly of the Roman or Jewish period. It is not difficult to see how Ramoth-gilead was always a stronghold. As such it was selected by the tribe of Gad, not only for a Levitical town, but also for a city of refuge. Deut. iv, 43. As the key to the possession of the whole adjacent country, it was a perpetual bone of contention between the kings of Israel and Syria.

It was probably in the valley through which the direct road lies from the Jordan that Ahab, king of Israel, was slain, there being in it room for the movement of chariots. Disguised in his chariot, he was struck by a chance

arrow, and dying at even, his body was borne to Samaria, and the blood from the chariot was washed in the pool of Samaria. 1 Kings xxii, 34, 35. Years afterward, Joram his son, aided by Ahaziah in the attempt to retake the city from the Syrians, was also wounded. 2 Kings viii, 29. Here, too, Jehu, the avenger of the blood of Naboth, was anointed by the prophet Elisha, and issuing from these hills swept across the Jordan, and up the Valley of Jezreel, and fell with swift destruction upon the house of the guilty Ahab. 2 Kings ix, x.

And so I could imagine the battles which had surged around these beetling cliffs from the days of Moses' conflicts with the Amorites, and the period of the Roman conquests, to the more modern times when the predatory bands still dispute for supremacy over the fertile plains and valleys which stretch away to the north, east, and south. The place, to this hour, maintains a sort of independence, due to its formidable position and the bravery of its inhabitants. Though lying within the territory of the Adawan nation, and paying tribute to them, it has its own local government, and by special stipulation its Bedawin masters are not allowed to enter the town armed.

April 26. I slept none all night. We broke camp and were in the saddle by half-past five o'clock A. M. The air was very cool. We rode around the eastern mountain to see some large fountains, and then turning back to the main road, ascended a higher mountain farther to the east, at the summit of which we found we had

gained the great plateau of the country. Toward the north we could see the heights about Jerash, the deep Wady Zurka, and the brook Jabbok. It was a great disappointment not to be able to visit that region and the Hauran, lying still farther to the north and east. I cannot turn away without one or two quotations from Dr. Porter.

The ravine through which it (the Jabbok) flows is narrow, deep, and, in some places, wild. Throughout nearly its whole course it is fringed by thickets of cane and oleander, and the large clustering flowers of the latter give it a gay and gorgeous appearance during the spring months. The Zurka is now the boundary between the provinces of Belka and Jebel 'Ajlun; just as the Jabbok was in ancient times the boundary between the kingdoms of Sihon and Og. The Jabbok was also the northern border of the Ammonites. It was near the banks of this river that Jacob wrestled with the Angel until the morning dawn, when he received from him the name Israel. . . . In reading the thirty-second and thirty-third chapters of Genesis, as we rest at noonday by the "Ford Jabbok," imagination will fill the surrounding glen and mountain sides with the flocks of Jacob, and will picture the shepherds forcing them across the stream, while the wives and children are brought over on the backs of camels, and then, turning to the lofty hills behind, we can see with the mind's eye the glittering arms of the Edomite chieftain and his four hundred followers as they descend through the forest glades.

We were now on the very hills which Esau crossed, and our escort was his untamed descendants, whose chief implement of defense and warfare is the spear.

Speaking of Jerash, (Gerasa,) Dr. Porter says:—

The ruins are the most extensive and beautiful east of the Jordan. They are situated on both sides of a shallow valley that runs from north to south through a highly undulating plain, and falls into the Zurka about five miles distant. A little rivulet, fringed with oleanders,

winds through the valley, giving life and beauty to the deserted city. The first glance at the ruins is very striking. . . . The long colonnade, stretching through the center of the city, terminating at one end in the circle of the Forum; the groups of columns clustered here and there around the crumbling walls of temples; the heavy masses of masonry that mark the positions of the great theaters; and the vast fields of shapeless ruins, rising gradually from the green banks of the rivulet to the battlemented heights on each side, form a picture such as is rarely equaled. . . . The form of the city is an irregular square, each side measuring nearly an English mile. It was surrounded by a wall, a large portion of which, with its towers, is in a good state of preservation. Three gateways still stand, and within the city upward of two hundred and thirty columns remain on their pedestals.*

Gerasa did not owe its origin to the Romans, but was undoubtedly rebuilt, enlarged and beautified by them, and constituted one of the ten cities embraced in the region called Decapolis. We could only thus look toward the ancient land of Bashan, and picture to ourselves its luxuriance by the sight of the "oaks" and the "bulls" which we had already seen on our journey eastward. From this mountain height our way lay a little east of south over a rolling table-land. Wheat and barley were growing in patches. Occasionally we saw *fellahin* (farming peasants) at work, or walking out to the fields for the day. I had felt chilly all the morning, and supposed it was simply the result of the unusual coolness of the air; but after awhile I was seized with a decided ague, and by the time we reached the pasha's encampment I was extremely ill.

The pasha of Nablous was over here with troops of

* "Hand Book of Palestine," pp. 293, 294.

soldiers collecting taxes, and gradually feeling his way down to Kerak, with a view to throwing a garrison into it. We bore a letter to him, and wished to get from him a letter to the sheik of Kerak. I was, however, in no condition for enjoying any thing. I lay down on a rug, and was then helped by Messrs. Ward and Albright to the tent of one of the Turkish officers. The interview with the pasha was satisfactory; he kindly furnished the consul with a letter to the governor of Kerak.

The party then mounted and rode eastward to Amman, (Rabbath-ammon—Philadelphia.) I was too sick to hold up my head, and could not possibly go on, and so Mustapha, our English-speaking servant, was detailed to remain with me, and take me on with the pack-train. The train came up, and still I could not go; so it passed on without us. Mustapha was a little restless, as he was afraid to go through the country alone; but it was useless to urge me; to be left entirely would not have given me so much concern as the thought of rising to ride. Finally, Mustapha let me alone, I took a Sedlitz powder, and soon fell asleep. When I awoke I was so relieved that I said instantly, "I am ready to go." The Turkish soldiers were very kind, affording me all the help and sympathy in their power, and I believe I should have been perfectly safe with them, even if left wholly in their care. Mr. Floyd was sorry to leave me, and had arranged with Mosa, the Baptist missionary, if I had grown worse, to take me back to es Salt, and thence to Jerusalem.

At three o'clock Mustapha and I mounted, though I had only half a head. He led off at a pretty rapid gait, over as beautifully undulating a plain as eye ever rested upon. We met very soon a squad of Turkish soldiers, richly caparisoned and well mounted, coming into camp. We then struck across a succession of hills, and in about one hour arrived opposite to Arak el Emir (Tyrus) on



Ruins at Arak el Emir.

our right. It was impossible to stop to visit it. Here are the ruins of the celebrated castle of Hyrcanus, son of Josephus Tobias, who lived about 290 B. C. He was driven from Jerusalem by the partisans of his brother,

and, according to Josephus, settled beyond the Jordan, not far from Heshbon.

Mr. Tristram visited this locality, and gives the following description of these ruins:—

The castle itself has been about one hundred and fifty feet by sixty feet in extent, with a colonnade in front, and there are many fragments of pillars, some fluted and others plain, strewn about. Only a portion of the front wall has stood the test of more than two thousand years, but this is in wonderful preservation. It is composed of great slabs. One *in situ* measured fifteen feet by ten feet high; another, prostrate, was twenty feet long. These stones have been bound together, not by lime or clamps, but by numerous square knobs or bolts left in the different sides of the stone, which fitted into corresponding sockets cut to receive them in the next block. . . . About twenty feet from the basement runs a beading of Doric ornaments, and above this a colossal frieze some twelve feet high, formed of enormous slabs, with lions sculptured in *alto-relievo* of colossal size. Josephus especially mentions the castle being built of white stone to the very roof, and animals of prodigious magnitude engraven on it. Over these has been a Doric entablature and frieze, but this has been thrown down, as also have been many of the lions. It seems probable that earthquakes alone have caused their overthrow, for though the stones are only twenty-two inches thick, and the wall consists of but single slabs, yet they are so wedged and bound together by the knobs and sockets, especially at the angles, that human agency could scarcely have overturned them without destroying them. The building must have been a strange medley architecturally, for we noticed many Ionic cornices and Egyptian capitals of the Ptolemaic order with the palm leaf.

Passing from this interesting record of Jewish history, we went half a mile northward, up to the rock-dwellings and stables of Hyrcanus. The ancient road to these is marked by a double row of square stones, three feet apart, and each perforated as if for a running car or rail. When we had reached the cliff, in the basement, among many other once-inhabited caves, we examined one which had been a noble

square hall, with roof artificially hollowed out, and a plain cornice running round it. By the side of the square door-way, outside, was a mutilated Hebrew inscription in the old or Samaritan character.

A zigzag slope above this leads to a long range of caves. On the first floor, if I may so term it, is a great cave, with stabling for a hundred horses, the mangers running round it, all cut out of the solid rock. Passing in front of this, on a narrow ledge, we came to a series of artificial chambers and rock dwellings, several of these connected, and the interior ones quite dark. One suite of dark apartments, in one of which was a deep well, was only accessible by a trap-door, the hole for which had been hewn deeply through the rock from above.*

Shortly after leaving the neighborhood of Arak el Emir, we came to a small stream flowing through Wady Naur. Here we met a lone Bedawy. There were some ruins on the right which I supposed to be the site of Naur. We were making rapid progress, when I discovered I had lost my saddle-bags, containing Bible, portfolio, and journal. In my bewilderment I had forgotten to secure them properly, and in the effort to keep up with Mustapha, I had not missed them until now. All could be replaced except the journal. We sent the Bedawy back on Nablousa to look for them. He would not go until I paid him a Turkish dollar. In a half hour he returned without them, and my dollar was gone! The next hour we passed through a hilly wooded district, rich in luxuriant grass, on which flocks of goats were feeding, and then came upon an encampment of the Adwan.

This proved to be old Goblan's head-quarters. He is

* "The Land of Israel," pp. 529, 530.

second in authority and dignity under Alli Dehab, sheik of the Adwan nation. He is childless, and Haza, our conductor, is his nephew. Turning to the left, down a deep gorge, we arrived at Wady Hesban, where just across the stream our tents were already pitched. A sweet, picturesque spot! It was an indescribable relief to throw myself on the bed, amid the stillness which reigned around. The party had not yet arrived from Amman, and I was not sorry to have perfect quiet and solitude for an hour or two.

A chapter of accidents had befallen me during the last day or two. Last night I slept little or none; in my restlessness I broke my watch crystal. Sick all day long, my saddle-bags lost, my flask broke and what little brandy I carried for medicinal use spilled, and ten francs out for backsheesh! I was sustained by the hope that if I survived, I could sit down, like Æneas, and recount my toils, and derive the sweet pleasure which comes from the memory of hardships past. I had gotten through the afternoon remarkably well, and had now to be concerned to baffle the ague at its next attack. The party did not arrive till about eight o'clock; all were exceedingly fatigued, but perfectly jubilant over the ruins and the country they had seen.

Mr. Albright has been so kind as to furnish me with an abstract of his Journal for the day:—

Three hours from es Salt we met an officer and some twenty men, all mounted, followed at no great distance by a large number of

unmounted soldiers, *en route* for es Salt. Our friend, the Ninevite, (the Baptist missionary before mentioned,) who was attending us as far as the camp of the pasha, acted as interpreter, for they spoke Turkish. We found that the pasha was about an hour in advance of us, and about to break camp to go to meet the pasha of Damascus at Jerash. We sent our interpreter ahead to inform the pasha of our approach. Young Mr. Fish bore him company, and arrived in time to breakfast with the pasha. About this time we were descending a fertile slope from the summit of a hill all wooded and watered, and called on this account Hummin. (?) Here Dr. Ridgaway was taken with a chill, and by the time we reached the camp he was very sick. . . . Leaving him in charge of our English-speaking servant, Mustapha, to be taken direct to Hesban, and bidding our Ninevite friend farewell, we turned our course to the eastward to Rab-Amman, (Philadelphia.) Much of the way we followed the line of an old Roman road between Hesban and Philadelphia. On all the hills about were ruins of villages and cities, often of considerable extent.

At 12 M. we came upon the fine fountains that form the brook Jab-bok, (Nahr Zurka,) and which, watering the plain toward Rab-Amman, supply the streams of that city. Here were great walls inclosing pools of water, only the foundations remaining, scarcely indicating their original design. Fifteen minutes more brought us to three low arches of an ancient bridge over the brook. Just below these we made a turn squarely to the left, following the stream downward to the north-east, and found ourselves at once among the ruins of the southern extremity of the royal city. On the hill to the left, a solitary column, with broken columns fallen headlong down the steep hill-side, indicated a large building utterly wasted, while three arched chambers showed an extent of building scarcely to be realized in our feeble conception. Five minutes from the turn in the stream, we came upon the square temple mentioned by Porter. It was once an exquisite bit of architecture. Passing on through well-watered cornfields, over fallen columns and among ruined walls, we came in five minutes more to the Cathedral, under the shadow of whose lofty front we lunched.

We spent two hours and a half wandering over the ruins of this great city, especially admiring the amazing works upon the Citadel

Hill. I measured one of the columns, and found that the diameter of the shaft at the base was five feet three inches; the circular pedestal of this immense column was, in its largest diameter, seven feet six inches across! We found also, in the center of the hill, a curious temple, in the form of a Greek cross; a building, so far as I know, unique in its design. One can scarcely estimate the strength of this hill for purposes of defense. In the lower city, where were the theaters and other fine buildings, the brook is mostly covered by immense arches.

From these ruins we returned to the three arches of the bridge, mentioned above, and thence took almost a direct course south-west for Hesban. In this ride we found every-where immense cisterns, often containing a great supply of water. One I examined was remarkable. A circular shaft two feet in diameter penetrated the rock twelve feet, reaching to a cave of unknown extent, and containing a lake of clear water; by the niches cut in the side of the shaft we could safely descend to the cavern, but I saw no footing below. At 4.45 P. M. we came to a ruin on the top of a high hill, which Sheik Haza called "the Market." It was evidently a great mausoleum, with subterranean pits and tombs, which we did not explore, but at which we were astonished in consideration of their depth and extent, as well as their beauty of finish. Ruined cities crowd each other on these hills. The country has been filled with temples, and tombs, and walled cities; a wonder to the ignorant traveler who spurs his horse over prostrate walls and broken capitals! We raced horses on the gentler slopes, but in numerous places found ridges of outcropping rocks. In many places, however, broad plains, covered with grain in all their extent, swept away to the very brows of the mountains overlooking the Jordan chasm. At sunset we entered the bed of the dry brook Wady Hesban, which we descended to our camp, reaching it at 7.45 o'clock.

It will be seen by a glance through the Old Testament history, Josephus' "Jewish Antiquities," and some of the Christian fathers, that Amman ever held a noted

position. Its location in a well-watered and fertile district, on the confines of the great eastern desert, gave it an importance which made it both a gate-way for commerce and a strong hold for defense. When first named in the Bible it is spoken of as containing the bed, or sarcophagus, of Og, the giant king of Bashan, (Deut. iii, 11,) which had probably been captured by the Ammonites, and was kept in their capital as a trophy. The land of the Ammonites is cited as "the wilderness," or eastern boundary of the Israelites. Judges xi, 22. The land of Moab and of Ammon was never given to the children of Israel, because the Moabites and Ammonites were descendants of Lot, the nephew of Abraham. Gen. xix, 37, 38. Yet it is stated that half the land of the children of Ammon was given to Gad. Josh. xiii, 25. The explanation is, that it was the portion which the Amorites had taken from them, and which Israel wrested from the Amorites, and which had been so long estranged that the Ammonites could no longer lay claim to it. The war of the Ammonites against Reuben and Gad (Judges xi) was an endeavor to repossess this ancient inheritance, and led to the campaign in which they were so signally beaten by Jephthah. The controversy, read with this understanding, is highly instructive.

The Moabites were a settled agricultural and commercial people, while the Ammonites were a nomadic race, dwelling in tents, and living by raising flocks and preying upon the fields of their neighbors. They concentrated in winter, and in times of danger, about their chief

city, Rabbah. Although there were mutual suspicions between Israel and Ammon, breaking out occasionally, as in the war of Jephthah, there was no permanent rupture till the reign of David. The offense offered to David's messengers of congratulation, (2 Sam. x,) in the indignities practiced upon them, so exasperated the warlike monarch of Israel that he immediately sent his faithful lieutenant, Joab, to besiege Rabbah. The Ammonites hired the Syrians to help them, but it was of no avail; after repeated struggles they were shut up in their citadel. "But David tarried at Jerusalem." 1 Chron. xx, 1. Alas, better for him had he been exposed to the shafts of the Ammonites than to the charms of Bath-sheba! The awful episode which then occurred in the heroic king's life is the one black stain upon his otherwise noble and virtuous life. Uriah was hurried forward to certain death plotted by his own monarch, while the king reveled in the humiliation of the loving and beautiful wife of his valiant servant!

Joab, having reduced the whole city except the Citadel, wrote home to David that he should come and have the honor of its capture. "I have fought against Rabbah, and have taken the city of waters. Now, therefore, gather the rest of the people together, and encamp against the city, [the Citadel?] and take it: lest I take the city, and it be called after my name. And David gathered all the people together, and went to Rabbah, and fought against it, and took it." 2 Sam. xii, 27-29. After spoiling Rabbah, and all the cities of Ammon, and slaying the people,

David returned to Jèrusalem, but not to the peaceful fruits of well-earned victory. Uriah's blood cried for vengeance! Years afterward, in the retribution which followed, the proud king, a fugitive from his capital, was succored in the adjacent wilderness by the hospitality of these very Ammonites. 2 Sam. xvii, 27-29.

It is not known whether David demolished the city, or was satisfied simply with the slaughter of its inhabitants. Mention is afterward made of it during the invasion of Nebuchadnezzar, when it was evidently a city of importance; (Jer. xlix, 2, 3;) and also by the prophets Ezekiel and Amos. It was destroyed by Nebuchadnezzar either at the time of the destruction of Jerusalem or five years after, when the Assyrian armies overran the country east of the Jordan on their road to Egypt. In the period between the Old and New Testament history, it appears to have been a place of note, and the scene of many contests. From Ptolemy Philadelphus (B. C. 285-247) it received the name Philadelphia.

At the time of the Christian era it formed the extreme eastern limit of the region of Perea, and was known as one of the cities of Decapolis. As far down as the fourth century it was one of the most remarkable and strongest cities of the whole of Cœle-Syria. Its theater, odeon, magnificent temple, and other great buildings, were probably erected about the second or third century, while its churches were built after it became an episcopal see.*

* See Smith's "Dictionary of the Bible," Article Rabbah.

Again and again disaster swept over the proud city. The desolation which reigns over its solitudes is only the more oppressive and marked by the presence of the wandering Bedawin, who find, in its splendid ruins, naught but suitable shelters to protect themselves and their flocks from the rigors of winter. "I will deliver thee to the men of the east for a possession, and they shall set their palaces in thee, and make their dwellings in thee: they shall eat thy fruit, and they shall drink thy milk. And I will make Rabbah a stable for camels, and the Ammonites a couching place for flocks: and ye shall know that I am the Lord." Ezek. xxv, 4, 5.

CHAPTER XVIII.

MOUNTAINS OF ABARIM—MOUNT NEBO.

SUNDAY, April 26, Consul De Hass preached on "Caleb's better spirit." Num. xiii, 30. I was induced, at Mr. Floyd's suggestion, to offer a reward of a Turkish dollar if any man would go back in search of my saddle-bags, and a napoleon if they were returned to me with the contents entire. In the afternoon they were brought into my tent with an air of pleasure and triumph by Haza, our conducting sheik. His father had found them. They had slipped off soon after I left the Turkish encampment, and the soldiers whom we met had picked them up and taken them to their camp for safe keeping.

Our camping ground was one of the most pleasant we had yet had, especially on a Sunday; but I found it difficult to arouse myself to appreciate either its natural beauties or its sacred associations. There is no doubt that in this peaceful valley rested many thousands of the children of Israel after their capture of Heshbon, preparatory to their invasion of Palestine.

Toward evening the whole company, except myself, went up by Goblan's invitation to visit his encampment. They were received in his tent and partook of coffee, and then, amid the stare of women and children, they were

shown around the camp, the wonders of which were soon exhausted. The old man was very polite. No western king could dispense the hospitality of state more courteously than this rude dweller in tents did the amenities of his village.

Monday morning. Another week's journey was before us. There could be no pauses for invalids. Though feeling pretty well, it was with some trepidation that I got into the saddle. The air was cool and bracing. With my overcoat on, and shawl at hand, I rode off with the rest, determined by these precautions, a good dose of quinine, and a stiff purpose, to meet the ills of the day. We rode first to the ruins of el 'Al, north of Wady Hesban, the ancient Elealeh, situated on a high hill, whence there is a fine view, especially of the Belka, lying north-west. The first mention of the place is at Numbers xxxii, 3, 37, and afterward, as a Moabite town in connection with Heshbon. Isa. xv, 4; xvi, 9; Jer. xlviii, 34. Thence our course was due south about a mile to Hesban, the scriptural Heshbon. Its position is commanding, though not much above the general plateau on which it stands. From it the eye in all directions sweeps over beautifully rolling and fertile plains and valleys. The fields of waving grain and grass not being yet parched by the drought of summer, every thing was in perfect freshness, resembling northern Europe and the northern sections of the United States in the month of June. The country reminded me of the Valley of Virginia or of the Genesee region of New York.

I could not wonder, after seeing the land, that Reuben, the eldest born—unstable, ease-loving Reuben—with an eye ever open to the main chance, should have coveted it for himself and Gad, because the place was a place for cattle. Num. xxxii, 1–5. The fat portion, quickly and selfishly chosen, became in the end a hard and bitter inheritance. Isolated from their brethren, their country exposed to endless raids, the descendants of Reuben and Gad were swept out of sight, and their fertile fields became the possession of strangers, while yet the tribes beyond the Jordan flourished in their homes.

The ruins at Hesban are extensive. There are the remains of an old pavement, some broken columns and bases, and in a south-west direction from the principal ruins on the summit, I saw two huge piers of masonry still standing, which had been parts of some large building, possibly a primitive Christian church. There are traces of Jewish, Roman, Christian, and Saracenic art. The cisterns at every turn, and especially the ancient reservoir, just south of the principal hill, recalled the passage in Solomon's Song, "Thine eyes [are] like the fish-pools of Heshbon, by the gate of Bath-rabbim." Cant. vii, 4.

Sihon, king of the Amorites, dwelt at Heshbon. The Israelites having approached his territory at the river Arnon on the south, petitioned him for the privilege of passing quietly through his land to the Jordan, but he refused the request and marched out to oppose them at Jahaz, a short distance to the south, and was completely over-

thrown by them, and his capital, with its inhabitants, was destroyed. Deut. ii, 32. Rebuilt by Reuben, it became one of the cities of Gad, and was assigned to the Levites. Like other cities north of the Arnon, it became, after the dispersion of Reuben and Gad, the property of Moab, to whom it originally belonged, (Num. xxi, 26,) and is consequently mentioned by the prophets in their denunciations of that land. Eligibly located, only twenty miles from the Jordan, it was a place of importance even so late as the fourth or fifth century; but for ages it has lain a desolate heap.

From Hesban we rode almost due west toward the head of the Dead Sea, galloping over fertile fields and amid grazing flocks, entertained, meanwhile, not only by the charms of nature and association, but by the warlike movements of our escort. The Bedawy, east of the Jordan, is usually mounted on a horse, and bears a lance from twelve to fifteen feet long. His horse and himself both gayly dressed, his long slender lance, with a little bit of rag or a tuft of feathers near the barbed point, in his hand, makes a formidable and imposing appearance. If I had doubted his soldierly qualities before this morning my doubts were dissipated. Three or four of our guard, plunging their spurs into their horses till the blood flowed, dashed away over the plain, yelling at the top of their voices, twirling and thrusting their lances, and then whirling their horses instantly about, hither and thither, back and forth, gave to us an exact representation of their man-

ner of fighting. Rider, spear, horse, all moved as by a single impulse. The Bedawy sits upon the saddle, with short stirrups (if any) and bended knee, and manages the horse much like our American Indian.

Thus beguiled, almost before we knew it, we had reached Jebel Neba, or Mount Nebo. Those in advance, thinking that Pisgah must still be beyond, pushed forward regardless of the sheik's opinion, without ascending to the top. We all passed on, across an intervening valley to another height, farther toward the plain of the Jordan. Here were extensive ruins, but this point did not answer our expectations of Pisgah; so we went down to another, the farthest prominent point from the uplands overlooking the valley of the Jordan. This was the last chance; so there was general agreement that it must be the true Pisgah. Where else could it be? And yet I felt reluctant to give in my adhesion. This point was even more depressed than the one above it. While the view of the Plain of Jericho and the head of the Dead Sea is quite perfect, the position is too low to command the regions beyond the mountains which bound the west of the plain. The sweep of vision is entirely too contracted to fulfill the conditions of the description given of Moses' view from Pisgah.

After carefully re-reading Tristram, we concluded we must retrace our steps and go to the top of Jebel Neba. We did so, and found that it best answers the description given at Deut. xxxiv: "And Moses went up from the plains

of Moab unto the mountain of Nebo, to the top of Pisgah, that is over against Jericho: and the Lord showed him all the land of Gilead, unto Dan, and all Naphtali, and the land of Ephraim, and Manasseh, and all the land of Judah, unto the utmost sea, and the south, and the plain of the valley of Jericho, the city of palm-trees, unto Zoar."

The atmosphere was too hazy to allow as extended a prospect as can be obtained earlier in the season, but it embraced substantially all the details enumerated by the sacred historian. The Dan spoken of, from its mention as next in the survey to Mount Gilead, must be "Dan" at the foot of Mount Hermon, and not the principal portion of Dan west of the high ranges of central Palestine. Whether the "utmost sea," evidently meaning the Mediterranean, can be seen in perfectly clear weather, I cannot say; we certainly could not see it on this day. The account must mean, as it is hardly possible at any point on this range to see directly over the hill country of Judea, the land of Judah *toward* the utmost sea. If the sea can ever be seen, it must be the section lying directly north of Carmel, through a vista of the Plain of Esdraelon. I do not now recollect, having neglected to record the fact particularly in my journal, whether we saw what we recognized distinctly as the Negeb, or South Country.

The hills about Hebron, however, could be seen. "The mountains round about Jerusalem," the hill of Bethlehem, Frank Mountain, Neby Samwil, Gerizim and Ebal, the Gilboa range, and the hill country of Galilee,

were readily recognized. Sufficent of the Plain of Jordan is seen to answer the description, Jericho being in the foreground of its western boundary, in a slightly north-west direction. Engedi, (Ain Jidy,) the "city of palm-trees," rests, like a speck of green, on the west shore of the Dead Sea. Zoar cannot be seen. If situated off the Lisan, an arm of land extending from the east into the Dead Sea near its southern extremity, it was impossible for it to be seen from any position so far north. "Unto Zoar" must, therefore, be taken in the liberal sense, as "toward the utmost sea," unless another site for Zoar be accepted.

Professor Paine, of the American Exploration Society, gives an elaborate account of his identification of Pisgah.* He recognizes the Jebel Neba of M. de Saulcy and of Dr. Tristram, but claims that the third and last headland, which we visited, is the true Pisgah. But I am sure this point did not so well satisfy our party as the first, or upper summit, of the three. I do not think that Dr. Tristram went upon the lowest peak, but he examined the second, where are the ruins, and he gives his opinion in favor of Jebel Neba as Pisgah.

I regret that the opinion of our party did not go to the confirmation of Professor Paine's identification. In his argument, the stress which he lays upon the more perfect view from Jebel Siaghah, the third foreland, he loses sight of one important particular in the survey of Moses. "Get thee up into the top of Pisgah, and lift up thine eyes west-

* Third Statement of American Exploration Society, January, 1875.

ward, and northward, and southward, and eastward, and behold it with thine eyes." Deut. iii, 27. Now, from Jebel Siaghah there is no view eastward, it is so far below the table-lands above; but from Jebel Neba there is an extended view of the rolling country stretching away toward the eastern desert. This eastward land was also a part of the promised possession.

My own impression is, that the mount, or mountains, Abarim, was the name of the whole cluster of hills immediately overlooking the Jordan in this region, as the term signifies "borders;" that Nebo was the title of a particular mountain, with one or more peaks; and that Pisgah was the special summit or hill of Nebo. I remember very clearly that its top looked, as we rode by, just like a hill, and seemed relatively so little elevated as we approached from the east that we hardly thought it worth while to go on to it. Taking the itinerary of Israel, as given in Num. xxxiii, 46-48, nothing can seem more natural. "And they removed from Dibon-gad," (clearly identified as the modern Dhiban,) "and encamped in Almon-diblathaim. And they removed from Almon-diblathaim, and pitched in the mountains of Abarim," (the border mountains of the Plain of the Jordan,) "before," or in front of, "Nebo. And they departed from the mountains of Abarim, and pitched in the Plains of Moab by Jordan near Jericho. And they pitched by Jordan, from Beth-jesimoth even unto Abel-shittim" (the Plains of the Acacia-trees) "in the Plains of Moab."

The "before," or "in front of," Nebo, cannot mean literally between Nebo and the peaks under discussion, for there is not space here for an encampment of two millions of people. It is fair to regard this space where they encamped lying around Nebo as the whole undulating table-land in its neighborhood, termed "the field of Zophim." Israel had conquered Heshbon, and it is reasonable to suppose that the people, with their cattle, lay freely along the whole beautiful country, stretching south-east and south-west, along the slopes of Nebo. When they removed from this position it is quite certain that they descended by Wady Musa, lying immediately north of Jebel Neba, and Wady Hesban, still further north, and both terminating on the plains below.

Examining, in connection with this itinerary, the account of Balak's and Balaam's pursuit, the explanation is made additionally clear. Balak and Balaam, following the course of Israel, sacrificing to Baal, the sun-god, upon his altars, which crowned almost every eminence, and thence looking upon the receding hosts of God's people, at length came to the field of Zophim, to the top of Pisgah. Num. xxiii, 14. Balaam can still find "no word" to curse Israel. From Pisgah (Jebel Neba, as I think) they cannot see the vast hosts perfectly—only the straggling ends and the campfires being visible in the distance. "And Balak said unto Balaam, Come, I pray thee, I will bring thee unto another place, peradventure it will please God that thou mayest curse me them from thence. And Balak

brought Balaam unto the top of Peor, that looketh toward Jeshimon." Num. xxiii, 27, 28. This point answers admirably to Professor Paine's Pisgah, Mount Siaghah. Either Mount Siaghah, or the second foreland, where are the ruinous heaps, from both of which there is a near and distinct view of the plain from "Beth-jeshimon unto Abel-shittim," may be "the top of Peor."

Assuming, as I did, that the top of Jebel Neba is the true Pisgah, my feelings may be readily imagined, as I stood upon the spot where the great prophet and law-giver of Israel took his last look upon earthly scenes. The eye that "was not dim," though exposed to the desert's glare through weary years, sharpened now even to a preternatural vision by reason of the elevation of the soul, wandered leisurely over the goodly land which, for forty years, had been the desire of his heart, and then closed forever. "I have caused thee to see it with thine eyes, but thou shalt not go over thither. So Moses the servant of the Lord died there in the land of Moab, according to the word of the Lord. And he buried him in a valley in the land of Moab, over against Beth-peor: but no man knoweth of his sepulchre unto this day." Deut. xxxiv, 4-6. I looked on the right, there was the deep chasm of Wady Musa; and on the left, there the deeper glen of Wady el Judaia, both over against Beth-peor. I could not choose between them for the grave of Moses. Either would be a fit resting-place for the mighty leader whom God buried so near the Land of Promise!

Many a time, as I journeyed through "the great and terrible wilderness," my heart was touched with unwonted sympathy for Moses as I recalled to mind the hardships he had suffered for and with a stiff-necked and rebellious people. Thrown out a shapeless mass of serfs, unaccustomed to think for themselves, like petulant children uttering all their cries into his ear, he had taken them and shaped them into a hardy, self-reliant nation, and brought them on until he and they together were about to grasp the prize so long and ardently coveted, and, lo ! he dies within the sight. A career begun in self-denial closes as it begun. "By faith Moses, when he was come to years, refused to be called the son of Pharaoh's daughter; choosing rather to suffer affliction with the people of God, than to enjoy the pleasures of sin for a season; esteeming the reproach of Christ greater riches than the treasures in Egypt: for he had respect unto the recompense of the reward." Heb. xi, 24-26. Moses' loss has been the gain of untold generations. By his faith myriads of sufferers "out of weakness have been made strong."

The scene on Pisgah is at once the fitting end of the life of Moses, and the exemplification of a general law. In one sense it might seem mournful, incomplete, and disappointing; but in another and higher sense, how truly the crowning point of his life! . . .

To labor and not to see the end of our labors; to sow and not to reap; to be removed from this earthly scene before our work has been appreciated, and when it will be carried on not by ourselves but by others, is a law so common in the highest characters of history, that none can be said to be altogether exempt from its operation. It is true in intellectual matters as well as in spiritual; and one of the finest

applications of any passage in Mosaic history is that made by Cowley, and extended by Lord Macaulay to the great English philosopher, who—

“Did on the very border stand
Of the blessed Promised Land ;
And from the mountain's top of his exalted wit
Saw it himself, and show'd us it ;
But life did never to one man allow
Time to discover worlds and conquer too.”*

From Mount Nebo we rode south-eastward over a very pleasant region, passing several Bedawin camps and numerous flocks in sight of Medeba, (Num. xxi, 30,) where are some of the most remarkable ruins of the country.† Crossing an old Roman road, toward evening we came to Ma'in, the ancient Baal-meon, named by the Israelites after they rebuilt it Beth-meon. Num. xxxii, 28; Jer. xlviii, 23. This is supposed to have been one of the heights of Baal. We walked around the ruins, which cover the whole hill, about half a mile square. Save an occasional wall or arch nothing is perfect. From the top of the hill, in all directions, the eye takes in lovely hill-sides and broad, productive valleys. I had the good fortune to escape the chill all day long, and at night felt comfortably.

We were now under the necessity of parting with our obliging and faithful Haza, as we had reached the southern limit of the Adwan, and must put ourselves under the conduct of the Beni-Sawkis. Fendel Fize, the sheik of the Beni-Sawkis, having been notified of our coming, sent

* Stanley, “History of the Jewish Church,” vol. i, p. 223.

† Tristram, “The Land of Moab,” p. 323.

his son Zedam to meet us, and to conduct us through his territory, lying from Ma'in to the districts round Kerak. The Beni-Sawkis are a powerful tribe, very war-like and overbearing. In neither case did the great sheiks of the Adwan or the Beni-Sawkis honor us with their presence; their subordinates were sent to filch out of us all that was possible. In negotiating with Zedam he at first asked £175 (\$875) to escort us through his country, and finally fell to thirty napoleons, (\$120!) The biggest set of compounded knaves and ninnies that ever a man had to deal with!

April 28. At the breakfast table £1 10s. were contributed for backsheesh, and it was voted to give it all to Haza. When the money was handed to Haza, Goblan, who was a little way off and saw it, came up in a rage because he had not received it, or an equal present; whereupon Dr. De Hass handed him £1 from his own pocket. The old scamp took the money, but refused to bid the consul good-bye, and rode off in high dudgeon, uttering oaths and threats. This was after a contract had been signed in Jerusalem that we should be taken through the country of the Adwan for thirteen napoleons and a few articles of food and apparel. Goblan is a treacherous fellow, resorting both in peace and war to all sorts of tricks to gain his ends. He has been known to invite warriors to a feast, and then basely slay them after he has got them in his power. All smiles and good nature till he is crossed, he then becomes an implacable enemy. One

side of his jaw has been cut away in battle, and he wears a covering over the lower part of his face, and when angry he is the picture of vengeance. The few Englishmen and Frenchmen who have been through the country have a good deal spoiled him by their lavish gifts. De Saulcy is reported to have paid him personally for eighteen days six napoleons a day. The consul promised to remunerate him in something else than coin if he ever caught him in Jerusalem.

We rode away guided by the young sheik Zedam, receiving an affectionate farewell from Haza. Both Haza and Fallan, his brother, had proved amiable companions. Our destination for the day was Machærus, (M'kawr,) in a south-westerly direction. As we passed slowly by an encampment of the Hamideh tribe, Zedam stopped to get a guide, and then led on. We were rising the first big hill, after winding through a narrow and flowery valley, Wady Habis, all in the highest spirits, when four or five mounted men were seen to approach and engage the sheik in earnest conversation. We were all ordered instantly to stop, and when, at first, we refused, a young man confronted Mr. Dobbs with violent gesture and loud voice. We were at a loss to understand this proceeding. It turned out that these men were Ben Hamidehs, owning the territory lying along the Zurka-Ma'in, including M'kawr, and stretching eastward to Dhiban. They were unwilling we should pass through their country unless they, too, received backsheesh.

"If you undertake to go on without paying us £100, we will cut every man's head off!"

Whew! This talk, accompanied by the brandishing of swords and spears, was any thing but musical. A long parley ensued, our young sheik becoming very excited, yet remaining apparently resolute. At length he counseled we should return. Turning his mare's head, he said:—

"I will go and bring a force down here and take the head off of every man of you."

He was well able to do it. The Hamidehs stand in mortal fear of the powerful Beni-Sawkis. They then begged him not to go back, one old man grasping him by the girdle and beseeching him to stay. Our pack-train had been stopped and ordered to return; and so, much crestfallen, with visions of Machærus and Callirhœe vanished, we began to take the backward track. How provoking that a few semi-barbarous Arabs should block the way of *savants* who had come from across the ocean to see the wonders of this land!

We had not got far before the old sheik came galloping up after us, and said if we would give them £5 they would allow us to go on. As we had already bargained with Zedam to take us to Kerak by this route, we took the ground that our contract was with him, and he was bound to fulfill it, especially as it was well known that he had only to tell the Hamidehs that he must and would go through; so we replied we would give nothing,

and motioned to ride on. Now all their party had come up, and they proposed to present the beke with a mare, expecting, of course, that he would accept it, and give them in return double or treble its value. This is an Arab trick, an old one of these lands. If Abraham had accepted the cave of Machpelah as a present from Ephron the Hittite, he would have had to pay him double or treble its value in gifts. "No; we will not have the mare." At last they agreed to accept four napoleons. We positively refused; but finally, Mr. Floyd, feeling his reputation was at stake in this his first tour through Moab, promised to pay the sum. We turned about, and were soon again climbing the hill we had left.

Mr. Floyd strongly suspected that Goblan, on leaving our camp in the morning, went immediately to the Hamidehs and put them up to this mischief. So thought Zedam. Some of us had a suspicion that the son of Fendel Fize was in the plot. He knew that these fellows would justly demand of him part of his thirteen napoleons for allowing him to conduct us through their country, and so he meant to make the amount they demanded out of us.

CHAPTER XIX.

MACHÆRUS—THE LAND OF MOAB.

THE first point of interest we reached was a flat spot of ground which commanded a view of Wady Zurka-Ma'in, in which the noted hot sulphur springs of Callirhœe are located. The valley itself is a deep gorge, with rocks mostly of black basalt. Turning up to the left, at a short distance we ascended a hill crowned by the shapeless ruins of an old town named Attarus, the Ataroth of Num. xxxii, 3, 34. At the foot of the tell grows a luxuriant terebinth, the finest I had seen, a representation of which is in Dr. Tristram's "Land of Moab." We then ascended Jebel Attarus and lunched upon its slopes, under one of the numerous terebinths which cluster upon its sides.

This is the highest mountain north of the River Arnon, or Wady Mojeb, in this region, and was probably one of the first high places to which Balak led Balaam from which to curse Israel. From the summit there is a good view of the adjoining ranges; and of the Dead Sea beyond. The theory that this mountain is Nebo has been long abandoned. It is too far south to answer the biblical description. We made a *détour* to the left and south to visit the ruins of Kureiyat, the supposed site

of Kerieth, or Keriathaim, mentioned in the circle of inhabited cities by Jeremiah. Jer. xlviii, 22-24. There is nothing seemly in the whole mass. The position is very commanding, with a good view toward the Arnon.

We had to return around the south and west sides of Mount Attarus, a very hot and rough ride, to reach in a slightly north-west direction M'Kawr. At one point the path lay over a clean stretch of ground, and for a few minutes we dashed off at a pretty rapid gait. Mr. Fish, mounted on a bright, nervous sorrel mare, led off briskly. In jumping a pile of stones she fell and threw him, but, fortunately, a few scratches were all the damage. He was immediately seated again and galloping as bravely as before. About the middle of the afternoon we found our camp pitched on the side of the hill, adjoining the ruins of M'Kawr, the ancient Machærus. Van de Velde's map places M'Kawr to the north-east of Attarus, whereas it is west of Attarus, and only a little east of south from Callirhœe springs. Its position as laid down on Tristram's map is substantially correct.

According to Josephus, the first to perceive the advantage of this location for defense and to fortify it was Alexander Janneus, the first Maccabean king of the Jews, about a hundred years before Christ. The Citadel which he built was destroyed by Gabinius when he made war against Aristobulus, son and successor of Alexander. Because of the quarrels between Aristobulus and Hyrcanus, the two sons of Alexander, the kingdom fell a prey to

Herod the Idumean, afterward called the Great. Josephus says:—

Herod thought the place worthy of the utmost regard, and of being built upon in the firmest manner, and this especially because it lay so near to Arabia; for it is seated in a convenient place on that account, and hath a prospect toward that country. He therefore surrounded a space of ground with wall and towers, and built a city there, out of which city there was a way that led up to the very Citadel itself, on the top of the mountain; nay, more than this, he built a wall round the top of the hill, and erected towers at the corners, of a hundred and sixty cubits high; in the middle of which he built a palace after a magnificent manner, wherein were large and beautiful edifices. He also made a great many reservoirs for the reception of water. . . . Thus did he, as it were, contend with the nature of the place, that he might exceed its natural strength and security.*

The city and citadel, after an eventful history, finally fell into disuse upon the destruction of Jerusalem by Titus, and, entirely abandoned, decayed until reduced to the present condition of utter ruin.

On reaching camp, waiting only to breathe a little, we walked by the edge of the ruins of the ancient city, and descending a valley to the west, crossed at an elevated point where the old Roman road led from the city to the base of the mountain, distant from the ruins of the city about a mile. In the valley leading to the mountain I observed, on the north side, several large caves. We ascended the mountain at the south-east angle. The summit is a round, flat surface, about a hundred yards in diameter, and overgrown with rank prickly weeds. We

* "Wars of the Jews," book vii, chap. vi, sec. 2.

found on the north side the remains of at least one large oblong cistern, the masonry of which is in good preservation, and the cement at places quite perfect. The cistern, judging from the lines of masonry, had been arched over. On the west side are two other depressions closely connected, the massive masonry almost wholly fallen, which we concluded were the prisons. We searched in vain for the mouth of the well of which Tristram speaks, but, on descending, found to the north of the south-west angle, about half way down, a large cave, artificially enlarged and cemented, which had undoubtedly been used for a reservoir. It extends back ninety feet, is thirty feet wide, and forty feet high. The marks of the opening, through which the water was conveyed to the heights above, are distinctly visible.

The mountain is partly artificial, the sides having been built up to render them steeper, and then the top flattened for the citadel, the palace, and other edifices. It strongly resembles Herodium (Frank Mountain) and Masada. We could follow the foundations of the walls of circumvallation, which had been around the entire summit. Immediately in front, on the same ridge with the Citadel, only much lower, are the fallen stones of two lines of fortification which extended westward, and terminated in massive towers or fortresses. Below the north-west angle is a huge pile of stones, which were likely the remains of the tower at this point.

These lines of fortification, as well as the Citadel itself,

are flanked on the north and south by very deep valleys. The city lay on the east side, and was connected with the Citadel by a road and fortification. It was from this direction that the Romans, under Bassus, after the destruction of Jerusalem, approached and captured the place. As to the ruins of the city, it is the same story which we have to tell of all Moab, a confused mass; nothing can be very intelligibly understood. Judging from the area they cover, the city must have been large and populous.

The chief interest of Machærus centers in the Citadel. The view from its site is one of the most varied and agreeable in Moab. The immediate proximity is wild and grand. Directly below it are the deep chasms of Wady Z'gara and Wady Zurka-Ma'in, and the placid bosom of the Dead Sea; and beyond, westward over the sea, rise the heights back of Engedi; and farther on, still looms up in the distance the hill country of Judea, terminating toward the north in Neby Samwil. On a clear day some of the buildings near Bethlehem and Jerusalem can be distinctly seen. This delightful spot, with such charming scenery, a climate unsurpassed for its mildness, and adjoining springs of rare medicinal virtue, was a favorite resort of Herod the Great. Here he could live luxuriously, in sight of the capital to whose splendor he had so greatly contributed. Here, too, his son, Herod Antipas, was reveling in the society of the voluptuous and wicked Herodias, his brother Philip's wife, when, at the request of Salome, the daughter of Herodias, he beheaded John the

Baptist in the dungeon whose imperfect outlines have been noticed. Fearing the popularity of John with the masses whom his ministry had gathered, Herod Antipas had thrown him into prison. Boldly rebuked, probably to his face, for his adultery with Herodias, the cruel revenge of the base woman had been incited against the preacher, and Herod, to gratify her malice and his own vanity, added to the injustice of false imprisonment the deeper crime of murder.*

In the morning we started early for Callirhœ Springs. A ride northward—if part-ride and part-walk and another part-slide can be called a ride—of one hour and a half, brought us to the bottom of Wady Zurka-Ma'in. We soon struck, in the descent, rocks which look as though of volcanic origin. Whether the basal rock of the hills is of volcanic origin or not, they are incrustated with sulphurous ashes and cinders. We could see no smoke—in the winter smoke may be seen; but it is highly probable that there have been, at times, violent eruptions in the neighborhood of these springs. How far the burning liquid and ashes may have extended we could not tell. There are traces of sulphur at many points on the Dead Sea, and on the west side some copious springs. The side of the mountain, on the north of the Callirhœ, is of sandstone formation, and so variously streaked as to impart the most pleasing effect. From it flow all the sulphur springs.

* Josephus' "Antiquities," book xviii, chap. v, sec. 2.

On reaching the valley, I put my hand into a small stream gushing from the hill, and had to withdraw it instantly. One of the horses got into it, and jumped out very quickly. Riding down about half a mile, we met a large stream, two yards wide and two or three feet deep, of hot sulphur water. Rushing on it leaps over a large boulder, forming quite a fall, and dashing and leaping for one hundred yards in a succession of cascades, it finds the main valley. Below this, by the hill on the right, we found evidences where baths had existed. Holes through which sulphur was escaping formed the crude baths of the Bed-awin. Farther still, a beautiful fountain, so divided by impeding rocks as to make a dozen little fountains, bursts from the mountain, creating a reservoir of hot water, which, losing itself under an enormous sulphur crust, descends about one hundred feet, when it, too, finds the lower level of the wady. Some of these waters are 130° Fahr. As to their number, instead of saying there are six or eight, it is nearer the fact to regard the whole bed of the valley on the north for about a mile one continuous hot sulphur spring.

In addition to the medicinal quality of the waters, the temperature of the valley in autumn, winter, and spring is delightful; while for scenery, in the fantastic blendings of basalt, limestone, and sandstone, the exquisite forms of the sulphur crystallizations, following in their outlines twigs, reeds, and roots, on which the volatile salts have chanced to fasten, the fragrance and colorings of oleanders, junipers, and flowering shrubs, and the flight

and songs of various birds, there is every thing to charm.

Our bath that day was most delicious. In the main stream we lay rolling like pigs from the cold water to the hot water, and from the hot to the cold, and where the hot and cold mix at the most agreeable point. Indeed, so exactly does the cold and hot water divide in the stream that the body can lie partly in the one and partly in the other at the same moment. As the waters flow along, the moss grows luxuriantly where the cold water runs, and not a vestige of green appears under the warm water. The line of verdure is as sharp as if cut by a knife.

Mention is made of these springs by Josephus, Pliny, and others. Herod the Great, in his last loathsome sickness, by the advice of his physicians, availed himself of these waters.* They have been visited of late years by a few Europeans, but our party were, I believe, the first Americans to see and enjoy them. Even Lieutenant Lynch did not penetrate so far—a fact quite unaccountable.

We did not follow the valley down to its mouth. Dr. Tristram represents it as very deep and precipitous, with bold, towering cliffs on each side, and highly picturesque throughout its course. Directly north of its mouth, along the sea-shore, is a small fertile spot; and also to the south, at the mouth of Wady Z'gara, is another strip of

* "Antiquities," book xvii, chap. vi, sec. 5.

green, where he thinks he could discern in the heaps of stones the site of Zareth-Shahar, or Zera, the only sea-coast town of Reuben.*

We ascended from the Springs by the same difficult path we had come down, and lunched on the side of the mountain. Then, instead of returning by Machærus, we bore to the east of Mount Attarus, toward the head of the valley, (Zurka-Ma'in,) and thence across stony hills until we debouched upon well-cultivated fields, where was the rankest growth of wheat we had seen east of the Jordan. On the left, as we struck the frequented route from Ma'in to Dhiban, we noticed some ruins crowning a knoll, from which fertile valleys fall away in all directions. These our Arab guide called Lib, put down by Van de Velde as Lob, (?) but not noticed by Tristram. Far away to the east stretched the plain in unbroken verdure until we could see the range of hills bordering the Great Desert. Distinctly visible on the horizon was a high three-pronged mountain, at the foot of which we were told runs the great Hajj route from Damascus to Mecca.

Turning south from Lib, we found our camp about sunset, not at Dhiban as we expected, but by a copious stream which flows through Wady Waled on its way to the Arnon. There are the remains of a Roman bridge over the stream, and quite near a pretty water-fall.

April 30. We breakfasted at 6 A. M. The Hamidehs wanted backsheesh, as we were now to leave them.

* "The Land of Moab," p. 270.

We said, "No; you have insulted us, and we will give you nothing." Mr. Floyd paid them the four napoleons he had promised, and Zedam gave them such pledges as seemed to satisfy them. Poor fellows! I felt sorry for them, for they proved after we got under their escort very kind and obliging. The Beni-Sawkis undoubtedly oppress them, taking advantage of superior numbers to rob them of their privileges. Here might is right, as is too often the case in more civilized countries. All Zedam would say was, "We are more numerous than they, and we need more."

After rising the banks of Wady Waled we struck a broad rolling plain, rich in wheat and clover, and riding along over it we came, all at once, on a Bedawin encampment. It proved to be the home of Weban, sheik of the Hamidehs. He had led us to it when we supposed we were going directly on to Dhiban. Having preceded us, he now came out and insisted that the beke should alight and take a cup of coffee with him. It was soon understood that the invitation was to all the howadji; but we declined, saying we were in too great haste. The sheik was, however, so importunate that Dr. De Hass and two or three of us decided to accept. We were seated on mats under a long strip of goats'-hair cloth. At the end of the tent, over the sheik's head, was his gun. Weban is a copper-colored, bright-looking young man. The coffee was brought in. "Tieb," we all said. An Arab will have good coffee and good tobacco, whatever else he

may fail to have. Then, to our surprise, a large brazen dish, two and a half feet in diameter, filled with a stew of mutton and rice, was brought in. This was for the men. Then a smaller one for the sheik and his guests. Weban put his hand in and took out his fingers full, and invited us to help ourselves, exclaiming "Tieb! tieb!" The beke followed him. I turned away.

"It is of no use," said Dobbs; "Ridgaway, you must go in, it will never do; it would be a mortal offense not to eat;" and so, with eyes looking another way, in my hand went. We all ate sparingly but Weban. The rice was excellent, but the meat was sour. I looked around to see



how the men were getting on. About a dozen surrounded the big dish. All hands went in at once. Handfuls were crammed into their mouths as fast as they could devour them, until, in a little while, they were

satisfied, and quietly walked away. The dish was then carried out for the women to eat what was left.

I saw two women in two different tents churning. The cream was in a goat skin, one end of which was tied to a post, while the woman holding the other end would jam the skin violently against the post. This motion is repeated until the butter "comes." And when it does "come" it has very little consistency and no firmness.

In our ride this morning we came to a large pit, the bottom of which was filled with rain-water. A group of natives were gathered about its mouth. The water was so far below the mouth, that, in the absence of a shádúf, or a rope with a bucket attached, some one had to be lowered down with a pitcher to obtain it. We tried to induce a little girl to go down, but she cried and refused. A full-grown girl allowed herself to be lowered without hesitancy, and, filling the large earthen jar, was hoisted up, amid the applause of the company.

Our next point was Dhiban, beyond doubt the Biblical Dibon, as proved both by the name and the location. It is referred to by Eusebius and Jerome, and was first identified among modern travelers by Seetzer, "the pioneer of Moabite exploration." The city is first mentioned in Num. xxxii, 3, as conquered and rebuilt by the tribe of Gad, and is the same as Dibon-gad, one of the halting places of Israel, (Num. xxxiii, 45, 46,) receiving the added word Gad from the name of that tribe. It is mentioned again, after it had fallen back to Moab, (Isa. xv, 2; Jer. xlviii, 18, 22,) as one of the principal cities of the kingdom, which God's vengeance had doomed to destruction. The ruins cover two hills situated close together, which, approached from the east, look well elevated, and fully justify the expression of the prophet, "Thou daughter that dost inhabit Dibon, come down from thy glory, and sit in thirst." We saw but few noticeable features in the ruins; some arches, and well-de-

fined foundations, with an occasional block or slab of basalt.

Here the noted "Moabite stone" was found. It is a black basalt monolith, three feet eight and a half inches high, two feet three and a half inches wide, and one foot seventy-eight one-hundredths of an inch thick, rounded at both ends, and inscribed with thirty-four straight lines of alphabetic writing. It was discovered by the Rev. F. A. Klein, August 19, 1868, at the entrance of the ruins near the ancient gate-way of the town. It was lying with the inscription uppermost. The Arabs soon suspecting it was of some value, began to quarrel over it, the Hamidehs and the Keraks both claiming its ownership. In the *mêlée* which ensued it was broken by the disappointed party, to destroy its value. I saw the man in Jerusalem who broke it; he was wholly ignorant of the damage he was doing. The feud thus caused between the tribes has not yet died out.

The inscription records the successful rebellion of Mesha king of Moab, against the kingdom of Israel, in the days of Jehoram, the son of Ahab. 2 Kings iii, 4, etc. I am indebted to an article in the "First Statement of the American Palestine Exploration Society," prepared by the Rev. Dr. Howard Crosby, for an exposition of the import of the inscription:—

Although broken to pieces through Arabic jealousy, its inscription has been preserved, with the exception of about one seventh; and two thirds of the stone itself is now in the possession of M. Ganneau and

the Palestine Exploration Society. This inscription is the oldest alphabetic inscription extant, dating about the year B. C. 890.

It shows us: 1. That Moab must have been independent between Solomon's reign and that of Omri. Under David and Solomon we know it was subject to Israel. 2. That Dibon was its capital. 3. That the Semitic alphabet was the Phœnician, which is our alphabet in its earlier forms. The letters A, N, K, M, O; U, D, T, L, H, R, are almost identical with the Roman and Greek characters. 4. That punctuation was carefully observed in old writings, so far as to separate by marks both words and sentences. 5. That the plural in N is not a late form. 6. That Moab was called by the Moabites, Mab or Meab. 7. That the name of Jehovah was openly spoken and known by nations around as the name of Israel's God, and that the pious horror of the Tetragrammaton did not exist nine centuries before Christ. 8. That Pliny's and Aristotle's views that only sixteen or eighteen letters were brought by Cadmus from the East into Greece, and that the Greeks invented the rest, are false, the whole twenty-two being here found. Hence the 119th Psalm, and the other alphabetical psalms, and the Book of Lamentations (having an alphabetic division) are not to be deemed modern, as some would have them to be, for this reason.

It is not likely that this stone lay with the inscription exposed for two thousand five hundred years. Many times since its date the town was destroyed and rebuilt, and this stone, like the other materials lying waste, was rebuilt into some wall. By the fall of the wall through gradual decay, or an earthquake, it was thrown out and exposed, probably at a very recent period. It is believed that other valuable stones lie buried here; but none have been found. A rich harvest awaits the American Exploration Society, when once they are able to excavate extensively in this and like places east of the Jordan. I am not prepared to give an intelligent opinion as to the gen-

uineness of Mr. Sappira's collection at Jerusalem, dug up, as he affirms, at Dhiban and other points. Certainly there are no evidences of any excavations recently made about these ruins; if there be, they escaped our notice.*

Over a smooth plain we rode three miles to Wady Mojeb, the ancient River Arnon, the boundary between the land of Moab and the land of the Amorites, and subsequently between Israel and Moab proper. On our left, a short distance only, we saw the site of Arrah or Arraer, the scriptural Aroer—"a city by the brink." Deut. ii, 36; iii, 12; iv, 48. The view from the point where we entered Wady Mojeb is very grand. The valley is deep and broad, with very little wood or vegetation on its rugged sides. It is, indeed, a natural boundary. We were one hour and a half descending two thousand feet to its bottom. The stream is full and rapid. In winter it must be a torrent. Under the shadow of a huge boulder by the water's brink we lunched. Some of the party could not allow the opportunity to bathe in so famous a river to pass unimproved, but I had to refrain from the luxury for fear of a return of the ague.

At two o'clock we began the ascent, and tedious it was; but in about two hours we reached the top, two thousand two hundred feet from the stream below. In places we rode over the old Roman road, pressing the very stones on which had tramped the iron-shod veterans of Rome,

* M. Ganneau and other able archæologists discredit their genuineness. "Palestine Exploration Fund, April, 1874," p. 114.

as horse and foot swept over the empires of the East. Mile-stones, pillars, fragments of capitals, still standing or thrown down, lay by the way. We measured one of these mile-stones, and found it eight feet long. This was up on the plain beyond, and not in the valley. About a third of the way up we passed square foundations, probably the remains of a fortress placed here to defend the road. At one spot we saw well-laid blocks across the road, designed to turn the water. Just before we reached the summit there was a point so sharp and steep that it seemed quite impassable, but a Syrian horse will go anywhere a man will push him. How our pack mules got up was a mystery, but they did; for after a brief rest under the shade of a large terebinth, and a short gallop over as beautiful a soil as horse's hoof ever touched, we found our faithful Areph had preceded us, and our tents were in readiness. Near the camp was a good well of rain-water, and beyond rose Jebel Shihan, its high top covered with the ruins of the ancient city of Sihon.

The next morning (Friday, May 1st) we were in the saddle soon after six o'clock, and first ascended Jebel Shihan. We had seen, by glimpses, his peak shooting up above the horizon much of the way from Nebo, and had anticipated a fine panorama when we reached it. The scene fulfilled all expectations. Northward lay the mountains of Abarim and Gilead, with the snowy Hermon beyond them all; north-west we could distinctly see Mount Carmel, with the mist overhanging Esdraelon lying be-

neath it; over the Dead Sea the Mountains of Judea and Ephraim, with Bethlehem and Jerusalem; southward, the Mountains of Edom, well-nigh to Petra; south-eastward and eastward, Kerak and all the land of Moab, to the range of mountains which divide it from the great eastern Desert. We could trace the river Arnon as, rising far in the south-east, in Wady Safiyeh, between Jebel et Tarfuyeh and Jebel et Shuweiteh, it runs north-west, and then taking an almost direct westerly course, empties into the Dead Sea.

From this point it was easy to map out the probable route of the children of Israel in their approach to the Promised Land. It will be remembered that when they came the second time to Kadesh, it is said, "Then Israel sent messengers unto the king of Edom, saying, Let me, I pray thee, pass through thy land: but the king of Edom would not hearken thereto. And in like manner they sent unto the king of Moab; but he would not consent: and Israel abode in Kadesh. Then they went along through the wilderness, and compassed the land of Edom, and the land of Moab, and came by the east side of the land of Moab, and pitched on the other side of Arnon, but came not within the border of Moab: for Arnon was the border of Moab." Judges xi, 17, 18. Moses was forbidden to interfere with the children of Esau and the children of Lot; hence his scrupulous regard for their territory. Deut. ii, 5, 9. The Amorites were usurpers of that portion of Moab's possessions which lay north of the

Arnon, and as heathen, whose iniquity was full, Moses could lawfully attack them. He therefore led the people, after leaving the land of the Midianites, through the pass between Jebel et Tarfuyeh and et Shuweiteh, and following the course of the Arnon north-west, encamped on its north-eastern bank. From this point, the location of which was clearly under our eye, he sent his pacific embassy to Sihon, king of the Amorites, which being denied, he forced his way by arms, overthrowing Sihon and all his cities. It would seem that the very mountain on which we were standing had taken its name (Shihan) from its proximity to the scene of the bloody battles of Israel on their first approaches to Canaan. Had one stood on this mountain in the day when God's hosts debouched from the Wilderness and advanced along the Arnon to the attack of the Amorites, their very movements might have been descried in the transparent atmosphere, either by the blazing camp fires, or by the pillar of cloud or fire which led the van of the army.

At the foot of Jebel Shihan, the son of the governor, or sheik of Kerak, met us, and saluting us (*salam*) said,

"You are welcome to the hospitalities of Kerak. Go where you please ; this country is before you."

Our course was almost directly south till we came to Beit el Kurn. I counted as we rode, within a small compass, as many as forty yokes of oxen plowing. The plow used is a rude implement, with one pointed blade, and merely scratches the soil. As one section of land is ex-

hausted another is taken up. Such is the natural strength of the soil—and the present verdure fully attests its ancient productiveness—that it rapidly recuperates by its inherent qualities. Here we had before us the proofs of the adaptation of this land to wheat growing. Naomi came down to Moab to find plenty when her own rocky and hilly Judea was blighted with sterility. The pictures which the prophets present of it show it to have been a country devoted to agriculture, and prolific in its yield. Numerous remains of Roman encampments are to be found through the land, where soldiers were posted to protect the crops, and to appropriate them after they had been gathered.

We also passed several Bedawin encampments, which the young sheik told us belonged to his people. In the summer they leave the towns and spread themselves abroad on the plains to cultivate the soil. Close by the black tents I observed a white tent, and, upon inquiring what it meant, I was told it was the tent of a Damascus merchant. He had come all the way from Damascus, and was hovering about the Bedawin to vend his wares—cloths, knives, and every thing to tempt men, women, and children. Here was an unexpected sample of the Yankee peddler. I found afterward that the Damascene is the real Yankee of the Arabs. The sheik referred to the story of the contest between the Keraks and the Hamidehs over the Moabite stone, and said thirty men were slain on each side. He also told us that the tribes lying to the east were then engaged in war.

At Beit el Kurn there are the remains of a large temple, one hundred feet by ninety, part of the four walls of which, to the extent of some twenty feet above ground, are still standing. The temple faces the east. We here found a stone with a head carved on it, from which beams emanate in all directions, and from it falls a profusion of curls. This head, we thought, represented Baal, the sun god; which fact, taken in connection with the situation of the building, led to the conclusion, that to whatever purpose subsequently devoted, it was originally a temple of Baal. It is possible it was built by the Romans as a temple to Apollo, and was afterward used as a Christian church. There were also some pieces of columns with beautiful capitals, one sculptured lion's head, and several handsome friezes.

Leaving Beit el Kurn, our road was still southward. On the right, at some little distance from el Kurn, we saw the remains of a large Roman temple. The bases of the columns of the portico, and a few broken shafts, were scattered around. We were on what was undoubtedly once the great highway of the country. Pursuing this road, we entered by a deep cut Ar Rabbath Moab, or Areopolis, now Rabba. The ruins here are second in extent and interest only to those of Rab Ammon.

The Roman road appears to have divided the city into two parts. The more extensive ruins lie on the eastern side. On the west are two tall Corinthian columns, very graceful, indeed, and about two hundred feet apart. If

these belonged to the same building, as they probably did, it must have been very large and grand. There is a high wall back of them with two very perfect arches; and strewn among the rubbish are any number of broken shafts, capitals, and architraves. Among the ruins, on the east side are several large mounds, which probably cover fallen buildings. I observed one large depression, into which access was gained by what at first seemed to be a succession of steps, and in the bottom of which was an extensive pavement. This I took to have been a theater. The seeming steps, from their position, were the surrounding benches of the amphitheater. In all directions were blocks of basalt and limestone cut into many shapes, but indicating principally Roman workmanship. A very noticeable feature is two well-preserved reservoirs, one cemented, and the other either an excavation in the rock, or a natural cavity.

Ar is first mentioned as "the border of Moab," (Num. xxi, 15,) because the principal city or capital of Moab. In all times it has been common for a whole connecting district of country to take the name of the chief city. It occurs again among the towns of Moab, in connection with Kir, (Kerak.) Isa. xv, 1. When occupied by the Romans it received the name Areopolis, as Rabbath Ammon had of Philadelphia; but with the disappearance of the temporary usurpers, the old traditional name of the possessors of the soil reasserted itself in Rabba.

A ride of two hours southward from Rabba, deflecting

slightly to the east, brought us to the hill overlooking Kerak. The first impression was that of a very formidable place. A huge mountain rises back of it, upon a spur or shoulder of which, projecting westward, the town is built. A castle looms up at each end, east and west. Beside the west castle, called Bybars, we could see our little white camp pitched, and resting like an eagle's nest. The houses, with their mud roofs, seemed one continuous flat.

We did not enter Kerak by the famous hole in the rock, through which alone, in former times, access to the city was obtained, but clambered up the steep north side of the mountain until we got inside the chief street, through which we rode amid a gaping crowd to our camp. Swarms of lean, dirty, hungry Arabs surrounded us, ready, apparently, to devour us and all we had at a moment's notice. The evening was very pleasant, and from the walls overlooking the valley south of the town we enjoyed, as we gazed over the Salt Sea toward the hills of western Palestine, a sunset of gold and crimson. The Holy City, Bethlehem, Olivet, and Neby Samwil, were plainly visible in the distance, while at our feet lay the little sea, calm and beautiful as molten glass. The side of the valley to the north, immediately beneath our camp, was terraced for gardens of figs and other fruits. We could look down upon one garden a hundred feet below us, and there were others still farther down.

Our camp during the whole evening was besieged by

the natives. The cook's tent was the center of attraction. Some of them, however, arose to the dignity of bargaining with the howadji. They were supplied with any quantity of old coins, which they were eager to sell, and for which they knew how to ask all they were worth.

But the event of the evening occurred at our dinner table. We had invited Zedam, of the Beni Sawkis, and the son of the mudjelli, (the governor, who had been called away to a feast with a neighboring sheik,) to dine with us. They had, probably, never before sat at a table. They chanced to be at my side, and I could see all their motions. The soup was eaten with a relish, and with sufficient straightforwardness; but when it came to the use of knives and silver forks, they were rather at a loss. They would take them up and lay them down again, evidently anxious to appear like gentlemen among gentlemen, but in vain they strove to manage their mutton after this artificial fashion. Fingers and teeth were made before knives and forks; and so, after one or two fruitless struggles, and a few side glances to see that the howadji were not watching them, they seized their meat in nature's own way, and very soon it was manifest they were making as rapid inroads upon mutton and chicken as their amused hosts. The clear French coffee they did not like; no amount of stirring could impart the Arabic muddiness. Zedam, after thickening his with sugar to the cup's brim, made out to drink a little. Had we been able to converse with them, free talk would, no doubt, have

put them more at their ease. With all their awkwardness, however, there was the dignity which comes from high birth and from being accustomed to govern.

After breakfast next morning came the rub. The camp was broke, and the muleteers were to take an early start for the Dead Sea, while the party remained behind to examine the town. The young Kerak sheik, as he saw this, began to be nervous about his backsheesh, and so he took Mr. Floyd aside and asked how much he meant to give him. Mr. Floyd waived the question, and asked how much he expected. He replied £40 apiece. Floyd told him it was too much, and that he thought of giving him twenty napoleons for the whole party. Whereat he was indignant, flew into a rage, and said he should take his mare and be off. Floyd held firm. The tents were yet standing, though all but one had been emptied. It looked as if our troubles were just beginning. The mud-jelli, the old scamp who had treated Dr. Tristram so villainously, had evidently gone away of purpose and left us to be fleeced by his unscrupulous son. We now understood that by the welcome to the country we had received, was simply meant that we should pay liberally for the privilege of visiting it when the time came to leave. The circumstance reminded me of a visit a friend and myself paid years ago to Niagara Falls. As we stood near Table Rock gazing at the Horseshoe Falls, some men urged us to go in to see a show near by:—

“Nothing to come in, gentlemen—a free show.”

We walked in, and after seeing what was to be seen, turned to walk out.

" Fifty cents, gentlemen, to go out !"

The sheik and we were equally perplexed. We did not want to adopt his game, and we knew that for him to go off without leaving us an escort would be to subject us to robbery, and, possibly, to murder. Unprotected by him, we should be at the mercy of his thieving people. So we got him into one of the tents, where Mr. Floyd and Areph, with the beke to help them, tried to bring him to terms. At first he was immovable. After awhile, however, he began to relent. He fell from one sum to another, vowing with each fall he would take no less sum, and if it was not given he should mount his mare and ride away. Finally, he consented to accept thirty napoleons, and for this to escort us to Dra'a, (Zoar,) but more he would not do. Instead of accompanying us himself, as he had come to welcome us, he sent two of his men with us: there was now no great reward in prospect. No party had gone into and out of Kerak at so small a price as we Yankees!

The difficulty was no sooner settled, than, guided by a Greek monk, a school teacher in the place, we hastened through the town, visiting first the Greek Church. It is a modern building, very large, but plain. We also saw the ruins of another church, over the door of which is carved a symbolic wine-cup, with an inscription in Arabic, which had no doubt displaced an inscription in Greek. Inside are

heavy arches supported by huge square columns. Nothing is left to show the style of the church, except that the Saracenic arches prove it to have been built by the Crusaders. There are a few families belonging to the Greek Church, numbering from eight hundred to sixteen hundred persons. Among their women I could see traces of beauty, proving a lineage superior to the Bedawin around them.

Passing through the filthy streets, we went next to the great Castle, at the south-east angle of the walls. This is a wonderful pile, not only for the area which it covers, but for its massiveness and history. It was built under King Falco, a predecessor of Raynold of Chatillon, about A. D. 1131, and strengthened under the auspices of Godfrey of Boulogne. In 1183 it baffled the assaults of Saladin. It fell at last in 1187, only after the last bloody conflict between the Crusaders and the Moslems near the Sea of Galilee, in which the rule of the Christians in Palestine was utterly broken. Raynold of Chatillon, lord of Kerak, provoked this last and fatal war by his wanton attacks upon a caravan from Damascus, in which he captured merchants and merchandise, and refused to surrender either, even at the order of Saladin, then Sultan of Syria and Egypt. The haughty freebooter was captured alive in the battle at Hattin, and his life taken by the sultan. The impregnable castle, no longer defended, passed easily into the hands of the victors, and has ever since remained with their descendants.

The Castle is reached from the town across a broad, deep fosse. The part overlooking the town towers aloft one hundred feet. Among the rooms which we entered was the church, with its Gothic ceiling and windows. Some remains of the frescoes can still be seen. So late as thirty years ago this church was perfect; now but little that is distinctive is left, so rapidly does all beauty fade under the ruthless touch of the Bedawy. Walking through the immense interior, and descending over piles of rubbish, we looked down on the east side into a valley of great depth. The wall is built up solidly from the bottom of the valley, sloping inward as it rises. There is on the east side a tunnel which leads to the castle on the west side. On going below another story we found a long room, flanked on the wall side to the south-east by casemates. The roof is pointed Gothic. Our Greek guide assured us that the building was fifteen stories high. Returning toward the middle, I counted on the north side seventeen casemates, still perfect, and it looked as though casemates had extended along the whole south side. Going below, we found other vaulted rooms. Standing on the present ground level, we could look up and see the outlines of other noble apartments. The mason work is very massive and substantial.

The real strength of Kerak has not been so much in its Castle, as in its natural position. When the town and the Castle have been a unit, they have proved themselves invulnerable; but when divided, the Castle has been

obliged to yield to the town. Ibrahim, pasha of Egypt, in his conquest of Syria, 1844, attempted to hold the Castle against the town; but the Keraks finally starved out the garrison. Thus this rock city boasts that it has never been captured. Jehoram, king of Israel, laid all Moab waste, and then attacked Kerak, (Kir-haraseth, "the city on a hill;") but his slingers could only surround it, and from the tops of the adjacent mountains cast stones upon it. The king of Moab was sore distressed, and strove with seven hundred men to break through the besiegers to join his ally, the king of Edom, but could not. In his frenzy he offered upon the walls his own son and heir a burnt-offering to the gods. This sacrifice of the king renewed the courage of his people; and Israel, seeing that their attempt to take the place was fruitless, withdrew "and returned to their own land." 2 Kings iii, 25-27.

It is remarkable that the Keraks of to-day are almost wholly independent of the Turkish government. Not until it is garrisoned—which the Turks were aiming to accomplish while we were in the country—will it be entirely safe and pleasant for foreigners to visit it. An attempt has been made to plant a Protestant school here, as at es Salt—these being the only two towns east of the Jordan—but thus far it has amounted to nothing, and no effort can well be successful until there is a firmer and more stable government.

We were heartily glad "to mount our mares and be off." The haughty sheik, on his blooded bay mare—a real

beauty, from which no price could tempt him to part—had long since disappeared. Diving down from the area of the town into the tunnel, cut through the solid rock, we emerged in a few minutes through a gate-way at the bottom of the hill on the west side, and came out upon Wady Hammam, which runs down from the mountains directly on the south side of the town, called by Van de Velde, Wady 'Ain Feranjy. A few paces on it intersects Wady Kerak, which is on the north side of the town. From the junction westward, toward the sea, the valley is called Wady Umm Fathas, or Kerak.

Kerak stands about two thousand feet above the level of the Dead Sea, and is distant from the sea but ten miles; so the rapidity of our descent along Wady Umm Fathas may be imagined. The two men whom the sheik had sent to escort us, and a Bedawy from the neighborhood of Hebron, whom Mr. Floyd chanced to pick up, were our guides. The afternoon was very hot and the road uncommonly rough, especially the pass Umm Ishman, but we got on finely, and congratulated ourselves that we had seen Kerak, and were out of the clutches of its inhabitants.

Toward evening we encamped at Dra'a, the traditional site of Zoar. We had descended six hundred and seventy feet, and the heat was now intense. The scenery around was desolate enough, especially toward the sea-shore. We were at the base of the tongue of land projecting westward into the sea, called el Lisan. The sea, from the

extremity of this point across to the west shore, is very shallow, and it was thought in laying out our route that we might save time by fording it; but, on inquiry, we ascertained that it was too deep. Near our camp, on the south side, was a copious stream of pure sweet water flowing through a deep gorge toward the sea. Its banks are lined with thickets of oleanders and other trees. There are two successive plateaus, trending toward the Lisan, on either one of which Zoar may have stood.

Some solicitude was felt in camp for the safety of our horses and mules, as the Kerak guard had left us, and we were now at the mercy of the thieving Keraks and their next neighbors, the Ghowariehs. Accordingly a watch was kept by our servants all night.

May 4th, Sunday. We felt once more obliged to travel on Sunday. As we were really without protection, having only the stray Arab from Hebron, who could guide, but could not guard us, he being in the country wholly by sufferance, we deemed it necessary to hurry on before the Keraks could overtake us, or the Ghowarieh tribe could know of our coming. In proof that our fears were not groundless, this guide said he too must leave us. He was frightened at the responsibility of conducting our company, and when the two Keraks returned he started to leave also. Mr. Floyd put a pistol to his face and threatened to blow his brains out if he stirred. Had he deserted us we should have been in a bad plight, with no one to negotiate for us, or to show us the way. This timely threat

was enough ; henceforth he gave no trouble, but conducted us with great discretion. His business was to accompany travelers, merchants, and pilgrims from Hebron through the tribes south and east of the Dead Sea, so that Providence could not have more highly favored us than by throwing him in our path.

Our route lay due south, with a gradual descent till we reached the shore of the sea. Several heaps of ruins were seen as we passed, many deep ravines were crossed, in some of which was abundant water, and their courses fringed with thick growths of tamarisk, sidra, oleander, reeds, and other bushes. The slopes of the hills, as well as the sandy flats, were well covered with trees. The groves were alive with the flight and music of birds. The shore of the sea reminded me of many interior lakes or ponds in America, the beach being sandy and stony, and strewed here and there with drift-wood. About noon we began to see signs of animal and human life—a few stray cattle, an occasional black man, and small patches of grain.

The reputation of the Ghowariehs we knew to be very bad. They originated in the neighborhood of Petra, and emigrated to this section, driving out the possessors of the soil. Between them and the Keraks there is a standing feud, and this, I presume, is the reason that the sheik of Kerak would not undertake to insure our safety through their country. Dr. Tristram's account of his treatment by them had excited our worst apprehensions. I confess that

Sunday noon was regarded as really the most perilous hour of our whole eastern tour. It would not have surprised us had we been at any moment confronted with spears and guns, and put in jeopardy of goods and life.

Very soon we approached the village, consisting of the customary black tents. Half-naked men, women, and children ran out, not to shoot, but to gaze at us. The guide and Areph had preceded us, the sheik was conciliated, and instead of menaces, as in Tristram's case, we were met very civilly and conducted across a stream to a barley stubble, the best camping-ground that could be found. While our tents were being pitched and arranged, we sat under one of the numerous sidra-trees and lunched. Once in our tents, the natives from the village gathered about, seemingly delighted with every thing they saw. Mr. Dobbs entertained the sheik by displaying and explaining his double-barreled breech-loader. The amazement he manifested was unbounded.

Meanwhile Areph was busily engaged in negotiations with the sheik for our safe conduct. A long-headed fellow, and, like all Arabs, rather unscrupulous as to his methods in driving a bargain, he hoodwinked the Ghowarieh by telling him most marvelous stories about the importance of our company. He assured him that the great beke was with us, that the pasha of Damascus was on his way with an army to Kerak, and the pasha of Jerusalem was on his way with another army to meet the beke at 'Ain Jidy, and that if he did not treat the beke

well, these armies would sweep away him and his people in swift destruction! The poor sheik was so impressed that he declared he would make no charge whatever.

"My country is before you. Stay as long as you wish. I will conduct you to 'Ain Jidy, and you will pay me what you please."

Thus while we were reading our Bibles and writing letters, Areph—for Mr. Floyd could not speak the provincialism of these regions—was carrying forward very unsabbatical diplomacy for us. Areph was but the product of his times, and he knew no higher law of right than such as the spirit and methods of his age demanded in order to succeed. He knew this fellow would have lied to him if he had thought he could frighten him, and thus extort money from him, and he, therefore, would do the same to save money. It is well understood among Arabs, that, while stealing is a crime, lying is only a pastime—mere breath. To be caught in a falsehood never disturbs the ordinary Mussulman. We were happily ignorant of Areph's counsels till his bargain was accomplished.

The stream by which we were encamped is put down on the maps as Drahi el Ahsa, or Siddiyeh. We had crossed three or four brooks before reaching this, but for volume and rapidity of flow it exceeds them all. It might, indeed, be called a river. The water is carried hither and thither by ducts for irrigation, and there were around us numerous barley and wheat fields. The barley had been already harvested, but the wheat was still stand-

ing, and rank enough to be a credit to any land. Herds of cattle and flocks of sheep and goats were grazing around. This district is what is called the Ghor es Safieh. It is evident that the whole region through which we had ridden, from Dra'a, when properly irrigated and cultivated, was capable of sustaining a large population. From Dra'a southward the mountains are of a dark brown sand-stone, bold and twisted in shape, and seemingly of volcanic origin. As the Ghor is approached they recede to the east, the plain widens, and to the south-east several valleys open into it, among them, Wadies es Safieh, es Tufleh and Gharandel. Through all these run living waters, rendering the soil more or less fertile.

It was matter of regret that amid the confusion and uncertainty of the day, our regular Sunday services were omitted. The order was, that we should retire early to rest, and be up by midnight, ready, after a hasty cup of coffee, to start. To gain time in going around the lower end of the sea before the sun should grow too hot was of great importance; but it was of still greater moment to get off while our hosts were in good humor, lest, after consulting among themselves, they should change their minds, and, suspecting the representations of Areph, should attempt to detain us by demanding a large *rafk*, or blackmail. The villagers, also, might give us trouble, if they began to stir before we got safely away.

Accordingly at midnight we were all awakened. I had had but little sleep, and was very poorly prepared for

the fatigues of another day. We had breakfasted, and were waiting around impatiently, wondering at the delay in starting.

"It doesn't pay to rouse men out so early; these servants work as though they were half asleep," said one. "There must certainly be a hitch somewhere," said another. The sequel proved that the sheik had rued his bargain, and was demanding backsheesh. He had gone so far as to say we should not move till each gentleman paid him £2. Areph kept by him, telling him all the while bigger stories than the day before. Finally he yielded, and heading our mule-train, led us off through a well-wooded plain, looking, as Tristram truly says, very much like an English park. The moon was shining brightly, so we could see the path pretty well; though an occasional scratch from an overhanging branch of a thorn-tree, unexpectedly thrust into the face, was far from being agreeable. As we filed compactly and slowly out, not a villager stirred, except the two men with us. I confess to a little shame at leaving thus stealthily a people's country when we had been received so kindly. It was hinted, and I believe it, that Dr. Tristram's harsh reception by this people* was a little exaggerated, and that so far as he met opposition, it was due to his attempt to push his way through their country in utter disregard of the rights which the Bedawin recognize as binding among the various tribes.

* "The Land of Moab," p. 58.

On reaching Wady Gharandel we found it full of quicksand, and it was with difficulty our mules and horses could be got through it. Once over, we had firm footing on the sandy plain of the open ghor. In crossing Wady Gharandel, at the south-east angle of the Dead Sea, we left the land of Moab, and struck again the great Wady Arabah.

A glance back at the land through which we had passed shows that the natural features of the country readily explain the descriptive names by which it is denominated: "The Mountains of Moab," being the hilly region lying above the River Arnon; "The Fields of Moab," the undulating uplands lying south of the Arnon; and "The Plains of Moab," the ghors at the north-eastern and south-eastern extremities of the Dead Sea. The whole territory comprised in ancient Moab, according to Palmer, was about fifty miles long by twenty miles broad. At present, the northern section, from the Arnon to Mount Gilead, is called by the Arabs el Belga, or Belka; and the southern, south from the Arnon to the Ghor es Safieh, el Kerak. In passing from Kerak around the south-east corner of the sea, we probably followed the route by which Naomi and Ruth returned from the land of Moab to Bethlehem, and that by which David, with his father Jesse and family, entered into Moab. As it is now, so always it has been, the great highway from Moab to Judea, the South Country, and to the great Southern Desert.

CHAPTER XX.

THE DEAD SEA—WILDERNESS OF JUDEA.

IT was impossible to leave so interesting a point as this south-east section of the Dead Sea without an effort to solve the oft-debated question of the probable location of Sodom and Gomorrah, and Zoar. One great obstacle in the way of accepting the traditional site of Sodom and Gomorrah, at the lower end of the sea, had always seemed to me to be the supposed barrenness of the region, as failing entirely to answer to the Vale of Siddim, which was a well-watered and fertile country, and capable of sustaining a large population. Our whole company were greatly surprised to find the region so productive. Another difficulty presented itself: Lot is represented at Bethel as beholding "all the plain of Jordan, that it was well watered every-where, before the Lord destroyed Sodom and Gomorrah, even as the garden of the Lord, like the land of Egypt as thou comest unto Zoar." Gen. xiii, 10. The force of this objection cannot be disregarded; yet I do not see that it absolutely requires that Sodom and Gomorrah should be located at the north end of the sea. If the Dead Sea extended no farther than the peninsula called el Lisan, as I think, and Zoar stood prominently on the eastern side of this, I am not sure that Lot could not

have seen the vale below the sea, "as thou comest unto Zoar." "And Lot journeyed east:" so he would have done to reach the cities from Bethel, whether they stood at the north or south of the sea.

If, in reading the account of the great raid of Chedor-laomer and his confederates, (Gen. xiv,) we follow the route they took, it will appear that after passing to the south and smiting "the Horites in their Mount Seir, unto El-paran, which is by the wilderness . . . they returned, and came to En-mishpat, which is Kadesh, and smote . . . the Amalekites, and also the Amorites, that dwelt in Hazezon-tamar." Gen. xiv, 6, 7. The Amalekites occupied the Desert west and south-west of Kadesh, and the Amorites the Negeb, or South Country, reaching up to Hazezon-tamar, afterward Engedi, (2 Chron. xx, 2,) the present 'Ain Jidy. Immediately after the spoiling of the Amorites, it is stated, "there went out the king of Sodom, and the king of Gomorrah, and the king of Admah, and the king of Zeboiim, and the king of Bela, the same is Zoar; and they joined battle with them in the Vale of Siddim." Gen. xiv, 8. From this part of the narrative it would seem that the raiders, after capturing Hazezon-tamar, still kept northward, with a view of sweeping up every thing in their track until they should reach their own borders, somewhere in the valley of the Euphrates. The natural inference is, that they were confronted by the armies of the five cities as they debouched upon the plain, after they had passed through the narrow defiles above 'Ain Jidy,

and that, consequently, this plain was the Vale of Siddim, and in it were located Sodom and Gomorrah.

We are forced to this interpretation unless we suppose that the conflict with the Amorites took place far below Hazezon-tamar;* in which case the kings of Sodom and Gomorrah, and Bela, (Zoar,) assisted by the kings of Admah and Zeboiim, would seek to intercept them as they entered the valley below the sea, with a view to preventing their farther advance. The mention of "slime pits," into which the forces of the kings of Sodom and Gomorrah fell, renders it more probable that the Vale of Siddim was to the south of the sea, since there are far stronger evidences of the prevalence of salt and bitumen in the valley below than in the valley above the sea. As we rode across the ghor below the sea, we passed several dry wadies, or depressions, in some of which were large pools of stagnant water, which had overflowed from the sea in the spring freshets, under the action of strong north winds. The whole surface of the plain was incrustated with salt, and at times there was a decided bituminous odor. Then the presence of the immense mountain of salt, Jebel Usdum, in the name of which is certainly a correspondence to Sodom, carries additional weight.

The pursuit of the raiders by Abraham adds nothing to the argument on either side, as in either case the conquerors, in completing this circuit, would have taken the

* May not Kurnub, (Thamara,) near the pass Sufah, (Zephath,) have been the Hazezon-tamar of the Amorites?

Valley of the Jordan in going north to Damascus. Neither does the seeing of the smoke of the burning cities by Abraham from the mountains of Hebron affect the question ; he could have seen the conflagration at either end equally well. It must be admitted that the argument is a nicely balanced one. The strongest reasons for the southern location are, the fertility of the Ghor es Safieh ; the easy access of Dra'a, the traditional site of Zoar, it having a middle position on high ground between the plain and mountains of Moab ; the prevalence of salt and bitumen in large quantities ; the existence of Jebel Usdum, and long-standing tradition.

Now, as to the destruction of Sodom and Gomorrah, it is common to ask, "Is there any evidence to show how they were overthrown?" The fact that they were violently destroyed, and that, too, as a divine judgment, cannot be doubted by any one who believes the Scriptures. It is one often referred to by inspired writers, and is spoken of by Jesus and his apostles. This feature of the case—that of a divine judgment—has given room for all manner of speculations as to the possible ways in which the marvelous event occurred. The elements of destruction, it is not too much to conjecture, were a combination of earthquake and conflagration. The whole region abounds in combustible materials. Nothing is more inflammable than bitumen and sulphur. The falling of sulphurous cinders from some adjoining, but now extinct, crater would have set fire to the vast deposits of bitumen, ramifying, as

they probably did, the depths of the whole plain. These deposits, suddenly erupting, would have produced the double effect of an earthquake and a conflagration, and thus, at the same time, whelmed and burned the cities. The plain sunk, and the waters from above flowed over and settled upon the buried cities. This plain, hitherto irrigated by the same streams which now make glad Ghores Safieh, may have bloomed as the garden of the Lord, "like the land of Egypt, as thou comest unto Zoar." Zoar would then have stood on a line with the north end of the plain.

If this view be correct, Sodom and Gomorrah must have stood where now the water obtains below the promontory el Lisan. The great depth of the water above the Lisan, from two hundred and forty feet to thirteen hundred and eight feet, and its exceeding shallowness below it, (from three feet to twelve,) lends color to this theory. The singular projection of this tongue of land, extending quite two thirds of the distance across the sea, having its greatest breadth at the outward extremity, and the suddenness with which the water becomes shoal, proves that it required only a slight convulsion of nature to submerge the ground lying toward the south of it.

I have anticipated the early morning ride from Wady Gharandel across the low, flat, marshy head of the Arabah. The principal object of interest was Jebel Usdum, on the west side, already alluded to. This mountain, which is at the south-west corner of the sea, stands out

quite separately, is five miles long, and high and broad in proportion, and is almost wholly a salt formation. Its greatest length is north and south, and the side toward the plain is pierced by numerous caverns, abounding in salt crystallizations. In the front, at the northern extremity, is a very large cave, into which we rode for at least a hundred feet, and we could have penetrated much farther on foot. Outside, near the mouth of the cave, is a huge lump, weighing many tons, apparently one pure, solid crystal. Its upper surface glistens in the sun like beautiful snow-flakes. This was large enough and pretty enough, though not of the correct shape, for "Lot's wife." I did not notice the prominent pinnacle-like formation pointed out as the traditional "pillar of salt." My eyes were usually on the alert, but for some reason, possibly because I was not well that day, I failed to see "Lot's wife."

The shore of the lake was now in sharp contrast with that of the directly opposite side—hard, dry, and desolate. The heat soon became very oppressive. Riding between the high hills and the water, across rough, bleak spurs, we began to realize for the first time the scorching heat of this valley. About noon we came to Wady Um-Baghek, through which flows a stream of water. Riding up the wady to a point where the rocks were lofty, and water abundant, we cast ourselves under the shade for lunch. I could eat nothing, felt worse than any day since my experience in the Turkish camp, but fortunately had no chill. We expected to go on in the afternoon as far as

Masada, but as there is no fresh water there, we were obliged to remain here all night.

After dinner most of us determined upon our first bath in the Dead Sea. I had a severe headache, but the plunge cured it. The water is so buoyant, having twenty-six per cent. saline matter, that a man floats without difficulty; indeed, the difficulty is for even a good swimmer to swim, such is the propensity of the legs at every kick to fly out of the water. There is enough asphaltum in the water to act powerfully upon the skin; if there be the least eruption it produces a smarting sensation. For skin diseases I should think its frequent use would be curative. The taste of the water is very acrid. The effect on the eyes is even more painful than on a sore spot of the body. One of our number, the first thing upon going in to bathe, as his custom is, doused his head in the water. Such a face as he presented when he brought his head up! Hair, nose, eyes dripping with the nasty stuff! He wheeled around and made a bee-line for the shore, and could not be induced to bathe again.

Shall I be believed if I say that on this, my first close inspection of the sea, I found live fishes in it? No previous travelers have announced so important a discovery. Yet I did see fishes; but they were the Rev. Dr. Fish and his son! I told this story on one occasion to enliven a rather dry narrative, and supposed I was thoroughly understood. What was my amusement on descending from the platform when a lady accosted me and said with all gravity,

"But those fishes must have floated down from the Jordan?"

The night passed in Wady Um-Baghek was very hot, and not at all favorable for sound sleep. Visions, too, of our recent midnight flight from the Ghowariehs, and of possible dangers from the marauders of this inhospitable desert, still flitted before our minds. One of our number, awakening as from a troubled dream, chanced to look out of his tent upon the sea, and seeing the waves dancing in the moonlight, exclaimed,

"Boys, boys, the valley is full of men!"

In the morning we started soon after four o'clock, and in about four and a half hours reached Masada, called by the Arabs Sebbeh. It is a clean cut, conical-shaped mountain, standing out by itself, and joined only by a narrow ridge to the general western range of hills. Like Frank Mountain, the citadel hill of Machærus, and Kerak, it seems to have been made for a fortress. Deep ravines sweep all around its base. In ascending it, we first went up an adjoining mountain on the west, and then descending slightly, crossed on the narrow shelving neck by which it is united to this and other mountains. The climb required one hour and a half. We did not see the zigzag path cut in the solid rock on the east side, by which also in ancient times the top was reached.

We entered upon the summit, a broad flat of one thousand by four hundred yards, under the arch of an ancient gate-way, which is still quite perfect. The principal ruins

—remains of forts, cisterns, and colonnades—are on the north side, though ruins are scattered and piled around the outer edge of the whole area. In the center is an old



Old Synagogue at Masada.

building, with walls of great thickness, partly standing, which has a good arched window, one principal room, a vestibule, two side rooms, and an arched support for altar or pulpit; but whether it was originally a Jewish synagogue or a Christian church cannot be determined. The probability is that it was built for a synagogue, and remained such until the destruction of the place. If so, it must be conceded to be the oldest synagogue in the world that can be identified with any degree of certainty.

Dr. Robinson was the first of modern explorers to identify Masada.* The fortress is said, by Josephus, to have been founded by Jonathan Maccabeus, and to have been strengthened and enlarged by Herod the Great, who not only increased the fortifications, but also there built for himself a palace and stored up provisions sufficient to maintain an army of ten thousand men for many years.

* "Biblical Researches," vol. ii, p. 240.

Masada is noted in Jewish history for having been the last stronghold which yielded to the Roman power. The Sicarii, a band of robbers, seized upon this fortress, as well as upon Herodium, (Frank Mountain,) shortly before the destruction of Jerusalem by Titus. They defied all law, and sallied forth from their impregnable positions to levy blackmail upon the adjoining populations. After Herodium and Machærus had both fallen, Masada, under the brave Eleazar, still held out. Silva laid siege to it. The Jews, far and near, were forced to bring food and water from great distances for his army. Immense works of wood, stone, and earth were constructed about the mountain. On a promontory three hundred cubits below the top of Masada the Romans built a high wall, and thence, with huge battering-rams, began to breach the walls of the fortress. The besieged built an additional wall. Finally the Romans set fire to this wall, and the flames, instead of burning the works of the besieged, nearly suffocated the Romans, until the wind, suddenly shifting to the south, the works of the fortress were soon in a blaze. It was now evident to the besieged that they could hold out no longer. Notwithstanding plenty of grain, fruits, and wines, preserved in the deep vaults for many years, they had to yield before the devouring flames.

Then followed one of the most heroic acts of that awful and bloody struggle in which the Jewish nation went down. Eleazar called a council of war, and made

an address to his followers, counseling death rather than submission; after which it was determined that they should all perish together—men, women, and children, nine hundred and sixty-seven persons in all. Ten men were chosen by lot to massacre all the rest; and then one of these, upon whom the lot should fall, was to kill the other nine, when, having set fire to the place, he should kill himself. "So these people died with this intention, that they would leave not so much as one soul among them all to be subject to the Romans."* Two women with five children, who had concealed themselves in the caverns, alone escaped alive!

Four hours' ride in the hot sun, which would have been almost unendurable but for a good breeze all the afternoon from the north, brought us to 'Ain Jidy, (Engedi.) Again we enjoyed a good bath in the sea. We had noticed occasionally sulphurous and slimy-looking scum along the edge of the lake. The whole shore, falling from the mountain range to a beach which is generally flat and of variable width, from the south end to Engedi, is mostly rocky and sterile. The least bit of green near the briny, bitter waters, is found only where a tiny rill of fresh water, flowing from some wady above, chances to percolate the soil.

'Ain Jidy is the principal place on the western coast of the sea. A fountain of sweet, pure water, 81° Fah., rises a mile up the mountain side, at an elevation of four

* Josephus, "Wars of the Jews," book vii, chaps. viii, ix.

hundred feet, and flows down across a valley of a half mile in width. This stream is the source of all the verdure, and its course is fringed with reeds, acacias, and other growths. The valley is now cultivated by the Rashaideh Arabs, who raise a little grain and vegetables. They brought us some cucumbers, in which I indulged not only with impunity but benefit. After the hard fare of two weeks a fresh vegetable was a great treat. They also brought in a bird of rare beauty, a variety Tristram had tried in vain to get.

'Ain Jidy has a history of over three thousand years. It is first mentioned under the name of Hazezon-tamar as the stronghold of the Amorites in the raid of the Mesopotamian kings already alluded to; that is, if we may accept the Hazezon-tamar of 2 Chron. xx, 2 as the Hazezon-tamar of Gen. xiv, 7. It was afterward noted as one of the resorts of David in his outlaw life. When pursued by Saul so hotly at the Mountain of Maon that he was almost ready to despair, David took advantage of Saul's withdrawal from the chase, occasioned by a reported invasion of the land by the Philistines, and slipped down to the Wilderness of Engedi. Saul, on returning from following the Philistines, heard that he had fled to Engedi, and immediately renewed the pursuit. 1 Sam. xxiv. Solomon, the great son of the fugitive David, celebrated in song the odors of the vineyards of Engedi, (Cant. i, 14,) and afterward it is spoken of as the gathering-place of invading kings, 2 Chron. xx, 2, (as it is now of predatory

sheiks,) as the "Vale of Balsams," by Josephus, and the "City of Palm-trees," by Pliny. It is certainly a charming spot; and, as Tristram suggests, its agreeable temperature and exceeding dryness would render it one of the finest sanitariums in the world.

On retiring at night we proposed a very early start in the morning, in view of the great distance to Marsaba, our objective point for the day, and also because we expected the heat in the dry Wilderness of Judea would be very oppressive. Our dragoman paid the Ghowarieh guides £2. They demurred some, but we were now beyond their grasp, and the amount was sufficient for all they had done. For some reason we were delayed. Most of us had gotten to the top of the cliffs overhanging Wady Sudeir, which are among the highest on the western coast, before the pack-train was ready. The ascent in some parts is as steep as an ordinary stair-way, and much more difficult. How the mules and donkeys were to climb up with their packs I could not see. The servants were obliged in some cases to unload, or partially lift, the burdens. The strength, agility, and endurance of these animals is really amazing; unless seen, it can scarcely be credited.

While waiting for the train we sat upon one of the highest precipices, and a grand view of the sea, and all the east coast, with the Mountains of Moab, and also much of the west coast toward the south, lay before us. Mount Nebo, Wady Zurka-Ma'in, Machærus, Mount At-



1 Jebel Usdum. 2 Masada. 3 El Lisan. 4 Ghor es Safieh.

tarus, the river Arnon, Jebel Shihan, Kerak, the Lisan stretching out into the sea, the Ghor es Safieh, the Salt Mountain, Masada, were all plainly in sight; and had the atmosphere been clear, I think we might have seen the Mountains of Edom, and possibly Mount Hor itself.

The sea, as we looked down upon it, lay like melted lead at our feet. This little inland lake, in extent north and south forty-six miles, its greatest width, at the point just where we sat, ten and a half miles, is the most mysterious body of water in the world. Its history has given rise to more curious questions than any other similar part of the globe. The great depression of its surface, one thousand three hundred and sixteen feet seven inches below the level of the Mediterranean at Jaffa; the still greater depth of its bottom below the surface, one thousand three hundred and eight feet; the exceeding density

and the constituent elements of its waters; its destitution, so far as known, of all animal and piscine life, and its want of all natural outlet, though itself the reservoir of the waters of the Jordan and several other smaller streams, have given rise to endless speculation. The rapidity with which evaporation takes place from its surface may be judged from the fact that, notwithstanding the volume of water poured into it from the Jordan alone, it never rises more than a few feet above its average level.

After the pack-mules were all safely up the heights we resumed our journey, passing through the Wilderness of Judea, the rockiest and wildest region in all Palestine. Thither it was that Saul, with three thousand chosen men, went out to seek David "upon the rocks of the wild goats." The *bedan*, a species of wild goat still found here, brings this incident forcibly to mind. In some one of the frequent caves which we passed David may have lurked with his men, when he stealthily approached the sleeping Saul and cut off the skirt of his robe.

Our route was almost directly north, and wound through dry wadies, over sterile slopes, with now and then glimpses of the sea. We came at one place to an exceedingly abrupt part of the path, known among the Arabs as the "Devil's Stair-way." We were obliged to dismount and lead our horses down into the valley. While we were sitting under an overhanging cliff, sheltered from the sun, and eating lunch, we were much amused to see the pack-train come down this "stair-way." A man would seize a

donkey by the tail, and steady him down much as a pilot steers a boat through rapids. The little donkeys took it all in good part, and were no sooner down than they would scud away for the next climb. We hired a Bedawy to go off and get us some water, and he returned with a meager supply of rain-water so alive with insects that it required courage to drink it.

From the "Devil's Stair-way" we struck down into a narrow wady, deep and comparatively cool, from which we emerged on a broad plain where the first signs of verdure appeared after leaving the Valley of Engedi. We next crossed Wady en Nar, or the Valley of the Kedron, called



Wilderness of Judea.

here Fire Valley, stopping for a moment at a large reservoir. Our thirst was well-nigh insupportable, but the water was so stagnant that we could not drink it. I could now appreciate the Psalms of David, written when dwelling in this wilderness, as never before: "O God, thou art my God; early will I seek thee: my soul thirsteth for thee, my flesh longeth for thee in a dry and thirsty land, where no water is." Psa. lxiii, 1. As the wanderer sat musing in his solitude, the poor *bedan*, with its tongue distended, and ready to perish with thirst, sprang before him on an adjoining cliff: "As the hart panteth after the water brooks, so panteth my soul after thee, O God." Psa. xlii, 1. Several times as we rode along we heard the whistling of quails. "Our soul is escaped as a bird out of the snare of the fowlers: the snare is broken, and we are escaped." Psa. cxxiv, 7.

On leaving the large cistern we ascended some hills, crossed the Kedron again, and passing south about a mile along the wild, deep, and tortuous valley, came to the noted Convent of Mar Saba. We encamped on a high hill just above the Convent. The day's journey, during which we were twelve hours in the saddle, was more exhausting than any since we had left Suez.

In the morning we repaired immediately after breakfast to the Convent. It is situated in a gorge, or side wady, which "tumbles down into the Kedron" from the south, and in its appearance, both from the outside and from within, is such a mixture of rock, buttresses of nature

and art, that it is difficult always to tell where God's hand ceased and the hand of man began to work. We first descended on our horses by a stone roadway through a large gate-way, and then on foot went down a stair-way cut out of the solid rock, until we came out into an open court in front of the church.

The object which at once arrested attention was the Tomb of St. Sabas, standing in the center of the court, a small structure with six sides, and a dome surmounted by a cross. This saint, from whom the Convent takes its name, was one of the most remarkable of all the early anchorites. A man of extraordinary sanctity, he drew to these desolate regions thousands of followers, who gladly left their homes, and swarmed hither to share, in this gloomy glen, his companionship and instruction. Such was his ascendancy, both in Church and State, that he could drive even bishops from their palaces. He founded the Convent in A. D. 483, and died in A. D. 532, at the age of ninety-three, having lived and ruled in these walls forty-nine years. Among the many miracles attributed to him is the creation of the invaluable fountain for the use of the monks, which may still be seen in the bottom of the gorge below the Convent walls.

Mar Saba belongs to the Greek Church, and has at present about sixty-one inmates. No woman is allowed, under any consideration, to enter the inclosure. This is a great aggravation to the ladies, since a call at the Convent on the trip from Jerusalem to the Dead Sea is very com-

mon. No matter what the weather may be, ladies knock in vain.

The church in the grotto, where St. Sabas preached until his hearers became too numerous to be accommodated, is curious and venerable. The baptismal font, the altar, the screen, and a chapel of the skulls of martyrs, are among the relics shown. From this grotto we descended into a garden of olives, pomegranates, figs, and flowers. In it a palm is pointed out, stated to have been planted by the saint himself. From the garden we went up to a gallery in the opposite side of the gorge, and entered the cave where Sabas dwelt. Off from it is the Cave of the Lion.

The legend of the Cave of the Lion is, that the monarch of the desert was actually in possession when the saint came: he had only to say that he wanted it for a home, and the beast quietly took the hint and walked away, leaving his den to become the home of him who was to be a monarch among men. Returning through the garden we went into the principal church. There is some pretty tessellated marble pavement in the floor; the gold and silver ornaments are massive; the pulpit, the chair of the patriarch, and the reading-desk, are of richly carved wood; gold and silver lamps hang before the altar, and several pictures are not only very ancient, but possessed of a good deal of artistic merit. At the side there is a general meeting and robing room.

In passing by the kitchen we observed wash-tubs hewn into the solid rock. We ascended a stair-way, and

came to the chapel and tomb of John of Damascus ; also a cave where a number of martyrs are buried ; and saw the beautiful old bells in the Convent tower. When we returned the monks displayed canes and other wares of their own manufacture. They also showed us their native wines, but denied us what we most desired, access to the library. Dr. De Hass remained after we had left, and out of consideration for his office they allowed him admission. He saw very many rare manuscripts.

These monks are far superior in appearance to those at Mount Sinai. The whole air of the Convent is neater and more cheerful. But it must be remembered that its revenues are much greater, and its location every way more eligible. The constant stream of visitors induces more self-respect, and brings it many more perquisites. It may be stated, before leaving this theme, that, though the Convent is well-nigh fourteen centuries old, it is not yet finished. As we wandered around from side to side, through narrow corridors, we could hear the clink ! clink ! of chisel and hammer, as some newly-arrived monk was hewing out of the massive rock his prospective cell.

We had bidden adieu to the brothers, and were coming out of the door, when we were met by a cavass of the American consulate. Mrs. De Hass and her friend, Mrs. Hess, had ridden down from Jerusalem, intending to accompany us back. As the ladies could not return without first resting awhile, Dr. De Hass tarried behind, and we rode away up the valley for Jerusalem. We observed a



Looking up the Valley of the Kedron from En Rogel.

few fertile patches amid the general waste, and saw for the first time some *fellahin* harvesting. One instance, also, of thrashing occurred as we passed. Three oxen abreast, without muzzles, were treading out the grain. All the way the valley was close and hot. At some points the road is elevated on the north side of the wady, and then again becomes depressed, and winds along its dry bed amid groves of olives, until it terminates at En Rogel, (Joab's well.) On nearing this place the Mosque of Omar, the walls of the city, and its domes and minarets, gradually came into view. The Holy City once more stood before us. The sight, as we looked up the Valley

of the Kedron, was scarcely less welcome than when, weeks before, we looked upon it for the first time. It is to a journey through the dry bed of this same Kedron that the psalmist is supposed to refer when he says: "Who, passing through the valley of Baca, make it a well; the rain also filleth the pools. They go from strength to strength, every one of them in Zion appeareth before God." *Psa. lxxxiv, 6, 7.*

We stopped long enough at the well to refresh ourselves with water drawn from its great depths by old-fashioned rotary buckets; and then, riding up the Valley of Hinnom, around by the Jaffa Gate, and still on around the north wall as far as the Damascus Gate, we found our tents pitched in a pleasant olive grove a few paces to the north.

Damascus Gate, or Bab el Amud, (the Gate of the Column,) stands on the north wall, near the head of the valley which separates Akra from Bezetha. The road from Nablous and Damascus approaches it between high mounds of earth, which seem to be accumulations of rubbish. It was formerly also known as St. Stephen's Gate, because near a church which was built upon the traditional site of St. Stephen's martyrdom. The pointed arch of the gate-way, the turreted battlements and projecting parapets, render it the most imposing and beautiful gate of the city. The masonry is thought by some to belong to different periods, the older portion probably dating back to the age of the Sanctuary Wall. As the

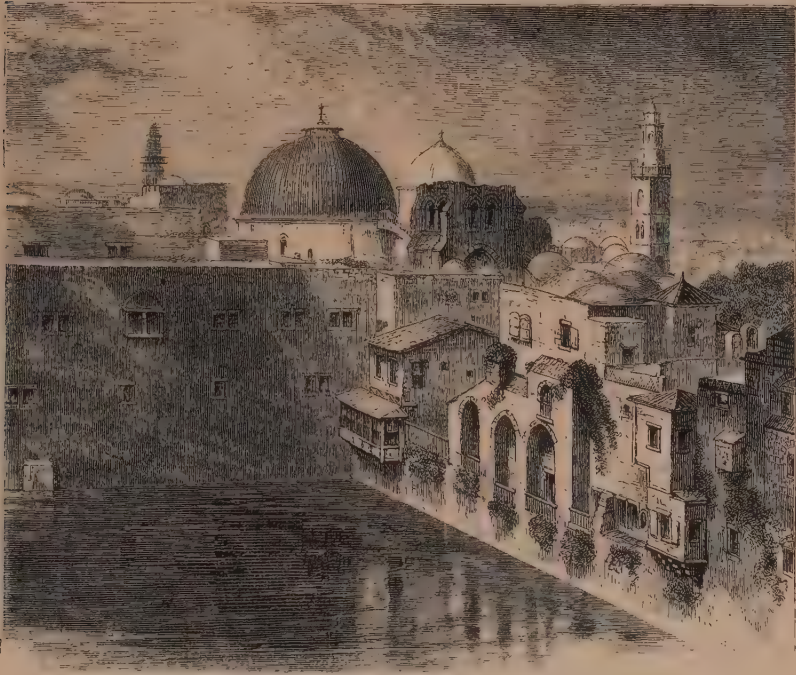


Damascus Gate.

gate leads into the Mohammedan quarter, it is a common thing toward evening, upon entering it, to find groups of Arabs along Damascus-street engaged in smoking tobacco and drinking coffee.

May 11. In the afternoon, all of the party, except Mr. Dobbs, who was sick, and myself, having departed for the Low Country, or Plain of Philistia, Miss Fish, Mrs. Ridgeway and I took a ride, guided by Areph, to the hill Scopus. Toward sunset we went up on the roof of our hotel, from which there is a fine view of the city, looking toward the Mount of Olives. Almost directly beneath is the Pool of Hezekiah. It is two hundred and forty feet

long by one hundred and forty-four wide, and is inside of a block of buildings, the rear of the houses on Christian-street overlooking it. The water looks clear, as though frequently changed. The supply is through a small drain from the Pool of Upper Gihon. This pool is called for



Pool of Hezekiah.

King Hezekiah, as best answering the description and location of the pool which he built. 2 Kings xx, 20, and 2 Chron. xxxii, 30.

The next afternoon I walked out to the upper Pool of Gihon, (Birket el Mamilla.) It is located about a quarter of a mile westward from the Jaffa Gate, at the head of the Valley of Hinnom, and is a large stone basin, several

hundred feet square. Its convenient distance from the city makes it quite a resort for the people. On the road thither, and in the Mohammedan cemetery immediately adjoining the pool, may be seen, on any pleasant afternoon, groups of men, boys, and women; the women with their white izras, covering the whole person, imparting a very picturesque effect to the scene. While this pool undoubtedly supplies much of the water in the city, it is supposed to receive its water from some distant source; whence has not been definitely determined, but most likely from the aqueduct which runs under the hills from a point above Solomon's Pools. I should hardly think the water fit to drink, as men and boys bathe in it very freely. Some boys were amusing themselves by throwing sticks into it and sending their dogs after them, as boys would do with us in any common pond or stream.

Whether Hezekiah built the pool which now bears his name or no, it is significant that in connection with this Pool of Gihon, it is said, he "stopped the upper water-course of Gihon, and brought it straight down to the west side of the city of David," 2 Chron. xxxii, 30. It is also interesting to know, that underneath the city, not far from the site of the Pool of Hezekiah, a long arched tunnel was a few years since discovered, which, in its character and direction, answers well for the underground drain which probably led from the outer to the inner pool.

Leaving the Upper Gihon, I crossed the hills lying to

the south-west of the city. These are laid out into lots, some of which are already built upon. In strolling I picked up here, as I did on Mount Zion and Mount Olivet, numerous small mosaics of the common limestone, showing that there once stood in all these places elaborate and beautiful structures. A very commanding site, just back of the Montefiore cottages, belongs, I was told, to the Russians, and upon it they propose to erect another convent.



Looking up the Valley of Hinnom to Jaffa Gate

From the cottages, after enjoying a good view over the Valley of Gihon of the west wall and Jaffa Gate, I crossed directly by the Lower Pool of Gihon, which is

now dry, and then climbed up the steep western face of Mount Zion, near Bishop Gobat's school. From the heights of Zion I saw a magnificent sunset. Notwithstanding the ruggedness of the natural features of the scenery, because of the bare outcropping limestone rocks, and despite the roughness and unkept appearance of the artificial works which meet the eye, there is yet in the landscape, especially at sunset, a softness and beauty which are highly attractive. There is a tint of red in the stone, which, under the touches of the evening light, causes the landscape to assume a purplish tinge, which invests it with an aspect of exceeding richness.

CHAPTER XXI.

PHILISTIA—JAFFA—NEBY SAMWIL.

OUR party was to leave early Monday morning (May 11th) for the Plain of Philistia. After some hesitation I decided to forego this trip and to accompany my wife to Jaffa. I therefore avail myself of Mr. Albright's journal of these days, which he has kindly placed at my disposal:—

May 11, 1874. We left camp at 7:30. The company divided; Melville Ward taking some of our company to Bethlehem and Hebron, to meet us, of Mr. Floyd's party, at Idhna to-morrow. We took our course due west to 'Ain Kurim, the traditional birth-place of John the Baptist, and near the Virgin's Fountain, said to be the only living water so near Jerusalem. Seen from a distance, 'Ain Kurim is one of the most pleasing towns I have yet seen, but within, one finds it a dirty Syrian village. From this village we made our way to the Jaffa road, and soon found ourselves at Abu Shaush, or Kuriet el Enab. (*Kirjath-jearim*?) Here we rested a few minutes, and peeped into the fine old church through a crack in the door; the church, though not in ruins, is used as a stable! An hour down the road we came to a well, and a great oak by the way-side. Pilgrims passing down, and conscripts and prisoners going up, were the amusements of the hour. Twenty-five minutes below we came to the opening out of the valley into the more open country, near el Atrun, (*Attaroth*.) Here was a blacksmith shop. We now turned squarely to the left, toward 'Ain es Shems—a ruined city on a point of land between two great valleys. Zorah, with its conspicuous "wely," commands the valleys for a great distance, and we thought we could almost see around the hill to Timnath, where Samson married his first wife. From 'Ain es Shems we came through Garmuth

to camp at Beit Nettif, the road proving rough, and even dangerous, to riders.

May 12. During the night mosquitoes, singing in a hot, breezeless air, banished sleep, and we only longed for the morning. We set off early to the southward to Wady es Sumpt, (Elah?) bathed in the brook, and each selected sets of five smooth stones in memory of David's victory over Goliath. We went up to the summit of Shuweika, (Socoh,) where the Philistines stood. Thence returning to the valley, we pursued our way partly in the valley and partly over the projecting spurs overlooking it, to the hill called Tell es Safieh. (Gath?) The view from this place was very wide over the plain to the sea. Thence we rode south-east for an hour to a village near some ancient wells. The place is mentioned in Murray as the scene of a remarkable attack by the Bedawin some years ago. Here we lunched, and rested an hour. Thence we continued our journey nearly due south to Beit Iibrin, (Eleutheropolis,) visiting the castle and also the church, into which some of the party jumped their horses. We took a guide, to the Church of St. Annie, and he led us by the caves so famous in all accounts of the country, but he never once mentioned them; and afterward, when we demanded to see them, he took us around the spur of the hill to some very remarkable cisterns. We did not, however, find the caves. Mr. Floyd drove the guide back to the village, pursuing him on horseback, and flourishing his whip; so the poor fellow received no pay for his services.

We reached Idhna after sunset, finding that the other party had arrived at noon. The hot wind to-day has been oppressive in the extreme.

May 13. At Idhna we took a guide, in addition to our solitary soldier escort, and pursued an almost direct road through the valleys and over the plains to Bir es Seba, (Beersheba.) The way was easy, but we had no rest, through fear of attack or surprise from the Bedawin. We rode the nine weary hours with but a single halt of five minutes at one o'clock, to eat an orange and a bit of dry bread. We encamped right at the wells. We have had a drink from each of them, and have all wondered how many generations of "drawers of water" would be required to wear such deep grooves in the curb-stones as have been cut in these by the ascending and descending cords used in raising the water

The next morning we broke camp at five o'clock, taking a due course for Gaza. This country, illy cultivated as it is, seems marvelously productive still. At two P. M. we came in sight of the sea; and an hour later, from "the hill toward Hebron," we had a fine view over the fertile plain of Gaza and the long line of sea-coast. After half an hour's rest we went on to the city, and reached camp at four o'clock. A delicious breeze blowing proved quite a relief after the hot wind of three days past. Among the trees in this fruitful valley I noticed palms, figs, olives, tamarisks, sycamores, pomegranates, and many others. Prickly-pears abound, of course.

May 15. Dr. Fish was very sick last night, so we had a late start. A bed was rigged on the back of a mule, and Melville Ward and Mr. Fred Fish brought him through to this place by the direct road. Mr. Floyd telegraphed to Mr. Howard, at Jaffa, to have a palanquin meet us at el Mejdél the next morning. The rest of the party took the road along the beach to Askelon, and thence over the fertile and



Askelon, looking South.

beautiful plain, to el Mejdél. At Askelon we rode around half of the city on the wall. In this wall are built fragments of columns of black and red granite and marble. The wall was very massive, built mostly of small, well-cut stones, laid in excellent cement. In one place a round tower has fallen entire down a slope, and is as uninjured as if it were but a column of one stone. This plain in which we are encamped is the most beautiful I have seen. It is exceedingly fertile, and even tastefully cultivated. The gardens, inclosed with hedges of prickly-pear, and crowded with fig-trees covered over with vines, and set with pomegranates blooming in the shade of mulberry-

trees, certainly are beautiful! These grand old olive orchards, who does not enjoy them?

May 16. Half an hour from camp we met the chair sent down from Jaffa for Dr. Fish. He took his seat in it at once, but it was no enviable vehicle after all. We stopped a few moments at Ashdod to see a fine sarcophagus lying by a well, and used as a watering-trough! We lunched at Yelena, (Jaleneh,) and soon afterward found ourselves among the desolate hills of brown and yellow sand south of Jaffa. We were all disappointed in our first view of Jaffa, but not in the gardens as we neared the city. We are encamped in the yard of Mr. Howard's hotel. Dr. and Mrs. Ridgeway, as also Mr. Dobbs, are down from Jerusalem.

The great plain over which my companions passed is the largest and richest in all Palestine, giving, by reason of its ancient enterprising and warlike inhabitants, the Philistines, the name by which the whole land was characterized by the Greeks, and by which it is still known. Its immense resources enabled the people to maintain a fierce and prolonged opposition to the Israelites. Of their strong cities, Gaza, Askelon, Ashdod, Gath, and Ekron, they were never permanently dispossessed, but remained in them until gradually absorbed into the kingdom of David and Solomon. In appearance and fertility the plain strongly resembles the western prairies of America. Without manure, and with an imperfect system of cultivation for a period of forty centuries, it still produces ample crops from year to year.

Gaza (Ghuzzeh) is the only city of the plain which survives. It is said to be larger than Jerusalem, to have finer bazaars, and to be a place of considerable trade, as

it is on the caravan route to Egypt, and all the Arab tribes of the neighboring desert come hither for their supplies. The town, in its present aspect, seems composed of several villages. The more elegant and substantial part is on the hill, and built of stone. Into the modern buildings are incorporated many of the hewn stones and columns which have been gathered from the ruins of the city that once stood here in great magnificence. The larger portion of the town straggles down the hill, built of the ordinary mud bricks, so commonly used in Arab villages. The ancient city had a harbor, but its location cannot now be determined; for the ever drifting sands have, probably, greatly changed the aspect of the shore. Several miles intervene between the town and the sea; and by digging into the sand, almost anywhere may be found hewn stones and pieces of columns, though very many have been removed. Bits of pottery and marble are every-where to be seen on the surface; and beautiful marble pedestals stand near the shore.

Gaza ranks among the oldest cities of the world. Situated on the military route between Syria and Egypt, it was a place of importance to both nations, and consequently suffered from the calamities of warfare. The present town has no walls, but the place is still shown from which Samson took up the gate, posts and all, and carried it to a neighboring hill. In this city he performed the most wonderful exploit of his life, the overthrow of the Temple of Dagon, in the destruction of which he

perished, with the thousands who had gathered to make sport of their blind prisoner. "So the dead which he slew at his death were more than they which he slew in his life." Judges xvi, 30.

A large mosque is the only building which, on account of its architecture and history, attracts special attention. It was, undoubtedly, originally a Christian church. The Crusaders occupied this city, and it was defended for a long time by the Knights Templar. Under the rule of the Moslem it ceased to be a place of much interest or importance.

May 14. Mrs. Ridgaway was not able to travel through the country, and now, very opportunely, the way opened for her to go in excellent company and by easy conveyance to Jaffa and Beirut. Mr. Hey, United States Consul-General for Syria, had already left Beirut for his return to America, and with several others, had come up from Jaffa by wagon to spend a few days at Jerusalem. As most of the good horses had been taken away from the city, and to return with Mr. Hey's party would oblige us to leave only one day sooner than our original plan, I was glad to engage a vacant seat for her. We were called at four o'clock, and soon afterward the servants were on hand to take charge of trunks, valises, and bundles. We left our room equipped for a start; coffee was waiting, but we lingered in the upper court, where it opened directly east, to see the sun rise over Olivet. It was a glorious sunrise, and for my wife the last opportunity of

glancing over a scene which had become quite familiar to her from this very point. But others waited, and we must hasten. Our simple breakfast dispatched, we walked outside the Jaffa Gate, where the wagon stood ready, for it could not well drive through the gate and over the rough street. The baggage had been packed on a mule, the trunk placed on one side, and all the smaller parcels on the other to balance, while on the top of these the muleteer perched himself. I mounted my horse, and very much enjoyed riding over a regular roadway; indeed, I was surprised to find the road as good as it is; some turnpikes in America are not so smooth.

The morning air was cool and bracing; the wagon rumbled on its way; the muleteer took a path along the side of the wagon road, and the pack mule stepped off as if scarce feeling its burden, and often gained distance by taking short, rough paths across from point to point of the winding road. I followed leisurely, turning aside for nearer views of ruins, or to climb some steep hill.

The suburbs of Jerusalem have come to be the finer part of the city. The better class of modern houses are outside the walls, and the residences are situated in the midst of fruitful gardens; but all the premises are so surrounded by high walls that the passing traveler gets very little idea of what may be inside. It is seriously proposed to remove the walls of Jerusalem altogether, as a measure conducing to the comfort and healthfulness of the entire city, and as a matter of economy, because com-

prising so much material that might be used for building purposes. The city might, in consequence, be more comfortable and healthy for the inhabitants, but Jerusalem would scarcely be Jerusalem without its walls; to remove them would take away much of its picturesqueness, though this very thing has been done at Beirut, where not a vestige of wall remains.

The ride from Jerusalem to Jaffa has been called one of the most dreary in Palestine, but to me it proved very enjoyable. The first hour we were traversing a rocky plateau, and for several hours descended rapidly, though winding up and down over the hills. To our right lay a deep valley with a village on either side; one on the hillside at the right was pointed out as the site of that Emmaus to which two of the disciples were going when "Jesus himself drew near, and went with them." Luke xxiv, 13-35. The position corresponds better with the Scripture account than that of 'Amwas, or Nicopolis, which lies too far distant from Jerusalem to have been the place referred to in Luke. An hour more and we were down in a deep glen, called Wady Beit Hanius; quite near, on the right, stands the village of Koloniah; and in the distance, southward, 'Ain Kurim, with its convent, nestled among the hills and olive-trees. The sides of the hills were terraced for vines and fig-trees, and men were working in the gardens.

Another tedious climb and we gained the crest of a ridge. At a short distance from the road, on a conspicuous tell, is a noticeable ruin, called Kustul, where were proba-

bly a castle and fortress for the defense of the pass. On descending there was pointed out a Roman arch spanning a torrent bed which must mark an ancient road which has entirely disappeared.

We wound along through the wady, and through olive groves, and came to Kirjath-jearim, now Kuryet el 'Enab, on our left, built upon the hill-side, and having a substantial look. It has been noted in later times as the residence of Abu Ghaush, the bandit sheik, who for nearly



Gothic Church at Kuryet el 'Enab.

fifty years kept the whole country around in terror. He, with several of his family, finally suffered the vengeance of the Turkish government.

To this town, the supposed site of Kirjath-jearim, the ark was brought after the Philistines had sent it as far as to Beth-shemesh, and where it rested twenty years until David took it to Jerusalem. 1 Sam. vi, vii; 2 Sam. vi. The old Gothic church (already mentioned by Mr. Albright) belongs to the early Christian or Crusade period,

and stands well preserved, though deserted and desecrated. It has pointed arches, supported by six square pillars, a clear-story with small windows, a deep substructure, where are remains of columns, and the interior is grand and chaste.

On leaving Kirjath-jearim we entered a very narrow, barren, and quite thickly wooded glen. Formerly it was a stronghold of robbers; and it is easy to imagine how travelers were at their mercy, unless well armed and moving with the utmost precaution.

We descended Wady 'Aly until we reached Bab el Wady, or Gate of the Valley, at about ten o'clock, and alighted at a little tavern kept by an Arab, which is a place where all parties stop for rest and refreshment. A high flight of steps led us to a sunny, open court, upon which a number of rooms opened, one of which was our dining room—a room in which, quite frequently, several parties from different directions come together. It is furnished with several hard lounges and some low chairs, meant to be easy, a cupboard containing a few dishes, and a long, plain table. Indeed, almost any place for rest is welcomed by the tired traveler. We found one company in possession, and two others arrived while we were there. Some of these were from New Zealand, and all on their way to Jerusalem—so travel had not ceased, though the season had about passed. We took out our cold lunch, ordered some coffee, and in about an hour were again on our way. It was through a rolling valley, and ere long

led into the plain which extends to the sea. We first passed Latron, which seems most likely to be the ancient Modin, the birthplace of the Maccabees. Near by are some massive ruins scattered over a tell which commands a fine view over the plain, and where, in Roman times or earlier, a strong fortress commanded the approach to Jerusalem through this glen.

Nicopolis lay off on the right, and I could see nothing but a village of mud huts. Just here we met a number of Turkish conscripts on their way to Jerusalem; they were closely guarded by soldiers, and several officers on horseback. Some of the poor fellows had their hands locked into blocks of wood, perhaps as punishment for some effort to free themselves. Following in the rear were women, the mothers, wives, and daughters of those who had been torn from their homes. Only the day before I had seen a large number tied together, leaving Jerusalem for Jaffa on their way to Damascus, where they are trained for service. These conscripts are chiefly from the *fellahin* class, the very sinews of the country. The strong men are taken for the army, and the old men, women, and children are left to cultivate the soil. Any country must be impoverished in this way.

A brisk ride of three hours over the plain brought us to Ramleh. It is surrounded in all directions by well-cultivated land, immense olive groves, fields of melons, and gardens for fruit and vegetables, which are protected by impenetrable hedges of the prickly-pear. A few palms

are seen, also the carob and the sycamore-tree. Ramleh is not an ancient city, having been founded in the eighth century. It became very flourishing and is celebrated by Arabian writers; and in the twelfth century is spoken of as one of the chief cities of Palestine. It is on the caravan route between Egypt and Damascus. It is a substantially-built town, and has about three thousand inhabitants, a third of whom are Greek Christians. Here the Latins

have a large convent, where travelers generally lodge and are hospitably entertained; we, however, did not visit it, but stopped for rest at a little German tavern, where every thing looked clean, and we had a good dinner.

We slept a little, then walked to see the tower, a beautiful specimen of Saracenic art. It stands off from the town, and isolated, except as it is surrounded by vast ruins. Its



Tower of Ramleh.

history is not known. It is said to have been the minaret for some mosque, though it differs in style from any thing known to have been built by the Moslems. It seems more likely to have been the *campanile* tower for some grand

old Christian church. Its height is a hundred and twenty feet; it is square, and built of hewn stone, and may be ascended by an easy stair-way running around the interior. Its summit commands a view which for richness and beauty is rarely surpassed, though the atmosphere at this season is not favorable for seeing distant objects.

The ruins about the large area adjoining the tower are very interesting. The character of the original building has not been determined. Near the center are extensive subterranean vaults supported by solid masonry; they are clean and dry, and might have been used for depositing the merchandise of the caravans which passed this way. My horse and the wagon had been brought around to meet us near the tower. Vehicles on wheels are seldom seen on the road, and so we found a motley group gathered about us. Some really pretty young girls stood near; we were told they came from the Latin school. There were also lepers begging, their hideous deformities exciting our pity.

The distance from Ramleh to Jaffa was made in about three hours, the road being so good that we traveled at a comparatively rapid rate. This level tract is the Plain of Sharon; and my wife tells me that when she passed over it, early in March, all the fields, and even the paths under the horse's feet, were covered with bright flowers, and were then nearly all the vegetation to be seen; now they had withered under the scorching suns. On the plain are not found so many villages as among the hills, and we

ceased to pass at such frequent intervals the watch-towers at which Turkish soldiers are constantly on guard. We met occasionally a solitary Arab on his donkey, though more frequently groups of several together, who were probably returning to their homes. Caravans, carrying merchandise from Jaffa to Jerusalem, often passed us. Every thing transported to the latter city from the sea-coast must be packed on the backs of camels, mules, or donkeys, and long processions of these animals defile along the narrow path, loaded with immense boxes or bales of goods. They are several days in making the journey, often traveling far into the night, because it is more comfortable than the day; and, when resting, they lie down by the road-side, while their loads are placed around them in the open field.

Just here I noticed a touching scene on the road. A man was driving toward us two or three sheep, and a little boy followed him crying as though his heart would break. On coming up I found the man was carrying off the child's pet lamb. Every household, however poor, has its one pet lamb, and this the children deck with paint and ribbons. It becomes really one of the family. This incident, and what I afterward frequently saw, brought forcibly to mind the point and pathos of Nathan's parable to David. 2 Sam. xii.

Signs of busy life rapidly increase as we near Jaffa. Good houses are seen, and for a mile or more we wound through narrow lanes which are bordered by groves of

oranges, lemons, and citrons, protected by high walls. On the outskirts of the town is a fountain under shelter of a stone archway, which bears an Arabic inscription calling upon all who gather there to offer a prayer for him who provided this blessing for the free use of those who pass by. It was already evening, though clear and bright, when we arrived in Jaffa, and we had some little discussion before deciding at which of the two hotels we should stop. The proprietor of the German hotel drove the wagon, and as my wife had previously stopped with him and left a trunk in his charge, he expected that of course we should go there; and so when servants rushed out from the court-yard of the "Twelve Tribes Hotel," to intercept and detain us, the order was to "drive on."

On the other hand, the "Twelve Tribes" adjoined the ground upon which our party would encamp, and was under the immediate supervision of Mr. Howard, Mr. Cook's agent, with whom we had made pleasant acquaintance in Cairo. So to the "Twelve Tribes" we repaired, and found ourselves in every way comfortable, and agreeably disappointed even as to its location. Being nearer to the center of the town, we enjoyed the busy life about us as we looked from the high balcony on which we sat, while at the same time we found it refreshing to hear the murmur of the sea, which stretched in unbroken expanse before us. The ride of thirty-six miles in one day did not prove excessively fatiguing, though rest was very welcome.



Jaffa.

Our approach to Jaffa through the orange groves was pleasing, but not so imposing as that from the water, when the whole town can be seen rising upon a hill-side, its white walls and domed roofs giving a different impression from that which one afterward receives when threading with care, and sometimes real difficulty, the narrow, irregular, dirty streets.

There is a tradition which makes Jaffa the oldest city in the world, and authentic history gives it a great antiquity. Its name has not been lost or changed, as has

the names of most ancient cities. Long reefs of rocks stretch out from the shore, upon which the waves perpetually dash, and through which, even in calmest weather, it is not easy to guide the little boats by means of which all passengers and all merchandise must be transferred from the large steamers to the shore. It is on these rocks that, in classical legend, Andromeda, daughter of Ethiopia's proud king, was chained, doomed to be destroyed by a great sea monster, from which doom she was rescued by Perseus. It seemed strange to remember, when on the spot, that this was really the port from which Jonah took ship for Tarshish, when he would have fled from the presence of the Lord. Jonah i, 3.

The ancient Joppa became the sea-port for Jerusalem under David's prosperous reign, and to it came the floats of fir and cedar from Tyre and Sidon for the building of the first and second temples. 2 Chron. ii, 16; Ezra iii, 7. It was here that Peter raised Tabitha from the dead, after which he tarried many days with one Simon, a tanner, and while he prayed on the house top he saw the vision recorded in Acts x, 9-16. The traditional house of Simon is still shown. I was conducted to it by a little boy from Miss Baldwin's school who could speak English. The house has really no pretensions to antiquity. It is now a simple little mosque. I was led through an outer court-yard, where are a well and stone trough, up some rickety stairs, to the flat top. The house, situated near the sea-side, commanding a full view of the

harbor, admirably corresponds to what may have been the real location of Simon's house. Divested of all that is trivial, one of the most significant facts of the apostolic Church occurred here. The key which was given to Peter was here explained; until then, it hung at his girdle idle, without meaning or use. The great principle, that with God there is no respect of persons, salvation by Christ alike for all, was here authoritatively announced, and, as applied to Cornelius, the first Gentile convert, became the guiding rule of the Church.

On the day after our arrival I walked through the town, which has quite a substantial and commercial appearance. I went to the wharf to see Consul-General Hey and family off, as he embarked for America via Alexandria. He is an accomplished gentleman, and his removal from the consulate at Beirut was felt by the foreign population to be a great loss. It was rumored that his removal was at the instance of the Turkish government, because of his active sympathy with the American missionaries in Syria.

It was a quiet day, and yet the little boats in which our friends embarked in going out mounted high on the waves. Whenever the weather is boisterous steamers cannot land; they will sometimes lie outside for a day or two, and then pass on. This had occurred in March, when many of the passengers were persons who had been our fellow-travelers on the Nile. Their tents and equipments for a Syrian tour were waiting at Jaffa, and after going as

far as Haifa, they induced the captain to return by offering a large sum of money.

I noticed in the bazaar three men who had just landed from the steamer. They were dressed in oriental costume, and were going from stall to stall singing,

“Wha-hoo-ha, wha-hoo-ha,

and they would present a little box made of cocoa-nut, into which all were invited to deposit a gift. Some would throw in a trifle, a little piece of bread or meat. I was told they were Persian dervishes; one was bare-headed, the other two wore small hats with a stiff, conical crown. They beg as they go, saying they are in God's stead, they only wish enough to live on, the rest they give to God. And so, the world over, religious spongers are to be found.

The orange groves of Jaffa are famous. The fruit is very luscious, and bears transporting, so that its culture is remunerative. The orange is grafted on the stock of



Irrigating Machine.

the lemon, which is more hardy, and the groves are thoroughly irrigated. The water is drawn from wells by means of wheels, which are worked by donkeys or camels, and thrown into trenches which connect with each other, and run around the roots of the trees. I visited one of these groves from which has been sold in a year one hundred thousand oranges. The season was passed, and ripe fruit scarce, but I bore away some fine clusters. There are about four hundred gardens in Jaffa.

On Saturday afternoon we were on the beach gathering shells, when we saw that the "howadji" had arrived, and hastened back to meet them. The sick one, of whom we had received tidings, was better, and already comfortably in the hotel. Every thing was in apparent confusion, tents not yet spread; but several of the travelers, too weary to wait for better accommodations, had thrown themselves down upon their rugs, with strapped shawls under their heads. While camping here we all took meals together in the hotel, which pleasantly broke the monotony of tent life. The next day was the Sabbath. Service was appointed for the afternoon in Miss Baldwin's school-room. Most of our company gathered there, with several missionaries, a few foreign residents, and some native converts.

Miss Arnot, who has a school for girls, (in Arabic,) was present, a very intelligent looking lady. She went to Syria for her health about twelve years since, and her heart was so moved at the condition of the girls that she

resolved to devote her life to them. — She has had for a number of years a flourishing school sustained by her own efforts. She is from Scotland, and receives much of her support from friends in that country. Miss Baldwin's school is for boys; her room is new, and pleasantly located in the midst of the German settlement.

The site now occupied by the Germans was formerly owned by an American colony. Mr. Floyd, our dragoman, was a member of this colony, and, with most of its members, came from Maine. One element in its origination was religious, the belief that Christ would come again and reign in Palestine, and they desired to have a part in preparing the land for him. Under the lead of a Rev. Mr. Adams they gathered a large sum of money, built their own ship, and had a prosperous voyage of only forty-two days. They landed at Jaffa with high hopes, but their trials at once began. Finding no comforts, and obliged to lie on the beach without adequate protection, some soon sickened and died. They erected houses, but between the American Consul at Jerusalem, a Frenchman, and the American Vice-Consul at Jaffa, a German Jew, I was told they were swindled out of most of their money; and after much suffering and repeated discouragements the colony collapsed, most of them returning to America. Of those who remained are Mr. and Mrs. Floyd, and Melville Ward, our head waiter. Mr. Floyd has suffered much. He was employed for about eight months by the Government to drive the *diligence* to Jerusalem; but, it failing to pay, was

soon discontinued. He now has a fine reputation as an intelligent, reliable dragoman, speaking Arabic fluently, and showing great familiarity with Palestine and the Bible.

On Monday we were again to be in motion. I had made arrangements for Mrs. Ridgaway to take the French steamer at one o'clock for Beirut, in company with Dr. Johnson, a missionary physician from Egypt, who was *en route* for the Lebanon Mountains to spend the summer. He had kindly invited Mrs. Ridgaway to be of his party, and said he would see her settled in Beirut.

Our company turned again toward Jerusalem. Taking the road over the Plain of Sharon, we lunched at Beit Dejan, (Beth-dagon of the Philistines,) and thence rode on to Ludd, the Lod of the Old Testament and Lydda of the New. The town, like Ramleh, not far distant, is situated in the midst of trees of many kinds, and now it was harvest time, and men and women were busy in the fields, and gleaners gathered after those who bound up the grain, and children played around.

At Lydda Peter healed Eneas, who had been bedridden for eight years, (Acts ix, 32-39,) and was still there when Dorcas died, and the disciples sent for him to join them at Joppa. Lydda has figured conspicuously in history as the birthplace and burial place of St. George. Pilgrims have frequented the spot from the earliest ages of Christianity, and it has been honored through the various dynasties which have held rule in this country. Churches have been built again and again, and razed to

the ground. One, built in the twelfth century by the Crusaders, and afterward destroyed by Saladin, was grand and beautiful. A graceful arch and a few pillars of that building were, until lately, all that were left above the remains of England's patron saint. A new church has recently been reared, into a part of which these ancient ruins have been incorporated.



Ruins of Church of St. George.

The Tomb of St. George was shown us down in a crypt, and some of his bones in a silver case.

A young Greek met us in the church who has charge of a large Protestant school. He was educated at Bishop Gobat's school in Jerusalem, and speaks English well. He took us to his home, showed us his school-room, and introduced us to his mother and wife. The mother was from Nazareth, and wore silver coins, strung closely together, hanging about her face, as the women do in that section; the wife was from Gaza and very fair. When I spoke of this the husband said, "Yes, fair as a European." It was quite pleasing to see the faces of these Christian women, where most of the women are closely veiled.

A ride of two hours brought us to Jimza, evidently the ancient Gimzo. 2 Chron. xxviii, 18. While waiting here for most of our company, who had detoured to Ramleh, I went out into a field near by, where groups of men and women, boys and girls, were harvesting. It greatly amused them as I mingled among them, picking out here and there the tares from among the wheat.

On the next morning we were in the saddle by half past six o'clock. We rode around the northern slope of the hill on which Jimza stands, up the valley, and in about two hours came to the small village of Um Rush, where may be seen ruins of ancient walls, and also a well. Making our way down a wady and along a rough hill, we came in one hour to Beit ur el Tahta, the "Nether Beth-horon." We passed over an old Roman road, which for some miles could be plainly discerned, and where in some places steps were hewn into the rock, and in one place the elevation across a wady still remains. Along this very road marched the Roman soldiers who escorted St. Paul from Jerusalem to Cesarea Philippi, after he was rescued from the fury of the Jews.

The ascent to Upper Beth-horon (Beit ur el Foka) is very steep and difficult. There is a noble view from the summit of the hill upon which it is perched. Some of the walls of the village have large stones with beveled edges built in with more modern work. At this point Joshua's victory over the five kings of the Amorites became a rout, and they fled "along the way that goeth up to Beth-

horon," and down the valley of Ajalon, which stretches south-west to the plain. Near here on a rock Joshua stood when he commanded the sun to stand still on Gibeon, and the moon in the valley of Ajalon. The whole aspect of the country made very graphic the Bible account, as we studied the details of this remarkable battle and pursuit, related in the tenth chapter of Joshua. From Beth-horon we could not see either Gibeon or Neby Samwil; but passing south-east over another hill, both came into view.

El Jib, or Gibeon, is well situated, with smooth valleys rolling from it in all directions, and about it one of the richest plains in Central Palestine. It is a considerable village; the houses, either wholly or in part, are ancient; one massive building stands among them which may have been a citadel; and this is all that remains of Gibeon, called in Joshua "a great city, as one of the royal cities." Its position was important, as standing at the head of the pass of Beth-horon, which had always been the usual route from the sea-coast to Jerusalem until the recent building of a carriage road by the more direct way through Kirjath-jearim.

On the eastern slope of the hill is a fountain springing up in a cave cut in the rock. About two hundred feet from it, and among olive-trees, is an open reservoir, now dry, one hundred and twenty feet by one hundred feet in size, which is probably "the pool of Gibeon," where Abner and Joab met at the heads of their armies, and

where twelve young men from each army engaged in deadly conflict, and near which immediately followed that "very sore battle" in which Abner was defeated before the servants of David. 2 Sam. ii. But far above the plain and village of el Jib, though connected by a ridge with the same spur upon which the city of Gibeon stood, rises a lofty peaked height of more historical importance than even these noted points. It is the highest elevation in all the country south of Hermon, is seen from all directions, and commands a far-extended view. It is the point from which all ancient travelers, coming through the pass of Beth-horon, obtained their first view of the hills of Judah, and of the city of Jerusalem. It is now pointed out as Neby Samwil, because Mussulmans revere it as Ramah, the birthplace, residence, and the burial place of Samuel. The mosque on its summit is the reconstructed ruins of a church of the twelfth century, built by the Crusaders, who believed this to be the site of the great sanctuary of Shiloh.

Careful students of the topography of the country do not give credence to the tradition that it was the Ramah of Samuel. It is generally conceded to have been Mizpeh, and indeed the location is well suited to the meaning of the name, "Watch-tower," and in most respects it meets the demands required to identify it with Mizpeh, the city of Benjamin, mentioned in Joshua and Samuel. Here, then, in the earlier periods of the history of Israel, was the great high place where Jehovah was worshiped; to it

the people gathered in times of difficulty or for solemn deliberation. It was on this hill, therefore, that the tribes assembled and vowed as one man that they would not return to their homes until they had punished the inhabitants of Gibeah for the crime committed in that city. Judges xx. Here they came together again at the call of Samuel, and while engaged in religious rites, and entirely unprepared for warfare, the Philistines took advantage of the opportunity to come upon them. The Lord, to whom they had turned in their distress and bondage, interposed in their behalf, and caused the elements to aid in the discomfiture of the Philistines. After this victory "Samuel took a stone, and set it between Mizpeh and Shen, and called the name of it Eben-ezer." 1 Sam. vii, 6-12.

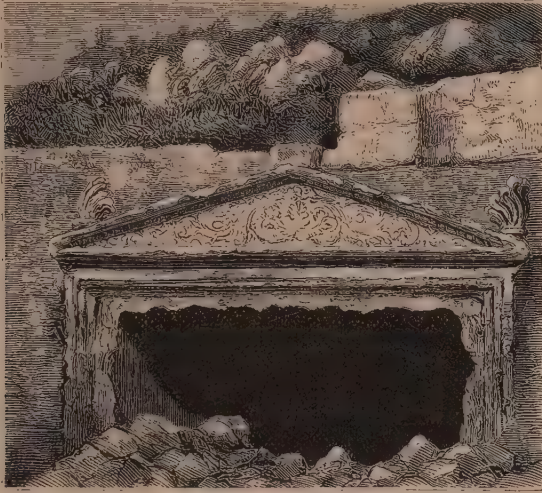
When, moreover, the Israelites had determined that they must have a king, so that they might be "like all the nations," to this mountain of Mizpeh they repaired, and Saul was chosen the first king of Israel. 1 Sam. x, 17-24. And eighty years afterward, early in Solomon's reign, before the house of the Lord was built, "the king went to Gibeon to sacrifice there; for that was the great high place: a thousand burnt-offerings did Solomon offer upon that altar." And while there the Lord gave to him that which he had chosen, "a wise and an understanding heart," adding also "riches and honor."

No excursion about Jerusalem better repays the traveler than the ride to Neby Samwil, about five miles distant from the city, even though the ascent be sharp and

difficult. The peak is five or six hundred feet above the plain of Gibeon, and twenty-seven hundred feet above the level of the sea. From its tower Central Palestine, with its cities and towns, was spread out before my gaze like a map. The beach and sea on one side, and the mountains of Moab on the other, are always visible: Hermon in the north, and some points at the south only when the atmosphere is clear. How wonderful that beneath one's feet could lie what was once the powerful kingdom of Judah! We wound down the steep hill-side to the narrow Wady Beit Hanina, taking its name from the village of that name on the left, with Beit Iska on the right, and Lifta in front.

In approaching Jerusalem from this direction some of the most remarkable tombs of the vicinity are passed, though they would not be noticed unless attention was called to them, or one was seeking them. We turned aside into cultivated fields or olive groves, and found the entrance on a hill-side, partially covered by rubbish, and even difficult of access. On this day we stopped only to visit the Tombs of the Judges, situated about a mile from the city. On either side of the little valley the rock of the hill-sides have been excavated, and cut for places of sepulture, though the openings often present merely the appearance of a quarry. The wonderful extent and number of these quarries and tombs about Jerusalem is one of the strongest proofs that here, through a long succession of ages, existed a prosperous city.

The Tomb of the Judges is one of the most remarkable of them all. The *façade* of the vestibule is cut in the rock, neatly finished with molding, and the architrave surmounted by a pediment curiously carved. There is one



Tomb of the Judges.

large room, about which are *loculi*, and in the walls arched recesses, deep enough for the reception of sarcophagi. Out of this room doors open into small rooms, and from one corner a flight of steps descends into an arched vestibule leading into vaults, with *loculi* and niches. Why this place is called the Tomb of the Judges is not known, though various reasons are given.

Toward evening, May 19, we found our camp pitched at the gate of the Russian quarter; but this proving very public and disagreeable, it was changed on the next day to an inclosed lot near the upper Pool of Gihon.

CHAPTER XXII.

FURTHER GLIMPSES IN AND AROUND JERUSALEM.

SOME of us took our horses after breakfast the next day and rode over to the hill of Evil Counsel, approaching it from the south over the Plains of Rephaim. On the top are some old massive stone buildings. This hill takes its name from being the supposed site of the country house of Caiaphas, the high-priest, in which the council was held when Caiaphas declared it was expedient that Christ should die for the nation. John xi, 50, 51. The whole hill is now under cultivation. Mount Zion, just across the Valley of Hinnom, and on it David's Tomb, the palace of Caiaphas, the south wall of the city, the plowed fields, are all plainly visible. As we descended toward the Valley of Hinnom we saw a fox or jackal scampering over the field.

Directly on the north-east of the hill, in the steep sides overhanging the valley, is Aceldama, or the Potter's Field. Aceldama is an enormous cavern, partly natural and partly artificial, about fifty feet deep. There are three or four shafts leading into it from the top. In the side of the same hill are several other caves, which were used for sepulture. Indeed, the whole face of the mountain seems to have been a vast burial place. From Aceldama

we passed down the sharp descent into the main road to En-rogel, and thence rode through the village of Siloam (Silwan) to the summit of the hill of Offense. It was as much as we could do to scale this height on horseback. One of the horses slipped and threw his rider. Nothing could exceed the squalor and stench of Silwan; men, women, goats, and donkeys, all living in the same cave-like pens, produced any thing but an agreeable impression. Think of a woman grinding wheat amid such filth.

The Mount of Offense is the traditional site of the idolatrous rites which were sanctioned and practiced by King Solomon, spoken of in 1 Kings xi, 7: "Then did Solomon build a high place for Chemosh, the abomination of Moab, in the hill that is before Jerusalem, and for Molech, the abomination of the children of Ammon." Within sight of the Temple and his own palace did the great king, enticed by his foreign wives, offer sacrifice to strange gods. From the heights there is a straight view into the Valleys of Hinnom and Kedron to their junction, the supposed site of Topheth, where the brazen image of Molech was worshiped, into whose red-hot arms parents placed their little children to be burned to death.

The Mount of Offense is two thousand four hundred and nine feet above sea level, and affords a fine prospect of the city, scarcely inferior to that from Mount Olivet. As a wholly different one from that it is very valuable, and should by all means be seen. Zion and Ophel, the south wall, and the direction which the line of the ancient wall

probably took from the present south-east angle around Mount Zion, show very clearly. The Tyropœon Valley, from its mouth at the Pool of Siloam, can be traced back by the eye as it sweeps down between Zion and Moriah, and also the depression between Bezetha and Akra, as far as to Damascus Gate. The effect of the Mosque Area, as seen from this point, is very striking. The slopes of this hill are also more or less cultivated, with a few buildings upon the very top.

On leaving the mount we struck at its foot the Jericho road on the north and east. We wished, if possible, to identify the spot where Jesus, in his triumphal entry into Jerusalem, stopped to weep over the doomed city, and accordingly we rode for a short distance toward Bethany, and then, opening at Luke xix, 36-44, read the whole account. It states that "when he was come nigh, even now at the descent of the Mount of Olives, the whole multitude of the disciples began to rejoice," etc. "And when he was come near, he beheld the city, and wept over it." We then retraced our steps, and soon after we had rounded the south-western shoulder of Olivet, and began the *descent* toward Gethsemane, the city came full in view—the eastern wall, the Mosque of Omar, the Tower of Antonia, lying in the foreground. This, then, we concluded, must have been about the spot where Jesus uttered his memorable lamentation, "If thou hadst known, even thou, at least in this thy day, the things which belong unto thy peace! but now they are hid from thine

eyes." How vivid the narrative became as we reined up our horses and recalled the whole scene of that eventful moment in the Saviour's history.

Thence we rode once again by Gethsemane, across the Kedron, by St. Stephen's Gate, around the north wall, till we reached our camp near the Jaffa Gate. As we passed St. Stephen's Gate the old mania for cutting canes, which had first seized some of us in the Desert, came full upon me, and so I climbed an old olive-tree and bore away from it a straight and slender branch.

Each day that we now remained at Jerusalem was busily employed with visiting new scenes, or revisiting such as we had already seen. On Christian-street, the old door of the Holy Sepulchre, the stone in the wall marking the place where the passage was spoken, "If these should hold their peace, the stones would immediately cry out," were shown.

The olive-wood manufactories on Christian-street are one of the features of Jerusalem, and are probably as much frequented by tourists as the holy places. Every sort of article made of this beautiful wood, from a delicately-turned sleeve-button to a large writing-desk, can be had in these establishments. Mohammedans, Christians, and Jews vie with each other in turning out the most approved workmanship, and in efforts to control or gain the patronage of the traveling public. They use not only the olive-wood, but often make fabrics in which are inlaid some or all of the hard woods of the country.

There is not the least probability that the olive-wood of Palestine can ever be exhausted, as no other tree is more tenacious of life, or more prolific. The Arabs are very careful of it, allowing only the trimmings to be used for manufacturing purposes; for there is hardly a product of the soil more important to the people. The fruit of the olive is nourishing as an edible; its oil is of universal service, entering into the composition of bread and soap, and is used for illumination, lubricating machinery, and also as a substitute for butter. Wheat and the olive are indeed the staples of the land.

It was interesting to walk through the grain market, and to see the grain measurer fill the bushel, shake it down, pat it with the hand, and then heap it up with great deliberation, showing that the custom still obtains to which allusion is made in Luke vi, 38, where the Saviour says, "Give, and it shall be given unto you; good measure, pressed down, and shaken together, and running over, shall men give into your bosom." The bazaars of Jerusalem offer but little variety, and are not at all attractive, like those of Damascus or even Beirut. The shops are principally kept by Jews and Christians, and in them may be obtained all the articles ordinarily in use among Europeans. In the silversmiths' bazaar are to be seen some fine specimens of silverware, variously and ingeniously wrought; but purchases can be made to greater advantage at Damascus. Stalls for the vending of rosaries, charms, and other trinkets, are found usually near the Church of

the Holy Sepulchre, and on the great festivals make quite a display.

Among other places into which we looked this day was what might be termed the soup-house—two large, dirty courts aside from a main street. In one of them were two enormous copper kettles, represented to us as having been made in Solomon's day—and certainly they appeared battered and dingy enough to have been manufactured by the first workers in metal—in which soup is boiled for the city poor. In the opposite court bread is baked in large quantities. Every day at four in the afternoon a piece of bread and a dish of soup are gratuitously distributed to each poor person who applies. Near by, and approached through covered ways and guarded by soldiers, is the pasha's, or governor's, residence. As we had no business with his excellency we did not call. At one point we saw a marble fountain ornamented with twisted columns, rosettes, and flowers, but now dry. Think of Jerusalem, when these beautiful fountains, at numerous points, gushed with sparkling water!

From the pasha's palace we went across David-street, up a flight of steps, through a by-street, passing the English hospital, and stopped at the house on Mount Zion to which Peter went immediately after his release from prison by the angel. Acts xii, 12, 13. We knocked at the door, but were not so fortunate as Peter. No Rhoda answered our knock. A woman across the street reported that the people who lived there had gone out to the Mount of

Olives. It was Ascension day, and with the Christian population a general holiday.

The next day Dr. Harvey and I walked into the city. Just after entering the Jaffa Gate we turned to the left, and visited the Greek Convent. This is a very extensive establishment, and the richest in Jerusalem. The grounds are ample and tastefully arranged. In a little chapel a priest and a woman were intoning the evening service. The priest passed around the room, and from his censer incensed the few worshipers who were present. When he came to us he rather hesitatingly incensed us, which we took good naturedly, and did not become at all *incensed* at him. There was evidently a little mental reservation on his part, but his politeness overcame his prejudices. Still beyond the convent, in the north-west angle of the city wall, are the remains of a massive tower called Goliath. The stones are very large, and the masonry generally resembles that of the Tower of David. Professor Fergusson thinks this was the Tower of Hippicus.

Mounting the wall at this point, we had a fine view of the country lying west of the city, and then, walking on the wall eastward toward the Damascus Gate, we had a good opportunity to see the tops of the houses, and also into some of the yards and courts. In this section neat houses and surroundings were the exception. From the top of the wall beyond the Damascus Gate, on what is called Bezetha, we received the best impression of the topography of the city. We could distinctly trace the

different elevations and depressions. A glance was sufficient to show that formerly a decided valley ran from a point near the Jaffa Gate to Mount Moriah. As we walked on the wall we looked down upon the house of Areph, our chief muleteer.

I should not omit an account of a visit which Miss Fish, Mrs. Ridgaway, and myself made to Areph's residence. He remained in Jerusalem during the journey to Beer-sheba. After plying him pretty vigorously, the ladies extorted from him an invitation to call at his home. He is a Mohammedan, and worth, I was told, \$50,000. He owns one of the most respectable houses in the Mohammedan quarter, and has—owns, shall I say?—three wives. When we arrived at the door, with Mustapha for interpreter, he met us and conducted us through the courtyard, up stairs to a reception-room, where we were seated on chairs of a European pattern, and served with lemonade, a favorite drink among the Arabs.

The house was new and not entirely finished or furnished. We waited, hoping to see the ladies of the house enter, not knowing but they would be allowed to come in to see us, veiled, as Mohammedan women appear on the streets. But not so; they were not permitted to come near me, nor I to go to them. My wife and Miss Fish were invited to their apartments. They were as easy and cordial as they knew how to be. The older wife, and the mother of Areph's children, seemed to be about forty years of age, and coarse looking. The younger was

about eighteen years old, with pretty, delicate features. She was decked very much as a father would adorn a child. The third wife did not live in this house. As Mustapha could not go in with the ladies, there could be no conversation between the strangers; all they could do was to look at each other and enjoy the novelty of each other's appearance and dress. Areph seemed rather nervous all the while we stayed, and as we went out watched the inner doors very suspiciously, as though he would detect any furtive glances his wives might cast at the howadji.

Any Mohammedan may have two wives if he can support them; and if he becomes rich, he can take a third. It is rarely that more than a third wife is taken, except where divorces have occurred. Divorce is very common, and is obtained by the husband on the flimsiest pretext, and is in all Mohammedan countries the open door to the saddest abuses. Nothing, I am informed by those who have lived long in this land, can exceed the corruption of the whole social system. It is scarcely less than legalized prostitution. The man has well-nigh power of life and death over the wife; and about all the women are taught in the mosques is obedience to their husbands. No wonder a mother, when she has given birth to a female child, regards the event as a calamity.

Some of us called one morning at the Armenian Convent. By mistake we missed seeing the patriarch; his elegant reception-room was something, however, to see in

Jerusalem. It is a long hall with tessellated marble floor, with walls and ceiling richly ornamented. Among the pictures I noticed engravings of Queen Victoria, Prince Albert, and the Emperor and Empress of Germany.

As we passed from the Armenian Convent toward the English Church we saw a crowd just ahead of us, and from it were proceeding the most unearthly screaming and wailing. We hastened on, and found it was a funeral procession. A wealthy Mohammedan was being carried to his grave. The bier was borne by men, supported on their shoulders. No one man would bear more than a step or two; the instant he fairly felt the weight of the bier he would yield to another, every man in the crowd pressing forward, eager to share the honor of assisting to carry the body. But the feature of the procession was the women. they followed, dressed in white, and wept, screamed, and howled, as though their hearts would break. I noticed in a few minutes that their cries were regular, rising and falling by turns, and when one of them would cease another would break forth, and soon perceived that the weeping was altogether feigned and artificial. These were professional mourning women. Jer. ix, 17. I thought at first this man must have been greatly regretted, but a missionary's son, whom I met in the crowd, told me he was rich, and was able to pay to have lamentation made over his death. The procession was not very orderly, but as I walked in the throng there was something very exciting to hear

the men recite from the Koran and the women howl till the very air was resonant with their lamentations. For one or two mornings we were awakened about daybreak by their cries, as they were going by our camp to the grave to weep there.

In company with Dr. De Hass and family, I rode out in the afternoon to the Valley of Roses and Philip's Fountain, on the Gaza road. The Valley of Roses is a narrow valley lying south-west from Jerusalem, about twenty minutes' ride from the Jaffa Gate. It takes its name from being devoted largely to the cultivation of roses. We saw a number of large beds of rose-bushes, but only a few roses were in bloom, as the season for them was past. A ride of thirty minutes through the valley over the old Gaza road, which would bid defiance now to the eunuch's chariot, or any other sort of vehicle, brought us to a fountain at the side of a hill, surrounded by well-kept houses and vineyards. A half hour farther and we were shown the traditional Philip's Fountain. The surroundings are very beautiful; the whole adjacent valley abounding with well-terraced gardens, in which grow the fig, the olive, the pomegranate, and the grape. I saw, also, one apple-tree, the only one I remember to have seen in all Syria.

The fountain itself is a very rich, solid marble structure, carved elaborately, and of admirable proportions, and stands on the face of a hill. The water spouts out profusely about fifteen feet from the ground, and striking

twice before it reaches the bed of the valley, it then descends and runs a little way off into a large stone reservoir, which is about twenty feet square, quite deep, and has steps going down into it. If this, or a similar reservoir, existed in apostolic days, there was every thing to justify the language of the eunuch: "See, here is water; what doth hinder me to be baptized?" Acts viii, 36. If the quantity of water would prove that the eunuch was immersed, then there was enough here for the purpose. There is reason, too, to believe that such fountains were common along the highways of Palestine in the Roman period.

On our return we called at the Convent of the Holy Cross, situated at the head of the valley, about a mile from the city. We were received by the monk professor, who has the charge of the school for the education of priests. He is the handsomest man I saw in the East, of good stature, fine features, full, black eyes, large, well-formed head, and withal a very scholarly and courtly gentleman. We were ushered into the reception-room, plainly but elegantly furnished, and immediately coffee and wine were handed. The school-room and library were then shown. Every book which has been published on Palestine, we were informed, was in the library. The church of the convent was built in the fifth century, and took its name from the fact that the true cross, after being discovered in Persia, was brought back to Palestine and planted on this site. The true cross, our intelligent host told us, was

composed of three kinds of wood—cedar, cypress, and the other I cannot recollect, as I could not get it into English. He pointed to the hole in which it grew!

The church has a very ancient appearance, the floor being covered with very fine old mosaics of various patterns, among them two birds very well made. The inner door of the convent was brought from an older convent near Jericho. The roof of the whole building is open, and formed into a beautiful promenade. Walking out on this we had a good view looking toward the west and southwest. A large number of the students were seen in the distance taking their evening walk. The institution is supported by contributions, which are sent to the Patriarch of Jerusalem from all sections of the Greek Church. The monk accompanied us to the low, thick, iron outer gate, which shows the marks of having been often battered by rude mobs, and politely bowed us out.

May 24, Sunday. This was to be our last day in Jerusalem. We attended divine service at the Episcopal Church, and heard a negro missionary from Africa preach. His early history, I was told, has this little scrap of romance in it: His mother, a native of Africa, while working in the field, was captured by a slave stealer. She was taken off with this missionary, then a baby in her arms. Her captor chanced to get something into one of his eyes, which pained him so that he called the woman to look into it to relieve him. She had her mouth full of snuff, so instead of looking for the substance which was

causing the suffering, she emptied the contents of her mouth into the other eye. This well-nigh drove the man frantic with pain and rage, and while he, thus disabled, was writhing in anguish, she with her child effected her escape.

I was quite surprised to hear myself announced to address the people in the lecture-room in the evening. Dissenting ministers are allowed the privilege of talking in the school-room when there is no service in the Church. There ought to be a church at Jerusalem where all ministers of the Gospel, on the basis of the Evangelical Alliance, might have access to the pulpit. Of the English-speaking visitors who frequent the city, lay and clerical, it may be safely assumed that at least one half belong to other churches than the Church of England.

We now began to feel the climate of Jerusalem very debilitating. The city may be regarded as healthy until the sirocco begins to blow, about the first of May. This wind is entirely destitute of ozone; to which cause is attributed the peculiarly distressing effect it has upon strangers. Experiments upon dry and wet ozone paper do not show the slightest discoloration.*

* "Palestine Exploration Fund," January, 1873, p. 39.

CHAPTER XXIII.

JERUSALEM TO MOUNTS GERIZIM AND EBAL.

MAY 25, Monday. We broke camp at half past seven A. M., and after a few more inside glimpses of the city, mounted our horses and took the Nablous road for the tour of Central and Northern Palestine. Reining up and turning aside on the highest point of Scopus, just where Titus probably first saw Jerusalem, and where his army first encamped, we took our last view of it. We sat and chatted awhile, wistfully gazing upon the hills, walls, domes, and turrets which had now become so familiar, but which were in a moment to disappear from sight. We had been back and forth so often that it was finally hard to say farewell. We shook hands with the consul, who had accompanied us thus far, gave him three rousing cheers, and wheeling about, were again on the path.

The road lay through a barren track, with an occasional strip of green stretching among the naked, white limestone ledges. In a little while we reached a conical hill near the village of Shafat, which is the traditional site of Nob, the place of the tabernacle, and a city of the priests in Saul's days. Lieutenant Conder prefers to identify Nob with Neby Samwil, but Captain Wilson, for

reasons which appear sufficiently weighty, adheres to this locality. The accurate description of the approach of the invading Assyrian army, as given by Isa. x, 28–32, makes Nob the last halting place of the army before attacking Jerusalem. “As yet shall he remain at Nob this day: he shall shake his hand against the mount of the daughter of Zion, the hill of Jerusalem.” The king of Assyria, reaching this tell, gets a glimpse of Mount Zion. Halting the main body of his army, he rides forward to the hill which was afterward the Scopus of Titus, and thence shakes his hand against Jerusalem. Neby Samwil could not answer to this description. It is out of the way, and not a natural approach for an army invading from the north. If this be the true site of Nob, then it was here the slaughter of the priests took place by command of Saul after Doeg, the Edomite, reported that the high-priest had given bread and the sword of Goliath to David.

From the summit of this hill we could see Tuliel el Ful just to the north, the reputed site of Gibeah, the birthplace and residence of Saul, and hence called Gibeah of Saul, which belongeth to Benjamin. Judg. xix; 1 Sam. xi, 4. Gibeah, before it became the center of Saul's eventful career, was also the scene of the thrilling narrative given in the Book of Judges, xix, 20. Around the site of Gibeah lie valleys, any one of which may have been the scene of the touching incident in the history of David and Jonathan, when the unselfish Jonathan ap-

prised his friend of the continued anger of Saul. Then ensued one of the most affecting interviews recorded in the lives of any two human beings. After they had embraced and pledged each other to mutual fidelity, David fled to the land of the Philistines, and henceforth became an outlaw. We do not read that the faithful friends ever met again; and the next word we hear from David about Jonathan was when, years afterward, tidings came to him that Saul and Jonathan had fallen on the heights of Gilboa.

Er Ram, Ramah of Benjamin, (Josh. xviii, 25; Judges xix, 13; Ezra ii, 26,) was our next point. It stands on a hill slightly to the right of the main route, and is a dirty Arab village built among ancient ruins. Some pieces of massive masonry could be distinguished as parts of the present houses. A dilapidated mosque, probably once a Christian church, is the only notable building. It is difficult to accept this Ramah as the birthplace of Samuel, seeing his father was of Ramathaim-zophim of Mount Ephraim. 1 Sam. i, 1. It may, however, have become the place of his residence after he became judge of Israel, as being a more central location, and consequently more convenient for the administration of public affairs. We are told, also, that it was under a palm-tree, between Ramah and Beth-el in Mount Ephraim, that Deborah dwelt and judged Israel. Judges iv, 5.

The phrase "Mount Ephraim" is one of the least satisfactorily settled in biblical geography. I incline to the

opinion that it included the whole mountainous region lying north of Jerusalem as far as to the Plain of Esdraelon, or at least as far as to Gerizim and Ebal, and that it was so applied because Ephraim, whose inheritance was in that region, became the dominant tribe. If this explanation be admissible, then er Ram may have been the Ramah distinguished as the birthplace of the great seer, whose administration was the first to centralize the government of Israel in the Land of Promise. From the roof of one of the houses could be distinctly seen Mukhmas, (Michmas,) the sharp cliffs where Jonathan and his armor-bearer attacked and routed the Philistines.

Another half hour brought us to Bireh, the ancient Beeroth, famed as one of the four cities of the crafty Gibeonites. Josh. ix. Close by the road was a large limestone fountain, with massive stone troughs full of water. We lunched in an inclosed lot under an olive-tree. In the village are the ruins of an old church, with the walls standing sufficiently to show its form and dimensions. At Bireh we took the right hand road to Beitin or Beth-el. Here again was a filthy Arab village. The location of Beth-el is not very commanding. It is situated on a rocky ridge, between two valleys which converge to the south and run off into Wady Suweinit.

The ruins of an ancient city, consisting of masonry, broken columns, and other fragments, are scattered over the hill, covering a large space. The present name of the place, and the exact description of St. Jerome, (twelve

miles north of Jerusalem to the right of the road,) identifies this village as the Beth-el of the Bible beyond a doubt. In the pleasant valley west of the hill on which the village stands is a large reservoir, three hundred and fourteen by two hundred and seventeen feet. It is now dry, but shows that there was once here an abundance of water, where now one or two small springs give only a small stream. This nook was a favorite resort with the patriarchs, and from the time that Abraham pitched his tent here, "having Beth-el on the west and Hai on the east," (Gen. xii, 8,) in his first southward journey in the Land of Promise, Beth-el became prominent in sacred history.

The separation between Abraham and Lot was probably caused by the disputes which arose among their herdmen over the privileges of these very springs. And how natural the whole scene, with el Tell, the modern site of Hai, rising on the east. Abraham said to his nephew, "Is not the whole land before thee? separate thyself, I pray thee, from me: if thou wilt take the left hand, then I will go to the right; or if thou depart to the right hand, then I will go to the left. And Lot lifted up his eyes, and beheld all the plain of Jordan, that it was well watered every-where. . . . Then Lot chose him all the plain of Jordan." Gen. xiii, 9-11.

From the heights of Beitin (Beth-el) we found it impossible to see the Plain of Jordan, and I understood Mr. Floyd to say that there is no hill in the immediate

neighborhood from which it can be seen. But Lieutenant Conder, who has examined the ground carefully, makes the following statement:—

The view from this point, [el Tell, Ai, meaning "The *Heaps*," thus retaining the traces of Joshua's curse,] eastward, was extremely striking. The rocky desert of the Judæan hills . . . stretched away to the white chalky peaks of the low hills near Jericho. The plain beyond, green with grass, stretched to the brown feet of the trans-Jordanic chain. Heavy cloud wreaths hung over these, but their slopes gleamed yellow and pink in that wonderful beauty with which they are ever clothed by the sinking sun. The calm water of the Salt Sea, with a light mist brooding above, added to the charm of the view. Well might Lot, who from nearly this very spot looked down on this green valley, contrast it favorably with the steep passes and stony hills which he relinquished to Abraham. Half the breadth of the sea and plain was visible; the western half is hidden by the hills. The cities of the "plain," placed, as we conclude, at a distance from the "mountain" to which Lot could not fly, and in the vale of Siddim, "which is the Salt Sea," were, therefore, in all probability, visible in gleaming contrast with their green palm-groves, now, alas! extinct, but still standing in the times of Arculphus, (A. D. 700,) thus resembling Damascus in its oasis of trees.*

But of all the events which occurred at Beth-el, that which has most effectually embalmed it in the memory of the devout of every age is Jacob's vision and vow. Fleeing toward Padan-aram, followed by a father's blessing and a brother's hate, he came to Beth-el at night-fall. Too late to get admission into the town, sad and weary, "he took of the stones of that place, and put them for his pillows, and lay down . . . to sleep." Gen. xxviii, 11. Never

* "Palestine Exploration Fund," April, 1874, p. 63.

before had God seemed so far away from him; but "he dreamed, and behold a ladder set up on the earth, and the top of it reached to heaven: and behold the angels of God ascending and descending on it. And, behold, the Lord stood above it, and said, I am the Lord God of Abraham thy father, and the God of Isaac: the land whereon thou liest, to thee will I give it, and to thy seed. . . . And, behold, I am with thee, and will keep thee in all places whither thou goest, and I will bring thee again into this land; for I will not leave thee, until I have done that which I have spoken to thee of. And Jacob awaked out of his sleep, and he said, Surely the Lord is in this place; and I knew it not. And he was afraid, and said, How dreadful is this place! this is none other but the house of God, and this is the gate of heaven." Gen. xxviii, 12, 13, 15-17.

This simple, graphic Bible story has never been more aptly expressed than in the verse of the well-nigh-inspired song, "Nearer, my God, to thee:"—

"Though like a wanderer,
The sun gone down,
Darkness comes over me,
My rest a stone;
Yet in my dreams I'd be
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee!"

Jacob's condition as a fugitive was undoubtedly sad; but so far as his resting place is concerned he was not so much to be pitied. He was well off with the clean stones

for his pillows their sharp hardness mitigated by the soft folds of his turban, and with the clear heavens above him for a canopy, especially if the houses of ancient Bethel swarmed with vermin, as the huts of Beitin do now. Nothing is more common than to see an Arab asleep on the ground, the whole person, head and all, wrapped in his abba.

Deeply as Jacob must have been impressed with the divine revelation he received, it was thirty years before he returned to Beth-el to erect the altar to God which he had promised. From the time he fulfilled his vow and built the altar here Beth-el became a sacred place, and was so regarded ever afterward. The esteem in which it was held is shown in the fact, that on the disruption of the kingdom of Israel Jeroboam chose it for the head of his government, and near where Jacob's ancient altar stood set up a golden calf (1 Kings xii, 28) to be worshiped by the people, thus changing Beth-el, the House of God, into Beth-aven, the House of Idols. Hosea x, 5, 8. The ultimate fall of the sacred place was foretold by Amos, chap. v, 5: "Seek not Beth-el, nor enter into Gilgal, and pass not to Beer-sheba: for Gilgal shall surely go into captivity, and Beth-el shall come to naught." Forty huts and heaps of shapeless stones are all that now mark the spot.

Only a short distance off, across Wady Mutyah, slightly north of east, lies Rummon, the noted Rock Rimmon of Judges xx, 45; to which the last six hundred men of the Benjamites fled after the battles which nearly extirpated their tribe from Israel. The hill is very steep and

naked; and from its top the valley may be seen which comes out above 'Ain Duk, near Jericho. There is a small village on it.

The road on leaving Beth-el joins the main thoroughfare, and leads down into a pretty valley. 'Ain Yebrud crowns the distant opposite hill. The mountain slopes on either side are terraced, and every available spot is brought under cultivation, the olive and fig-trees abounding more than I had yet seen them. Turning to the right, we descended a very narrow torrent bed, until we came to 'Ain el Harūmiyeh, (the Robbers' Fountain,) a very wild glen under the almost perpendicular rocks, which was once infested with robbers. A fountain and the ruins of an old khan are all that remain. From this point the valley gradually widens. In about thirty minutes more we passed Khurbet el Teli, possibly the Geba of Scripture; in twenty-five minutes more, a little way off on the right, Turmus 'Aya; and over the hill ahead of us, a few miles distant, we saw Sinjil. We did not go up to the village of Sinjil, but kept straight on, and encamped for the night at the foot of the hill on the direct road. A short stretch of smooth ground just here, a novelty in these parts, invited us to canter our horses. To pay for this indulgence I lost some pretty specimens of olive-wood purchased the last minute before leaving Jerusalem.

Instead of going on directly to Nablous we turned to the right, skirting the fertile valley in which Turmus 'Aya stands, along which are distinct traces of an old road, ten

feet wide, and in about a half hour came to Silun, the ancient Shiloh. The Arabic name corresponds so well with the Hebrew as to afford a conclusive philological testimony to the identity of the place. The location answers well to the biblical description: "On the north side of Beth-el, on the east side of the highway that goeth up from Bethel to Shechem, and on the south of Lebonah." Judg. xxi, 19. The hill, like that of Beth-el, is not very high, but it is a very beautiful eminence, smooth and round, well separated from adjoining heights, and sloping



Old Mosque at Silun.

gradually on all sides. On the right, before coming to the principal ruins, we rode up to an old building which looks as though it was once a synagogue or Christian church. Its greatest length is from east to west; there are two aisles, and in the southern side a mihrab. The north wall is well preserved. The walls are each about four feet thick, and the buttresses are built slanting, which indicates that

the edifice may have been used at some time as a fortress. In front of it is a large oak-tree.

The village lies farther to the north. Near it are the ruins of an old church. "The rock is exposed over nearly the whole surface, so that little can be hoped from excavation. Northward the Tell slopes down to a broad shoulder, across which a sort of level court, seventy-seven feet wide and four hundred and twelve feet long, has been cut. The rock in places is scarped to a height of five feet, and along the sides are several excavations and a few small cisterns. The level portion of the rock is covered by a few inches of soil. It is not impossible that the place was thus prepared to receive the tabernacle, which, according to rabbinical tradition, was a structure of low stone walls, with the tent drawn over the top. At any rate, there is no other level place on the Tell sufficiently large to receive a tent of the dimensions of the tabernacle."*

Shiloh was the resting place of the ark of the covenant until it was captured by the Philistines in the days of Eli. The tabernacle probably remained here long afterward, but at what time it was finally removed is not clear. It is likely that Samuel or Saul transferred it to Nob, where it continued until David took it to Mount Zion. Why Shiloh was chosen by Joshua as the capital of the nation I cannot conjecture, unless it was its central location, and its accessibility from all points. It was ex-

* "Palestine Exploration Fund," January, 1873, p. 38.

tremely interesting to stand on this honored spot, and to recall the earlier and heroic period of Israel, when they gathered about this first altar, on which flamed for three hundred years the original fire which was kindled in the wilderness. With it are associated the troubled life of the aged Eli, and also the dawning moral beauty of the child Samuel, whose after career so fully justified his early promise.

Into one of these valleys, possibly that through which we had ridden, the daughters of Shiloh, at the time of the yearly feast, had gone forth to dance, when those of the six hundred men of Benjamin that dwelt on Rock Rimmon, who could not have wives of the four hundred virgins of Jabesh-gilead, sallied forth from ambush in the adjoining vineyards, and caught every man his maiden, and bore her off as a wife to his own inheritance. The poetical legend in the history of Rome, the rape of the Sabine virgins, here finds its counterpart in the authentic record of God's ancient people. The place, once the scene of political and religious life, now may have written upon it as an appropriate epitaph the words of Jeremiah: "Go ye now unto my place which was in Shiloh, where I set my name at the first, and see what I did to it for the wickedness of my people Israel." Jer. vii, 12.

Our road from Seilun lay westward, through a small wady which runs into the Wady Lubban, which in its course becomes successively Wady Kerawa and Wady Ribbah, until, as Nahr el Aujeh, it crosses the plain of

Sharon and empties into the Mediterranean Sea a short distance above Jaffa. Pursuing this narrow wady only so far as Wady Lubban, we turned directly north, leaving Khan Lubban, the ancient Lebonah, (Judg. xxi, 19,) on our left, and rode up the valley Lubban. The ground was almost a continuous wheat field. On the west was the village Sawieh, and on the right that of Zetma, both well elevated. A climb of thirty minutes brought us to the point of the road where first the sight of the Wady el Mukhna breaks upon the view. Here was decidedly the most beautiful valley we had seen in Palestine. It is seven miles long from north to south, and from one to two miles wide.

The scene as we looked upon it in the bright morning sun was one of exceeding richness. The whole plain was a mass of waving grain, almost ripe for the harvest. On either side rose the white limestone mountains; on the east rather low, and rolling away toward the higher cliffs overhanging the plain of the Jordan; and on the west, high, and gathered to a peak, in the noble form of Mount Gerizim, which stands as a sentinel over the ancient Valley of Sychar. We took the higher road lying along the base of the western hills, and as we rode enjoyed looking at the wheat fields. In the entire sweep of the eye not a single fence was to be seen; only low rows of stones were scattered along the fields as landmarks. High on the top of Gerizim shone the white wely which marks the site of the ruined temple of the Samaritans; and beyond was the bald summit of Ebal.

At noon we came to Jacob's Well. It lies at the mouth of Wady Nablous, or the ancient Valley of Shechem. On the swell of ground where the smaller valley, coming down from the west, loses itself in the broader plain of Mukhna, was "the parcel of a field" which Jacob bought from the sons of Hamor, the father of Shechem. Gen. xxxiii, 19. The mouth of the well is surrounded by a stone inclosure, and covered with bowlders, one of which we had to remove before we could look down into it. We could not see to the bottom, and, of course, like all other tourists, had to commit the folly of testing whether it contained water by throwing down a stone. It was perfectly dry. Usually, early in the spring, it has several feet of water. The depth of the well when examined by Dr. Robinson, in 1838, was one hundred and five feet, and when last measured was seventy-five feet, but now it is much less. The probability is, if it were cleared out it would have constant water. The abundance of springs in the immediate vicinity renders the well unnecessary, so it lies waste, as a matter of curiosity and veneration to the biblical student and the pilgrim. The sides of the well are not solid rock, as some conjecture, but are lined with rough stones, like the wells at el Milh and Bir es Saba.

The question naturally arises, Why should Jacob want this well, when at the village of Sychar, and all through this western valley, there were fountains and streams of water? The most casual reader of the Bible will be

struck with the emphasis which is every-where laid upon water. The rain falling in these countries only at the time of "the early and latter rain"—early spring and autumn—the dependence of the people for the rest of the year was wholly upon natural springs or artificial wells. Land without these was worthless. If water could not be obtained for the flocks and for irrigation, broad fields availed nothing. Hence the digging of a well was the first thing when a patriarch halted at a place. This also explains the sharp disputes over the wells and springs of which we read. A well was of more value, and was guarded with more jealousy, than any other property.

Jacob and his sons, as they passed through the country grazing their flocks and herds, could not depend upon strangers for water; they might be denied it when they needed it most; therefore he bought the parcel of a field, probably for the express purpose of digging a well in it, and having the ground adjoining as a resting place. Until I understood this feature of eastern life I did not appreciate the promise, "His . . . bread shall be given him, his waters shall be sure." Isa. xxxiii, 16. I always thought it meant that water, because so abundant, was secure to the good man as a matter of course. Now I know that God meant to say, that a most invaluable blessing, which sometimes no money can procure, shall be sure.

There is one scriptural event which more than all others has lent a charm to the spot where we now lingered. It occurred in the history of Him who is greater

than Jacob, who digged the well. "And he must needs go through Samaria. Then cometh he to a city of Samaria, which is called Sychar, near to the parcel of ground that Jacob gave to his son Joseph. Now Jacob's well was there. Jesus therefore, being wearied with his journey, sat thus on the well: and it was about the sixth hour. There cometh a woman of Samaria to draw water: Jesus saith unto her, Give me to drink." John iv, 4-7. The well at that day was probably in good preservation, surrounded by a stone curb, and full of pure water. Jesus had walked all the morning in the hot sun, and at high noon came to the well, tired and thirsty, and sat reclining probably on the curb-stone. The well was not supplied with rope and pitcher for the convenience of strangers; and this woman of the vicinity, chancing just then to come to draw water—possibly she, with others, was at work in the nearest fields—Jesus asked her, as an act of the commonest hospitality, to give him drink. With mingled surprise and contempt she hesitated, and, thrusting forward her national prejudices, gave occasion for the conversation which the evangelist St. John has reported with such particularity.

The water of the well became henceforth the emblem of that religion whose satisfying and eternal nature can only be faintly shadowed forth by material things. Jerusalem or Gerizim, then clung to with unyielding zeal as the exclusive spot where the true God could be worshiped, the one by the Jews and the other by the Samar-

itans, have, in the light of this discourse, sunk down and melted away into the ideal kingdom of the new heavens and the new earth, wherein dwelleth righteousness. "Jesus saith unto her, Woman, believe me, the hour cometh, when ye shall neither in this mountain, nor yet at Jerusalem, worship the Father. . . . But the hour cometh, and now is, when the true worshipers shall worship the Father in spirit and in truth; for the Father seeketh such to worship him. God is a spirit: and they that worship him must worship him in spirit and in truth." John iv, 21, 23, 24. The woman left the Stranger, (in her eagerness forgetting her water-pot,) and hastened to the city, and said to her neighbors, "Come, see a man which told me all things which ever I did: is not this the Christ?" John iv, 29. Ages have passed, and many opinions have been expressed as to the character of Jesus and his word; but the power which his teachings have to show men themselves has never been destroyed.

Not more natural was this scene—the well, Mount Gerizim standing out in the foreground—which gave rise to the conversation with the woman, than that which suggested the conversation which followed with the disciples. The bread which they had brought from the village became the type of the deeper spiritual nourishment of the soul; and then from the bread which was in the hands of the disciples, the eye glided quickly to the plain in front, which was green with the tender blade of the growing corn. "Say not ye, There are yet four months, and

then cometh harvest? behold, I say unto you, Lift up your eyes, and look on the fields; for they are white already to harvest." John iv, 35. Christ could not have meant there were yet four months from this time till the fields would be ready for the harvest, for if the passover occurred that year in April, then it must have been early in May when he sat by the well. We were there the 26th of May, and the grain was almost ripe. He simply quoted a proverb, which embodied a fact in nature, that from the planting time to the harvest it is ordinarily four months. I imagine him saying, This law of nature does not hold in the spiritual kingdom, as he saw the people streaming out from the village to see and hear him, after the report which the woman had carried.

The well has been ornamented at different periods with structures more or less imposing. There are still around some ruins, several fragments of granite columns, with traces of masonry, which were part of a vaulted chamber. This chamber was probably part of the church, erected as early as the fourth century, and which, according to De Vogué, was in the form of a cross, the well being in the center where the branches intersected. It was painful to see a spot so full of hallowed associations, and so picturesque in its situation, in a state of utter neglect. One would think that the inhabitants of Nablous would take interest enough in it, for the memory of Jacob, to keep it in decent order; but the Mohammedans of Palestine repair nothing except from sheer necessity.

A short distance to the north of Jacob's Well, beyond a little hamlet which surrounds the Fountain of Dafneh, is Joseph's Tomb. It consists of a wely inclosed with stone walls. Inside is a single chamber, and across, at an irregular angle, is an ordinary Moslem tomb, where it is said Joseph was buried. "And the bones of Joseph, which the children of Israel brought up out of Egypt, buried they in Shechem, in a parcel of ground which Jacob bought of the sons of Hamor the father of Shechem for a hundred pieces of silver; and it became the inheritance of the children of Joseph." Josh. xxiv, 32. Hence only in a sort of apologetic way is the Tomb of Joseph known in the mosque over the cave of Machpelah. Its position there at one side is proof that it was added as an after thought.

After lunching under neighboring fig-trees we turned up the Vale of Nablous. At the point on the left where the northern slope of Gerizim projects into the valley is a Mohammedan cemetery, consisting of a court-yard with a well and several masonry tombs, one of which is said to be that of Sheik Jusuf, (Joseph.) It presents an air of neatness, quite unusual with the Moslems. Singularly enough the place is called el Amud, (the Column,) and has been identified with the pillar where Abimelech was made king, (Judges ix, 6,) and with the oak of Moreh, where Abraham erected the first altar in the Promised Land, (Gen. xii, 7,) and where also Joshua raised a stone. Josh. xxiv, 26. Close by the Turkish Government was building a new barracks, a very substantial-looking structure.

From about this point the valley falls east and west, the waters on the east flowing to the Jordan, and those on the west flowing to the Mediterranean; and here it also trends inward on the side of Ebal, on the north, and of Gerizim on the south, forming, before the city of Nablous is reached, a sort of natural amphitheater. This broad space is believed to have been the scene of the reading of the law, after the Israelites took possession of the Promised Land. In accordance with the direction of Moses, (Deut. xxvii,) all Israel were to be assembled at these mountains. The tribes who responded to the blessing were to be placed on Mount Gerizim, and those who responded to the cursing, on Mount Ebal. This direction was specifically carried out, as we see by the account at Joshua viii, 33-35. Joshua and the Levites, surrounding the ark, probably stood in the center of the valley, and the several tribes filled all its confines stretching back to the edges, and up the slopes, of the mountains, even crowding their very summits. As to the question whether the multitudes were able actually to hear the reading of the law, there can be but one answer. Strictly speaking, for the intent of the ceremony it was not necessary that they should hear the literal words; for understanding the purport of the service, and knowing when the blessings and the cursings were to be pronounced, those whose turn it was to respond could be governed by the cessation of the sound at the end of each blessing or each cursing.

And yet here we have one of those exact correspondences in the physical character of the country with biblical history which is the unceasing wonder and gratification of the traveler. It is a common occurrence for workmen on Mount Gerizim to speak to their fellows passing on the road below, and its summit is a thousand feet above the valley. The speech of Jotham from the top of Gerizim to the men of Shechem (Judges ix, 7) is an instance in point. Dr. Vail, who examined the matter carefully, furnishes me with the following statement:—

Sunday, April 26, 1874. In the afternoon Mr. Elkary, Baptist missionary from London, stationed at Nablous, invited a young English gentleman and myself to go out with him and read the blessings from Mount Gerizim and the curses from Mount Ebal, as recorded in the twenty-eighth chapter of Deuteronomy. It was agreed that Mr. Elkary should ascend upon the side of Mount Gerizim and read aloud and distinctly the blessings, and that I should ascend upon the side of Mount Ebal, on the rock above the cave of Elijah, and read the curses; and that our young English friend should stand in the center of the valley below and hear. Accordingly, I stood high up the side of Ebal, over the Cave of Elijah, and read the curses, and though the wind blew strongly from the west, I was distinctly heard in the valley below. Then, as Mr. Elkary read the blessings from Mount Gerizim, every word was distinctly heard by our young friend.

When we came down to the center of the valley, to talk over the result of our experiment, the young man said to me, "Did you not make a mistake in your reading?" I said, "Yes, I did make a mistake; the sun shone so brightly in my face that I could not look steadily upon the book. It is true, I made a mistake; can you tell me what it was?" "Yes," he replied. "You read the passage, 'Cursed be he that lieth with his father's wife,' changing the word father's to *neighbor's* wife." "Yes," I replied, "you are right." Thus we were fully satisfied with the result of our experiment, and that the place is

admirably adapted to the purposes of hearing and speaking, as described in Joshua viii, 32-35.

Thus the topography of this place exactly answers to the Scripture account and requirements, and in this we have another proof of their truth.

Instead of going at once to the city, we turned off the road to the left, and by a sharp and winding path ascended Mount Gerizim, coming first to a comparatively level area, where the Samaritans keep the passover. Within a square inclosure, just at sunset, the sin lambs are slain.



Samaritans at Worship.

There is a cut in the rock through which the blood of the beasts flows, and near by is a large round hole where they

are roasted. The whole company encamp on the spot for the night, and on the next morning rise at break of



Ruins on Mount Gerizim.

day, open the hole, tear the lambs in pieces, eat them in the utmost haste, and immediately depart. A few paces farther up, north-east, is the summit of the mountain. On the summit quite a broad plateau extends some distance to the south, say about eight hundred feet. This is covered by a mass of seemingly inextricable ruins, most of which are probably not earlier than the Roman period; and possibly some of them do not date back of the time of the Crusaders. Undoubtedly a Roman fortress and a Christian church and convent have stood here. On the broadest part of the plateau, toward the north end, are the remains of a rectangular castle, the walls flanked with towers, and measuring two hundred feet each way. All around in the interior are remains of chambers, and in the center, those of a church. The stones in the walls are well dressed, have marginal drafts, and are set without mortar;

many of them appear to have belonged to older buildings. The church is octagonal, with an eastern apsis and a northern entrance, and surrounded by spaces which must have been side chapels. There is an inner octagon, which gives the church an appearance resembling the dome of the Rock at Jerusalem. It is supposed to have been built by Justinian, somewhere about A. D. 533.

The great interest of these ruins is the belief that they mark the site of the ancient temple of the Samaritans, built after the Babylonish captivity, about 420 B. C., in rivalry of the great temple at Jerusalem. Certainly the claim for sanctity could be laid for no other place in the land with more reason than this mountain. The Samaritans, therefore, were not without a plausible ground on which to base their rival worship.

As we wandered among the rude piles it was with no surprise that we found places which are identified with the more prominent occurrences of the earlier Israelitish history. Immediately west of the castle wall, under some old masonry, are pointed out the "twelve stones" which Joshua brought from the Jordan. Farther on, the sacred rock is shown where Melchizedek blessed Abraham, and the elevated platform, approached by curious steps, where Abraham offered Isaac. Near the shelving rock is a large cistern. Over this rock, it is supposed, the altar of sacrifice stood, and the blood of the victims ran into the cistern below. Directly east of the castle are three platforms, which evidently were supports for a structure of

some kind. Can it be that these and the masonry of "the twelve stones" were parts of the original temple? At several points there are large pools, and on the sides of the summit, north, south, and west, lie what seem to be the ruins of the town which encircled the temple or the modern castle.



Sacred Rock of the Samaritans.

On the northern extremity stands a neglected little mosque. From its roof we had an extended view. The Mediterranean Sea was distinctly visible, and all the coast line from Césarea to Jaffa. Mount Carmel stood out boldly in the north-west. In the north, directly before us, was the bald peak of Ebal; beyond, Gilboa and the mountains of Galilee; and still beyond, Hermon's snowy height. North-east, stretched far away the mountains of Bashan and of Gilead. South-east, could be seen the mountains of Moab; and directly south, the tall summit of Neby Samwil. Here, as at Neby Samwil, I could see how completely the mountains run all along from the south to the Plain of Esdraelon, near the center of the country, forming a back-bone, broken only here and there

by such valleys as the Nablous, into which we were now looking. The most pleasing part of the view was the lovely plain, el Mukhna, at our feet, rich in its luxuriant green and yellow colors. The contrast, too, between the fertility of Gerizim and the sterility of Ebal was striking. Could the nakedness of Ebal be the reason it was chosen as the place of cursing? Its northern slope, however, we were told, is more fertile, and abounds in springs, like that of Gerizim.

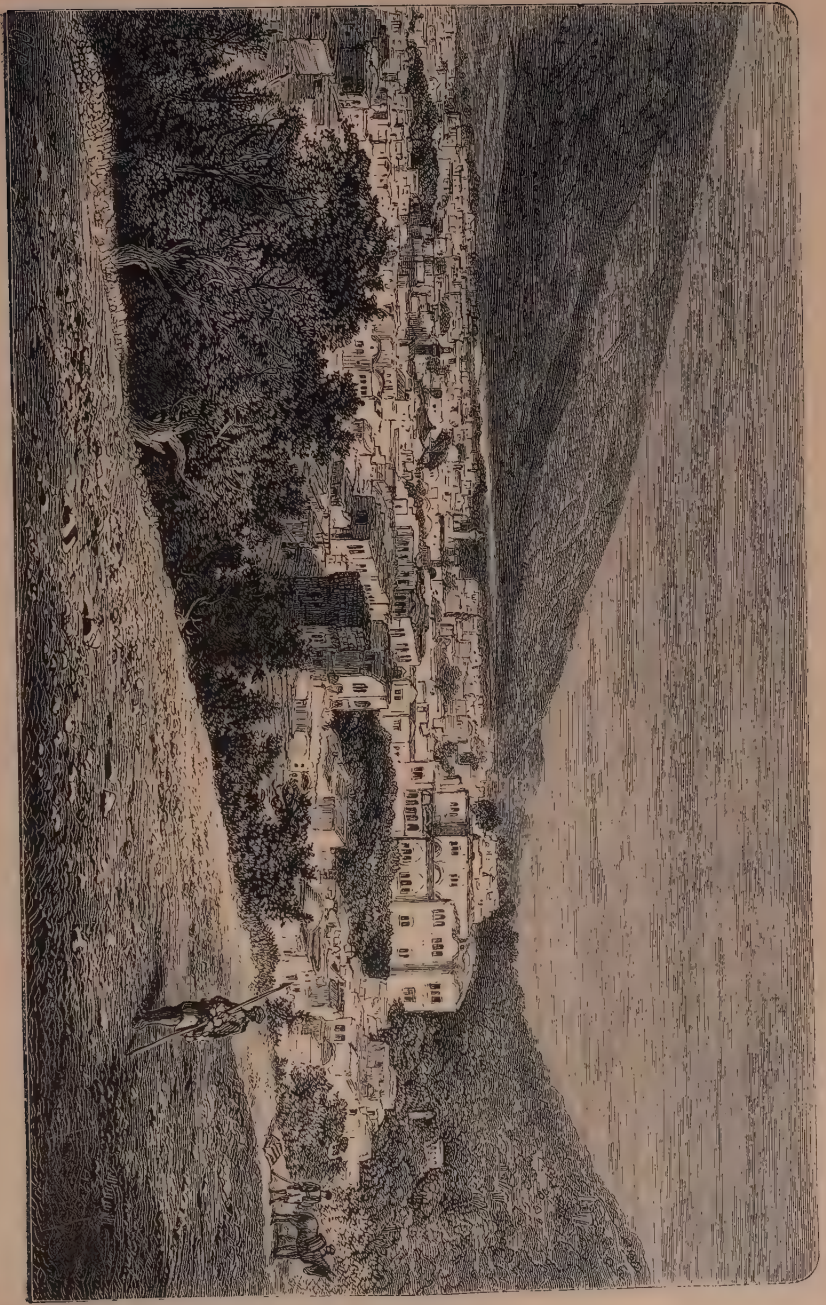
CHAPTER XXIV.

NABLOUS TO THE PLAIN OF ESDRAELON.

WE rode westward on the shoulder of Gerizim, and descended, amid groves and babbling brooks, to the back of Nablous. Just at the foot of the mountain we passed a large fountain, whence the town, as first seen, presents a fine appearance, its flat roofs, domes, and minarets rising amid a dense foliage of olive-trees. No sooner had we reached the camp than we sallied into the narrow streets to see the sights and make whatever purchases a capricious fancy might suggest. I was surprised at finding the place so large and so substantially built. It has the aspect of more solidity and greater wealth than Jerusalem.

The central position of Nablous (the ancient Shechem or Sychar, and the Roman Neapolis) has always made it a place of commercial importance. It stands in the midst of one of the richest sections of Palestine, and on the great thoroughfare from Jerusalem to Samaria and Damascus, and also from Gilead to the Mediterranean, and consequently it has always had both internal resources and foreign trade.

I could not wonder any longer, after seeing Nablous and its adjacent valleys, at the political ascendancy so



NAPLOUS, AND MOUNTS GERIZIM AND EBAL,

soon acquired by the tribe of Ephraim over all northern Israel. Within the compass of Ephraim's bounds are more elements of strength than are comprised in the territory of any other tribe, excepting, perhaps, that of Judah. It is significant that here the great revolt against the authority of Rehoboam took place, which issued in making Jeroboam king of the ten tribes, and the erection of these tribes into a separate and permanent kingdom, with Shechem as the head of the monarchy. I Kings xii. It was one of the first cities to espouse Christianity, and became at a very early period a point of great Christian influence. Soon after the planting of the Church at Jerusalem the apostles preached in "many villages of the Samaritans." Acts viii, 25; ix, 31. And toward the end of the first century Justin Martyr, the noted apologist, was born here. The Emperor Vespasian rebuilt it after its destruction, and called it Neapolis. Subsequently its rights as a city were taken away by Septimius Severus, because of its participation in a Jewish revolt. The Greek name was gradually merged into the one it now bears.

Our first errand in the town was to the telegraph office, which is under government control, at the headquarters of the pasha. The advent of so many howadji was quite a surprise to the officials. Dr. Fish had left his daughter quite ill at Jerusalem. Upon the word sent from her was to depend whether he or his son should return to conduct her to Beirut. The telegram in Arabic

was produced, and when translated read, "Do not think; I am well; shall go to Jaffa." We were all struck with the beautiful illustration of our Saviour's, "Take no thought;" the Arabic word, like the Hebrew, being rendered by thought instead of anxiety.

Thence we visited the synagogue of the Samaritans, which is a small, rude structure in the thickest part of the city. A young priest showed us the two manuscripts of the Pentateuch, producing them from an ordinary pine case, which is kept behind a curtain. Considering their value, they are far too carelessly kept. The first which he showed he declared to be one thousand years old; and the other, shown after some hesitancy and with an air of greater solemnity, he affirmed to be three thousand five hundred years old, and that it was written by Abishua, the son of Phinehas, and grandson of Aaron. Both are richly ornamented.

The oldest of these manuscripts is undoubtedly very ancient, but hardly so venerable as the young priest claimed. Scholars are not agreed to what period to assign it; but it is thought not to be older than the seventh century of the Christian era. Nor is it regarded as a high authority in determining the text of the sacred books of Moses. It is rather rudely executed on coarse parchment, and bears marks of having been patched at several points. "The writing is in transverse columns, each column thirteen inches long by seven wide, and containing about seventy lines. I was told there are one

hundred and ten columns in all. The characters are of the old Samaritan type—small, rude, and irregular. In external appearance and accuracy of execution the manuscripts cannot be compared with the Jewish synagogue rolls." Besides these manuscripts the Samaritans have a few other sacred books, such as a collection of hymns, the Book of Joshua in manuscript, several commentaries on the law, and a history of their nation in Arabic from the Exodus to Mohammed.

The origin of the Samaritans as a religious sect is generally conceded to have been caused by the refusal of Nehemiah and Ezra to allow certain Jews who had married strange wives to enter the congregation of the Lord after the re-establishment of the Jews in Jerusalem subsequent to the Babylonish captivity. Neh. xiii, 23–30. They flourished until the time of John Hyrcanus, when their temple was destroyed, and never afterward rebuilt. After the Christian era they became, like the Jews, more or less scattered abroad; until finally, with a synagogue only at Nablous, Gaza, and Cairo, they were reduced to a few hundreds. Benjamin of Tudela mentions them in a visit he made at Nablous in the twelfth century, and says they numbered about one hundred. They hardly number as many as this at present, and are extremely poor. A few families preserve their identity and genealogy, and cling tenaciously to their sacred mountain. Their high-priest is said to be a fine old man; but report does not speak so well for the young priest, his son.

I observed on the principal street a mosque of good proportions, with beautiful pointed windows and a fine Saracenic door-way, but beyond this no public building of any pretensions. The bazaars are lively enough, showing a greater variety and more business activity than those of Jerusalem, but very crooked and "tunnel-like." The chief articles for sale are cotton, oil, and soap. The oil is very superior, and the soap-factories very numerous. There is always a propensity with a stranger to buy something in a strange place, and usually that thing for which the place is most noted; so I laid in a stock of soap, and it proved to be of excellent quality.

There is a good deal of dash to the Mohammedans of Nablous. They are said to be even insolent to Christian strangers, but we saw no evidence of it. The population, according to Dr. Porter, consists of about eight thousand persons, of whom five hundred are Christians, one hundred and fifty Samaritans, and about one hundred Jews, and the rest all Mohammedans. We regretted that our stay was too short to allow us to call at the Protestant school in the place, where an excellent work is being accomplished.

We were early on the road next morning, and enjoyed the ride through the charming Vale of Nablous with a keen relish. Fountains, running streams, groves of olives, figs, pomegranates, lemons, quinces, and gardens of melons and cucumbers, lined the road side. At one point the main stream is crossed by an old Roman aqueduct,

which appears very picturesque as seen from a distance. Turning north-west, and crossing the western shoulder of Mount Ebal, and then threading our way through several pleasant little wadies, we came in about two hours to a summit, where we had a full view of the village of Sebus-



Church of St. John at Sebustiyeh.

tiyeh, the ancient city of Samaria. The ruins of the old Church of St. John the Baptist were easily distinguishable. A few short, quick turns, and a sharp ascent, brought us to the town, at the door of the venerable church. A small backsheesh procured admission. The villagers keep it closed, and derive a little revenue by showing it to travelers.

The entrance is by a narrow sunken court on the west, through a low door. There is no roof, it having long since fallen, but the walls stand to a good height. Some well-sculptured columns, with capitals all differing, but mostly of a corrupt Corinthian order, divide the nave from the aisles. The apsis has in it an altar niche, which is the segment of a circle. There is a small wely, underneath which, in a dark vault shut off by iron railings, is the tomb of John the Baptist. If John was beheaded at Machærus, as Josephus affirms, it is hardly likely he was buried here. Near the tomb, an object which interested me more than the tomb, was a large stone door. The guide who showed us around said the lock of the door was also of stone. Judging from the windows of the church, I should think that it must have belonged to the crusader period; and was probably built by the Knights of St. John, in honor of their patron saint. Captain Wilson thought he saw some evidences that at least part of the building was of Saracenic origin. The most imposing view of the church, on the exterior, is from the east.

Before leaving the church a woman came to draw water from a well which stands in the court-yard. Mr. Albright went forward and asked for a drink. She put her hand out for backsheesh. He said, "Yes," and proceeded to drink; but she drew the pitcher away until he had first given her backsheesh. It is astonishing what adroit beggars these people have become along the frequented routes of European tourists.

The road, from the front of the old church, rises and winds through the abject village of about sixty houses, and then runs around the main hill, passing for several hundred yards between rows of columns, some standing and others fallen, giving a most pleasing effect. I counted



Standing Columns of Samaria.

more than eighty in all, and had seen nothing like it since the remarkable colonnade on the Island of Philæ.

Ascending to the top of the hill, which was covered with fruit-trees and grain, I saw marks of its having been formerly regularly terraced on all sides. It was evidently once the Acropolis of the city, and on it, no doubt, stood palaces and other important public buildings. In front, on the eastern slope, overlooking the present village, are also additional columns. On seeing these I was convinced of the correctness of my first impression when I

saw the columns on the south side following the general circular direction of the base of the higher cone of the hill, that these columns probably formed a complete colonnade around the hill or the acropolis. There was likely a succession of colonnades or porticoes reaching from the eastern brow of the hill to the present site of the church. These structures were probably all put up by the great builder, Herod the Great, to whom the city was given by Augustus, and who thenceforth named it Sebaste.

Samaria, as all Bible readers know, became the capital of the kingdom of Israel under Omri, who succeeded to the throne because of his headship over the hosts of Israel. With an eye to the safety of his throne he abandoned Tirzah, which had been selected by Baasha because of its beautiful situation, and selected the hill of Samaria, on account of its strategic importance, as his capital. "And he bought the hill Samaria of Shemer for two talents of silver, and built on the hill, and called the name of the city which he built, after the name of Shemer, owner of the hill Samaria." I Kings xvi, 24. Though not over three or four hundred feet high from the plain, it is so completely isolated by valleys from all the surrounding hills as to render it capable of being strongly fortified. It is also the key-position between Jerusalem and the up country. That Omri was a great captain is evident from the fact that he reduced Moab again to subjection, and through his general success left the kingdom well consolidated for Ahab, his son and successor.

Under Ahab the history of Samaria is more like a romance than a narration of facts. It abounds with surprises, with thrilling personal adventures, with dramatic descriptions, with stories of sieges and battles, with scenes, to the composition of which sorrow, envy, revenge, pusillanimity, and magnanimity, indeed, every passion of the human heart, lends a coloring. It was to the palace of Samaria that Jezebel, the daughter of the king of Sidon, was brought in her youth as the bride of Ahab; from which time, by her wicked influence with the king here, and at the summer capital afterward established at Jezreel, she became the great factor of the realm, a power behind the throne greater than the throne itself, and perverted not only the king, but the whole nation, to Baal worship, the religion of her native country. She is the only queen of the original united kingdom, or of either of the separate kingdoms, who left a record remarkable for the persistence and consistency with which she pursued through life a settled purpose. Unfortunately this purpose was malignant and fanatical; but she left a name synonymous with cunning and revenge; so that even to this remote day, we can no better describe an able, intriguing, vindictive woman than by terming her "a Jezebel."

I must let my readers group about the hill where I stood the histories of Elijah and Elisha the prophets, the heroic men whom Jehovah raised up in the dark, troublous days of Ahab and his immediate successors to coun-

teract idolatry and to bring his people back to the religion of their fathers. No presence was so unwelcome near the walls of the gay capital as the unkempt person of the bedawy-like Elijah, whose coming to rebuke and warn was often as sudden and unexpected as a flash of lightning in a Syrian summer sky. The stories of the siege by Benhadad, king of Syria; of the leading of a blinded Syrian army from the hill of Dothan to the very walls of the city; of the starving mother, who, having killed her own child for meat, cried into the king's ears as he walked on the wall, because another mother failed, according to agreement, to kill hers in turn; of the dogs licking the blood of Ahab from his chariot as it was washed in the pool of Samaria after the monarch had fallen on the heights of Ramoth-gilead, and others equally thrilling, cluster about this ancient capital.

One of my companions and I had strolled so long on the hill that when we reined up our horses to descend the company were quite out of sight. We could not tell exactly which way they had gone, but spurring on down through the village, we finally saw them making for the next hill on the north. A long toilsome climb under the midday sun, and we came to the brow of the mountain overlooking what Van de Velde calls Esh Shurkiyeh, or the Plain of Ramah. We sat down by the road side in a thrifty grove of fig-trees and lunched. This valley is one of exceeding beauty and fertility. The hills all about it are crowned with pretty white villages, prominent among

which is Ramah. Can this be the ancient Ramah, or Ramathaim-zophim, where Samuel was born? 1 Sam. i, 1.

As we rode down the plain we saw harvesting on a large scale. There were at least fifty *fellahin* working in different parts of the field. The reapers, with the primitive sickle, bent to the grain, stopping to bind it into sheaves as they cut it. The sheaves the women and girls bore on their heads to a common point, whence it was carried to the villages on the neighboring hills. As fast as the grain was reaped and gathered, the flocks of sheep and goats were turned in upon the fresh stubble. I asked one of the girls as I passed her for some of the grain. Looking up with her brown face and black eyes—withal as pretty a girl as any peasant girl of any land—she handed me several heads, but did not forget as she did so to repeat the oft-told tale, “Backsheesh, howadji.”

Gradually the Plain of Ramah merged into that of Dothan, properly called Plain el Arrabek. This valley is longer and broader, and of a richer soil, than the one above. Its greatest length is north-east and south-west, and from the hill of Dothan, looking south-west, it presents an appearance as fertile and lovely as the most luxuriant vales of England or America. Indeed, it reminded me, in its wealth of yellow wheat, as well as in its general aspect of comfort, of some of the best spots in our favored land. It is certain Jacob's sons knew enough of their country to know where to find good pasture when they came to Dothan. There was no need of anxiety on

Jacob's part, for when Joseph went in search of them he overtook them in this fat nook. It was a long way the lad had traveled from Hebron to Shechem, and then to be told at Shechem that his brethren had gone to Dothan must have been a sore disappointment; but, undaunted, he resumed his journey, little thinking, as from the distant hill he caught a glimpse of them and their flocks, and hastened to greet them, that their envy was then weaving a conspiracy whose toils would so soon and so disastrously close around him.

The whole inimitable scene rose graphically before me as we rode up to a well, around which several Arabs stood with their herds. There was the very pit, according to tradition, into which Joseph was cast, stripped of his coat of many colors, to await the pleasure of his wicked brothers! "Yonder is the road," said Mr. Floyd, "which we follow," pointing up the smooth plain to a point where it disappears across the hill in a north-easterly direction; "and this is one of the great routes from Damascus and Gilead through this valley to the Plain of Sharon, and thence to Jaffa and down into Egypt."

The brothers sat at the mouth of the pit discussing what disposition to make of Joseph. They were inclined already to yield to the milder counsels of Judah—their consciences probably revolting at the more horrid crime of fratricide—and to agree to sell him to the Ishmaelites, when, raising their eyes, they saw a caravan of the traveling merchantmen just appearing on the brow of the

hill. This was opportune, and their decision was at once made, and by the time the caravan approached they were ready to deliver Joseph into the hands of strangers. He was drawn up from the pit and sold "to the Ishmaelites for twenty pieces of silver: and they brought Joseph into Egypt." Gen. xxxvii. Reuben, with customary instability and inaction, was not at hand in time to save his brother.

We sat some time near the mouth of the well. I counted two hundred cattle, all of them of diminutive size, in the herds which stood around. The pit into which Joseph was cast was without water, but from the narrative I doubt if it was uniformly dry; it may have been a fluctuating well. There is another larger well one hundred yards off, under a stone house, and surrounded by a stone fence.

Leaving the wells, we ascended Tell Dothan, where the ancient town stood. A little lone, square house and a few trees are all that stand on it. The whole hill was a plowed field. The incident relating to Dothan in connection with Elisha and the Syrian army will be recalled. The king of Syria found himself baffled in all his attempts on the king of Israel by what he deemed to be an unexpected betrayal of his most secret plans. "He called his servants, and said unto them, Will ye not show me which of us is for the king of Israel? And one of his servants said, None, my lord, O king: but Elisha, the prophet that is in Israel, telleth the king of Israel the words that thou speakest in thy bed-chamber. And he

said, Go and spy where he is, that I may send and fetch him. And it was told him, saying, Behold, he is in Dothan. Therefore sent he thither horses, and chariots, and a great host: and they came by night, and compassed the city about." 2 Kings vi, 11-14. This he did thrice without success: instead of the army capturing the prophet he captured them, and led them blinded into the power of the king of Israel at Samaria.

Upon leaving the Plain of Dothan we deflected slightly to the left, and rode through an olive grove two miles long. Many of the trees were of great age, and still bearing fruit. The village of Kubatiyeh lay on the right. Thence our way was for awhile over a smooth plain till we struck into a narrow rocky defile, from which we only emerged as we came near the village of Jenin. Soon after reaching the point where the water flows northward we passed several copious springs, the waters of which, coming together, form a large stream. This is used for irrigating all the gardens around Jenin, and is the life of the town. Our camp was pitched in an olive grove on a declivity to the left of the stream. From the hill to our left I had my first sight, at sunset, of the great Plain of Esdraelon. Before dinner we bathed in the stream, and while bathing saw an Arab irrigating his garden. From the point where the stream was dammed he let the water flow in sluices all over his grounds. This done, he shut the water off again. Such is the process, which is followed every evening.

May 28. Jenin (En-Gannim, Fountain of Gardens) is at the very head of the Plain of Esdraelon, and has a commanding and beautiful location. There are at present from two thousand to three thousand inhabitants, of whom a few are Christians. The houses are of stone, and for an Arabic town of the class it is well built. As an Israelitish city it was assigned to the Levites, and belonged to the territory of Issachar. Josh. xix, 21 ; xxi, 29. By Josephus it is called Ginea. There are long hedges of cactuses of enormous size, and also rows of mulberry-trees, skirting the road which leads out of the town. These cactuses and mulberry-trees are free, and their fruit forms a large part of the sustenance of the poor of the place. They are at liberty not only to eat the fruit, but also to sell it.

The ride across the Plain of Esdraelon was very pleasant. Mount Gilboa loomed up on our right all the way. From a knoll by the road side we had an extended view looking westward, and could see the noted battle-field of Megiddo, and also several little villages. Along our pathway were blooming many very pretty flowers, and at almost every step a bird, between the size of a lark and a sparrow, and much the color of the latter, with a topknot, would fly up and enliven the landscape. Immediately on striking this rich alluvial plain I saw an improved vegetation; the grain was ranker, and the flora richer and more varied.

We reached Jezreel (Zer'in) soon after nine A. M.: a

poor, squalid village. It stands on a low hill, which is one of a series of broken spurs making north-west from the foot of Jebel Fukuah, the noted Mount Gilboa. The southern and western sides of the hill are comparatively low and smooth, but the northern and eastern are steep and rocky. Baasha and Omri, kings of Israel, had each selected a new capital, and why should not Ahab? And so, while Ahab did not abandon Samaria, he established a second capital on this site. And it was well worthy of his choice. The situation is superb. I climbed to the roof of a house whence I could command a perfect survey of the whole region, and I can safely say I have seldom looked upon a landscape of greater variety, and with a better outlook for a town. My eye swept at ease from the foot of Carmel on the north-west to the valley of the Jordan on the east, thus taking in the entire length of the plain, and nearly the whole breadth of Western Palestine. As from the center of an amphitheater, I could look around to the mountains of Ephraim, Mount Carmel, the hills of Galilee, Little Hermon, and Mount Gilboa. Far down the Plain of Jezreel could be seen the sugar-loaf form of the acropolis of Beth-shean, with the mountains of Gilead for a background.

The position is also a strong one. It is at the point where the three eastern branches of the great plain fork, the one running north-east around Little Hermon and toward Mount Tabor, the southern toward Jenin, and the middle one, the Valley of Jezreel, stretching toward

the Jordan. A city situated here could thus easily command all these great thoroughfares. As a site it was also capable of strong defenses. Here Ahab built a palace, in which was "an ivory house." On the wall was a watch-tower, probably looking east, known as the "Tower of Jezreel." Here, too, was a temple to Astarte, for the service of which there were four hundred priests, supported by Jezebel. 1 Kings xvi, 33; 2 Kings x, 11.

Supposing the palace of the king to have stood on the eastern slope of the hill overlooking the Valley of Jezreel, I could imagine any part of the plain lying immediately adjacent to be the field of Naboth, which was coveted by Ahab for a garden of herbs. The sturdy Hebrew would not alienate the portion he had obtained from his fathers even for the king. 1 Kings xxi. The foolish king went to bed in a fit of melancholy because of his disappointment, but the crafty Jezebel found a method by which to cure his sadness; she judicially murdered Naboth and all his family, and quiet possession was taken of his estate by the king. Ahab's satisfaction, however, was soon dispelled by the arrival of Elijah the Tishbite, who rebuked his iniquity, and pronounced a curse of destruction upon him and his house.

It is difficult to reconcile the conflicting statements of the same chapter, that the coveted vineyard was in Jezreel, and that it was to Samaria the prophet was sent to meet Ahab as he was going down to the vineyard of Naboth. My view is simply this: Samaria was in this

instance used in its broadest sense, not for the city, but for the whole outlying region, as in 1 Kings xiii, 32, where "the cities of Samaria" are spoken of, showing that Samaria, the capital, had given its name to much of the kingdom of Israel. Jezreel was included among these cities. The accounts in 1 Kings xxi, and 2 Kings ix, locate the vineyard at Jezreel in the most positive manner, so that the explanation which I offer is the only one which, so far as I can see, will harmonize the discrepancy.

To return to the description of Jezreel. As I stood on the house-top I looked down the valley toward the Jordan, and, as my eye followed its course, I recalled the driving of Jehu. The tower built by Ahab to watch any signs of disturbance in his restless possessions east of the Jordan, or of incursions from the dreaded hordes of distant Syria, was higher than my position, therefore how quickly the watchman set upon it could have descried any movement upon the distant horizon! Jehu had been anointed king by Elisha at Ramoth-gilead. Gathering a few followers, he hastened in his chariot for Jezreel ere any tidings of his anointing could reach the king. Joram, the son of Ahab, had left Ramoth-gilead after a sanguinary conflict with Hazael, king of Syria, and returned to Jezreel to be healed of his wounds. Ahaziah, king of Judah and cousin of Joram, had come to Jezreel to sympathize with his kinsman in his misfortune.

The day of vengeance had come. The brave Jehu drove swiftly up the plain, intent upon the retribution to

which the prophet had appointed him. Long before he neared the city the watchman noticed the company as a dusty cloud on the horizon. He reported, and, according to custom, a messenger was sent out to meet the company to ascertain if their errand was friendly or otherwise. He did not return. Another was sent, and no return. "And the watchman told, saying, He came even unto them, and cometh not again: and the driving is like the driving of Jehu the son of Nimshi; for he driveth furiously." 2 Kings ix, 20.

Joram, alarmed at the report, and suspecting possible disaster to his forces in Gilead, sprung into his chariot and hastened to meet his valiant captain. "Is it peace, Jehu? And he answered, What peace so long as the whoredoms of thy mother Jezebel and her witchcrafts are so many? And Joram turned his hands, and fled, and said to Ahaziah, There is treachery, O Ahaziah. And Jehu drew a bow with his full strength, and smote Jehoram between his arms, and the arrow went out at his heart, and he sunk down in his chariot. Then said Jehu, . . . Take up, and cast him in the portion of the field of Naboth the Jezreelite." 2 Kings ix, 22-25. The avenging captain pursued Ahaziah by the way of the garden house, and wounded him, so that he too soon died at Megiddo.

Jezebel's turn was next. As the victorious rebel passed beneath the seraglio she put her painted face out of the window, expecting that he, like Elijah, would quail under her threatening voice; but not so. He ordered

her to be cast from the window, and two or three eunuchs threw her down headlong, and "her blood was sprinkled upon the wall, and on the horses: and he [Jehu] trode her under foot." Very soon the dogs devoured her flesh, and when Jehu ordered his servants to go out and bury her, because she was a king's daughter, naught could be found of the proud and haughty Jezebel but "the skull, and the feet, and the palms of her hands." "And the carcass of Jezebel shall be as dung upon the face of the field in the portion of Jezreel; so that they shall not say, This is Jezebel." 2 Kings ix, 37. The heads of the seventy sons of Ahab were sent from Samaria by those who had the care of them, and laid in two heaps at the gate of Jezreel. The brethren of Ahaziah, who had come up from Jerusalem on a friendly visit to the sons of Ahab, were taken at the shearing house, near Samaria, and they too were slain. Then all that remained of Ahab, both at Samaria and Jezreel, with the prophets of Baal, were put to death. Thus was the blood of Naboth, and all the sins into which the guilty Jezebel plunged Israel, avenged upon the house of Ahab.

After these bloody scenes, so vividly described in 2 Kings ix, x, Jezreel lost its prominence as a capital, and is seldom again mentioned in sacred history. Once or twice the plentifulness of the Plain of Jezreel is made a picture of the restored prosperity and beauty of the children of Israel, when, sown broadcast, they were destined to fill the whole land, and even the whole world, and thus

Palestine and the earth should become, in a spiritual sense, as this rich valley. Zech. x, 9. The hand of God is still visible in the natural beauty which is spread all around; but the hand of skill has disappeared. Where stood the palace, with the house of ivory, are now only a few Arab huts.

CHAPTER XXV.

VALLEY OF JEZREEL—TABOR—NAZARETH.

FROM Jezreel we descended along the north-west slope of Gilboa to 'Ain Jalud, known in the Bible as the Well of Harod, (Judges vii, 1,) and as the "fountain which is in Jezreel." 1 Sam. xxix, 1. It springs from a deep cavern at the base of the mountain, and forms at once a broad, deep stream. We rode our horses into it, and the water was up to their girths. The mountain rises very precipitously above the spring. At a short distance below is a rude grist-mill. The stream flows down the Plain of Jezreel to the Jordan, and is marked in its course by a low, reedy, marshy tract of land.

'Ain Jalud is connected with at least two of the greatest known events in the history of the Israelites: the battle between Gideon and the Midianites, and that between Saul and the Philistines.

Somewhere along the steep sides of Gilboa had gathered, at the blast of Gideon's trumpet, men from Abiezer, from Manasseh, Asher, Zebulun, and Naphtali, to the number of thirty-two thousand three hundred. Judg. vi, vii. The Midianites, and Amalekites, and all "the children of the east" had come, "as grasshoppers for multitude; for both they and their camels were without num-

ber: and they entered into the land to destroy it," "and pitched in the Valley of Jezreel," just below the army of Gideon. Then followed those transactions between God and his servant, between Gideon and his followers, and between the army of Israel and the hosts of the Midianites, which, because of being so naïvely told, render the whole occurrence one of the grandest epics in any national history. The army of Gideon, reduced first to ten thousand and then to three hundred, fell at night, by concerted signal, upon the sleeping hosts of the enemy, and, amid the glare of lanterns and the crashing of pitchers, and the fierce united cry of "The sword of the Lord, and of Gideon," struck terror into the foe, and they began to slay one another, and to fly headlong down the valley toward the fords of the Jordan, pursued by Gideon and his three hundred.

Meanwhile Gideon had sent word to the Ephraimites to hurry forward to cut off the retreat of the fugitives at the fords of the Jordan, that at Beth-barah, and probably that known as the modern Damieh. The Ephraimites captured two princes, Oreb and Zeeb, and slew them, and took their heads to Gideon on the other side of Jordan. Some of the enemy, mounted on fleet dromedaries, succeeded in escaping by the fords. Thither, however, Gideon and his men, "faint, yet pursuing," followed them, until, far away among "the people that dwell in tents," on the east of Nobah and Jogbehah, he smote all the host that remained, and captured Zebah and Zalmunna,

the two kings of Midian, and before the sun was up was on his way back to the Jordan.

Many times since have somewhat similar scenes occurred around this same fountain, and in this same valley. The invasions of Palestine from the wandering Bedawin of the East have been frequent, and even modern eyes have looked upon the warlike Beni Sawkis and their allies encamped on this very spot, reveling, with their fantastic equipments, on the rich spoils of this and adjacent valleys.

It was also around this fountain that Saul encamped with his army, while the Philistines lay on the higher ground about Shunem, at the foot of the modern Little Hermon. 1 Sam. xxviii, 4. Saul was forsaken of the Lord. Samuel was no more. In his desperation he determined to seek in familiar spirits the solution of his difficulties. "Then said Saul unto his servants, Seek me a woman that hath a familiar spirit, that I may go to her, and inquire of her. And his servants said to him, Behold, there is a woman that hath a familiar spirit at En-dor." Saul, disguised and attended by two men, sought the woman during the night, and had the remarkable interview with her stated in the scriptural narrative, and before the morning light, was back to his army. Shooting across the valley from the neighborhood of the spring are several wadies or depressions, which run around the eastern slopes of Little Hermon. Through any one of these Saul could have gone without the notice of the Philistine pickets;

and as the distance is not more than a two or three hours' walk, he could easily have returned the same night without awakening the least suspicion of his absence.

A glance at the lay of the ground showed the advantage of position which the Philistines had over the Israelites. They swept down from the vicinity of Jezreel and Shunem as upon an inclined plane. Well nigh at the first shock the Israelites fled, panic-stricken, up the steeps of Gilboa, and, unable to escape over its rough sides with sufficient speed, many of them fell down there wounded, among them their two great leaders, Saul and Jonathan. "So Saul died, and his three sons, and his armor-bearer, and all his men, that same day together." 1 Sam. xxxi, 6.

David was far away at Ziklag, in the South Country, when the news of this disastrous battle was borne to him. No one can follow the career of Saul and Jonathan and fail to appreciate the spirit with which David lamented their deaths. There is a sadness in the career and end of the two chieftains tender and touching beyond description. "The beauty of Israel is slain upon thy high places: how are the mighty fallen! . . . I am distressed for thee, my brother Jonathan: very pleasant hast thou been unto me: thy love to me was wonderful, passing the love of women. How are the mighty fallen, and the weapons of war perished!" Those of Saul's army who lived beyond the Jordan fled precipitately down the plain and crossed over into their own country. Israel was scat-

tered, but only to be more effectively rallied under a mightier warrior and a truer man.

From 'Ain Jalud our course lay eastward down the Valley of Jezreel. We passed a mud village, called Habbieh, at the foot of Gilboa. The whole plain was alive with harvesters — reapers, binders, gleaners; donkeys freighted with the big sheaves, hiding their little bodies, save their ears; women, in some instances, beating out their little gleanings with mallets. Frequently the reapers could be heard singing as they bent to the grain, guiding their motions by their voices. Near a large fountain in the open plain, under a large *sidra*, the only tree to be seen in the vicinity, we lunched, displacing a group of Arab women to do so. They were seated, cleaning small parcels of wheat. On the stream, a very copious one, was a mill for grinding the corn of the whole region. Reluctantly we left the shade to pursue our journey in the sun, with the thermometer at 112°. The stream—Nahr Jalud—was full of water, supplied by the springs above, and because of defective drainage, the valley was in many places very muddy.

Beisan occupies the site of the ancient Beth-shean, the Scythopolis of Christ's day. It was always a stronghold of the Philistines, and one of the few cities, as Gaza, Askelon, and others of the Mediterranean coast, which was never captured from them by the Israelites. They continued to hold it until, with all Philistia, it was absorbed by the kingdom under David and Solomon. Why it was

ever called Scythopolis does not appear, but possibly because resettled at a later period by a colony of Scythians. The name is first mentioned after the Babylonish captivity in the exploits of Judas. 2 Macc. xii, 29. The Scythians, according to Herodotus, after conquering Media, passed through Palestine on their way to Egypt about B. C. 600, a few years before the taking of Jerusalem by Nebuchadnezzar. Either in going to or returning from Egypt some of them may have established themselves at Beth-shean as one of the most eligible positions in all Palestine.*

There is no evidence in the Gospels that Jesus was ever in this city, but it may be inferred that as Decapolis—the region embracing the ten cities which the Romans rebuilt after their conquest of Syria—was the scene of much of his ministry, that he visited this, its principal town, especially as it was so conveniently situated on the great route of travel from Galilee to the regions beyond Jordan. It was called by Eusebius the noble city, and became early in the history of the Christian Church an episcopal see.

The site of Beth-shean is just where the great plain of Jezreel dips toward the plain of the Jordan. Besides the river Jalud, there are two or three other streams flowing near it. The present village is of the common type of all Arab villages in this section—rude, dirty hovels, with a few dead-and-alive human beings creeping about them.

* Smith's "Dictionary of the Bible," article Scythopolis.

The ruins of the ancient city are very extensive, and some of them well preserved. On the right as we entered were remains resembling a theater. On the north-east of the town is a building with a large tower, thought to be either of Jewish or Phenician origin. Its masonry is very massive, and not so smooth as that of the Roman period. We saw the remains of no less than three temples. The valley to the north, lying between what was the town and the great hill, is crowded with the ruins of public buildings. The amphitheater, at least two hundred feet long, is perfect in its outlines. Though the outer walls are gone, the interior, with passages and doors, and ascending circular stone seats, remains, all built of black basalt, the prevailing material of which the ancient city was constructed. Crossing the valley, amid broken pillars cast about in all directions, we rode to the top of the steep hill, which was the Acropolis of the town. The surface of the summit is flat, and now almost stripped of every thing. Small bits of mosaic were picked up, showing that on it was once the site of elegant structures.

On this summit, in all likelihood, stood the ancient fortress, to the walls of which the Philistines fastened the headless body of Saul after the disasters at Gilboa. The inhabitants of Jabesh-gilead, stung by the indignity, and remembering the deliverance which Saul had wrought for them soon after his anointing, when Nahash, the Ammonite, came upon them claiming all their right eyes as the condition of a league with him, (1 Sam. xi, 1-4,)

aroused themselves from their late terror and sallied across the Jordan under cover of night, "and took the body of Saul and the bodies of his sons from the wall of Beth-shan, and came to Jabesh, and burnt them there." 1 Sam. xxxi, 12. As we stood upon the hill, yonder, in the south-east, were seen those same hills of Gilead whence they came. The tortuous course of the Jordan, four miles distant, was distinctly marked by the fringe of green which borders it on either side.

Among the towns visible on the hills east of the Jordan was the ancient Pella, to which the Christians of Jerusalem fled just before the destruction of the city by Titus, where they "no longer dwindled under the cold shadow of overhanging Judaism, but followed the Hebrew Christians of the dispersion in gradually entering on the possession of the full liberty which the law of Christ allows to all." We could see the mountains around the Sea of Galilee, twenty miles north, but the waters of the lake itself were not visible.

On leaving the hill we stopped to refresh ourselves under a thick cluster of *sidras*, near its base, and then followed the road westward. Just outside of the ruins are the remains of a dam and aqueduct constructed by the Romans. Riding again up the plain, more in the center than as we came, we stopped not, save a few minutes at a Bedawin encampment to obtain buttermilk and coffee, until we struck the eastern slope of Little Hermon. Here we crossed a series of valleys, through

which, as I have stated, Saul could easily have slipped around from 'Ain Jalud to Endor without detection. Over and through rich fields, some of which had not yet been reaped, we toiled, and about dusk reached our camp at Sulem, the site of the scriptural Shunem. Our camp was in a stubble field near a pretty garden of cactuses and pomegranates.

From the village of Sulem, well elevated on the rising ground directly under Little Hermon, or the hill Moreh, (Judges vii, 1,) there is a fine view looking south-west across the Plain of Esdraelon to Mount Carmel. Elisha, the prophet, was accustomed, in his frequent journeyings between the Jordan and Carmel, to tarry in this village, situated directly on the route; and here a "great woman" of the place not only constrained him to tarry as he passed, but built a chamber on the wall of her house for his especial accommodation. For a reward of her hospitality a child was born to her in answer to the prophet's prayer. As we rode away under the clear morning sun, by the little flourishing village, the whole simple story of the Shunammite's domestic joy and sorrow rose like a picture before me. There was the field where, at this very season, the little boy was struck with disease as he went out "to his father to the reapers." Borne home senseless, he died upon his mother's knees. In her despair she had no resort but the prophet of God. "Drive, and go forward; slack not thy riding for me, except I bid thee," was the urgent word to her servant.

The village el Fuleh was a short distance away on our left, standing on a little tell. How different from the scene just described was the most prominent occurrence connected with it! Around that hill took place one of the fiercest battles between the Turks and the French fought by Napoleon's forces in the East. For six hours Marshal Kleber, with three thousand soldiers, successfully resisted fifteen thousand Turkish cavalry; when Napoleon himself, coming down from the heights of Nazareth, and discovering the position of Kleber's forces amid the general mass by the regularity of their volleys, fell with his divisions upon the flanks of the enemy, and between his and Kleber's concentric fire the Turks were completely routed.

Continuing around the western shoulder of Little Hermon, (Jebel Duhy,) and turning eastward, in about fifty minutes we approached the modern village of Nein, (ancient Nain,) perched up on a north-west projection of the mountain. "Now when he came nigh to the gate of the city, behold, there was a dead man carried out, the only son of his mother, and she was a widow: and much people of the city was with her. And when the Lord saw her, he had compassion on her, and said unto her, Weep not." Luke vii, 12, 13. To the very tombs, which we could see in the mountain side, the funeral procession was probably on its way when Jesus met it, and his "weep not" fell upon the stricken mother's ear. The rude village has nothing now to attract but its location and its sacred associations.

In our approach to Nein we had our first view of Mount Tabor, (Jebel Tur,) lying to the north-east. Smooth, round, and apart, in form the segment of a circle, it rises with gentle swell from the plain. Its sides are well wooded to the very top, but at a distance the projection of the trees, as well as every other projection, is lost in the mass of unbroken green. No one of our company hesitated to pronounce it the most beautiful single mountain we had seen in all our travels. And, judged by our first view of it, we were equally unanimous in the feeling that, for natural beauty, it was eminently fitted to be the scene of our Lord's transfiguration. That brightest display of the divine Saviour's glory could not have shone upon a spot which, for earthly grace, was better suited for its manifestation.

A quick ride along the northern slopes of Little Hermon brought us to the site of Endor, (Endur,) where the witch lived with whom Saul had the remarkable interview the night before the ill-fated battle of Gilboa. Above the village, at the base of the cliffs which stand back of it, is a cave, in which there is a pool of water supplied by an unceasing spring. In this cavern we sat and read the account contained in 1 Sam. xxviii, 7-25. Its gloomy depth may have been the place of the woman's incantations, and of the imposition practiced upon the exhausted and despairing Saul. Like most witches and spiritists since her day, she knew what her questioner wanted, and provided behind the screens accordingly.



MOUNT TABOR.

While we were seated discussing the narrative, and enjoying the refreshing shade, and plucking the ferns which grow luxuriantly about the sides of the cave, a woman of the village, with her little child, came for water. She waded in and filled her pitcher. I took the child's vessel to drink; but, alarmed at the sight of so many strangers, she burst out crying. At the mouth of the cave, shading it partially, grows a flourishing fig-tree.

After coming out of the cave I stood gazing at Tabor, loath to leave the spot, and ere I knew it my companions were far ahead of me, spurring over the plain. Through waving wheat, of a rankness and luxuriance surpassing any grain yet seen, and very free from tares and weeds, we galloped till we came to the little village of Deburieh, at the foot of Tabor on the west. The name of this village contains its history. It marks the supposed site to which Barak, under the direction of Deborah, gathered the hosts of Israel against Sisera, the captain of Jabin. "Go and draw toward Mount Tabor, and take with thee ten thousand men of the children of Naphtali and of the children of Zebulun." Judges iv, 6. I noticed large shocks of wheat which had been brought in to the threshing floor.

We turned east and began the ascent of Tabor through a narrow, stony, hot valley. In a little while we rode into a thick growth of dwarf oaks and terebinths. The path all the way up was winding and rough, but nowhere very steep or difficult. We reached the summit in forty-five

minutes. Passing the large grounds of the long-established Greek convent, we hitched our horses near the Latin convent, and were allowed the use of a comfortable stone house adjoining, which has been provided for travelers.

With the help of hot coffee furnished by the Latin brothers, we had a good lunch. We sat or lounged leisurely while one of the party read the accounts of the transfiguration from the three evangelists. I was glad that before coming here and seeing this spot I had seen Raphael's great painting of the "Transfiguration" in the Vatican. That picture is to me the most wonderful and impressive I have ever seen. It stands deservedly at the highest point of the greatest art collection of the world. Twice during my brief sojourn in Rome did I visit it, and I felt each time as though I could have gazed hour after hour, not only without weariness, but with ever-increasing satisfaction. The figures in the foreground detained my attention but for a moment, marvelously well done as they are; the possible stiffness of the earthly-looking Moses and Elias did not divert me; the face of Christ, beaming with divinity, alone drew me. The eyes, infinite in their depths, and yet tenderly human in their sweet calmness, so affected me that for days afterward I could only say to myself, as the memory of the picture floated like a happy vision before me, "Those eyes of Jesus."

"And after six days Jesus taketh Peter, James, and John his brother, and bringeth them up into a high

mountain apart, and was transfigured before them: and his face did shine as the sun, and his raiment was white as the light. And, behold, there appeared unto them Moses and Elias talking with him. Then answered Peter, and said unto Jesus, Lord, it is good for us to be here: if thou wilt, let us make here three tabernacles; one for thee, and one for Moses, and one for Elias. While he yet spake, behold, a bright cloud overshadowed them: and behold a voice out of the cloud, which said, This is my beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased; hear ye him. And when the disciples heard it, they fell on their faces, and were sore afraid. And Jesus came and touched them, and said, Arise, and be not afraid. And when they had lifted up their eyes they saw no man, save Jesus only." Matt. xvii, 1-8.

Did the wonderful occurrence here described take place on Mount Tabor? I confess I can see no valid reason to the contrary. Much stress is laid by those who deny it upon the fact that Jesus was, just before the event, at Cesarea Philippi, and that consequently the transfiguration must have taken place on Mount Hermon, which was near by. But the "six days," and the "about eight days," given by the evangelists between the conversation reported as taking place at Cesarea Philippi and the transfiguration, allow ample time for Jesus and his disciples to have reached Tabor, even if they traveled in the most leisurely manner. The distance can be easily walked in two days. If Mark adds, following his account of the

transfiguration, that Christ "departed thence, and passed through Galilee," (Mark ix, 30,) and afterward that "he came to Capernaum," (v. 33,) Matthew says, as the next sentence after his account, "And while they abode in Galilee," (xvii, 22,) showing that the preceding event was in Galilee, where they continued to abide. If we could dismiss the account which both these evangelists give of Christ's immediate after movements and take that of Luke, it would appear as though Jesus was about the time on his way to Jerusalem through Samaria to the passover. Luke ix, 51, 52.

Taking, then, the several narratives together, it is possible for Jesus to have left Cesarea Philippi after the memorable conversation with Peter, to have gone through the whole of Galilee, teaching and working miracles as he traveled, and to have reached Tabor on the seventh day. And nothing is more natural than that after his transfiguration he should have returned to his home at Capernaum, only a few hours distant, to make final preparations for the journey to the passover at Jerusalem.

As to the relative fitness of Hermon and Tabor, Hermon, at the early season at which the transfiguration occurred, some time probably in the fore part of March, is usually covered with snow, while Tabor is verdant the year round. If Hermon is notably mentioned in the Scriptures, so also is Tabor, (Jer. xlvi, 18,) and surely the location of Hermon on the confines of the Lord's

Land was not so suitable for the grandest display of Christ's earthly glory as Tabor, located near the heart of it, and in the circuit of Galilee, the chosen scene of his ministry. The objection that there was a fortress on the summit of Tabor in the time of Christ is too futile to be regarded. Tabor is no little sugar-loaf cone, but a high and broad mountain, with numerous sequestered, well-wooded nooks, in any one of which Jesus and the three disciples could have found perfect solitude for the transaction in all its secrecy. It is not to be supposed that the light or sound on the occasion extended beyond the immediate vicinity of the persons concerned.

In thus maintaining, however, the claim of Tabor as the Mount of Transfiguration, it is only as against what I regard the unwarranted assumption in favor of Hermon. There is no positive scriptural evidence for Tabor, I admit; neither is there any against it. As, therefore, the Scriptures do not decide the question, I prefer to accept the tradition, dating back to the fourth century, that assigns it the pre-eminence.

After lunching we examined the ruins upon the summit where the Latins are excavating for their new convent. They have been at work two years, and have laid bare enough to show that on the south-eastern extremity stood at one time very massive and notable buildings. We could see where walls had been built upon walls, in some cases crossing each other at irregular angles. Many of the stones in the old masonry were well dressed; scat-

tered around were fragments of columns, and pieces of white marble of various designs. In one place I counted twelve stone steps in good condition. Nothing, however, showed any traces of a period beyond the Roman and early Christian era. At a rough estimate my impression is that the ruins extend over an area of a quarter of a mile square, but I did not examine them except at one point.

The view from the top of the ruins is one of surpassing loveliness. The summit is only one thousand feet above the plain, and yet from it there is a perfect survey of the whole region. Looking north are the mountains of Lebanon, tipped with snow; Mount Hermon; the town of Safed, shining like a white speck; Kurn Hattin, the Mount of Beatitudes; eastward the Sea of Galilee, (the first glimpse of it in going north,) the Mountains of Bashan, the Plain of Tabor, stretching to the Sea of Tiberias, and the Valley of the Jordan just below the sea; south-east Beth-shean, and Mount Gilead; and southward, just below Endor, Nain and Little Hermon; southwest the broad sweep of the Plain of Esdraelon, bounded by the hills of Ephraim and Mount Carmel; and westward, as through a gateway at the foot of Carmel, the great sea, and then the hills of Galilee, until the eye rests upon the heights adjacent to Nazareth.

Descending from Tabor, we took the road northward to Nazareth. After one hour the party separated, some going directly to Nazareth, while others kept due north

to visit the site of Cana of Galilee. We crossed a high mountain north-east of Nazareth, passing the village of Mannah, and then descended through a deep gorge upon the Plain el Buttauf, or Plain of Zebulun. Here we found, beautifully situated on the west side of the valley, Kana el Jelil, a small village occupying, according to Robinson and others, the site of Cana of Galilee. It lies on the great highway of Central Galilee, about six miles north of Nazareth, and has for its identification the remarkable circumstance of its Arabic name. There is farther south, only two miles from Nazareth, a Kefr Kenna, which Dr. Thomson thinks was the true Cana. Tradition is divided between the two, and therefore the remarkable correspondence of the name of the former, Kana el Jelil, with Cana of Galilee, should decide the question.

On arriving at the village, consisting of a few rude mud houses, we went into the little Greek church, erected in honor of the first miracle which Jesus wrought. It is a very shabby structure. The priest was not at home, but his attendant showed us three of the water-pots, the only survivors of those in which Christ turned the water into wine.(?) These earthen jars are about three feet high, and broad in proportion. On going out of the village we passed a large fountain, at which women were drawing water. Could this have been the same fountain from which the water was drawn by the servants for the marriage feast? In the valley were numerous flocks

of goats. I noticed a peculiarity of these goats, often observed afterward: many of them had exceeding long ears, hanging six inches at least, and they looked as soft as fur or silk. From Kana el Jelil we rode directly southward over hill and dale toward Nazareth, meeting on the road the English physician from that town, who was visiting patients in the outlying country. The village of Gath-hepther, the birthplace of Jonah, lay on our right, and also the village er Reineh.

At about six P. M. we got our first view of the Vale and town of Nazareth. The appearance of the town, as we saw it from the hill south of it, was very pleasing. It lies upon the eastern side of Mount Neby Ismail, and by its large conventual buildings, schools, and churches, and well-built flat houses, makes upon the mind of the stranger an impression of comparative solidity and wealth.

In Nazareth, the home of Jesus, where his childhood, youth, and early manhood were spent, what a tumult of thoughts rushed upon me! It was almost dark when dinner was over, but one of my companions and I walked out to get a peep at the streets. These we found to be narrow and crooked, and scarcely cleaner than those of ordinary towns. In a court we saw a woman grinding at the mill. We spoke a little broken Arabic to her, and she was very communicative, seeming to wish to tell us what she knew. The millstones were in a stone vessel in the shape of a trough. It was too late to see much more, as the inhabitants of all eastern towns retire early. In



NAZARETH, FROM THE NORTH.

returning we met several girls bearing pots of water from the fountain.

After breakfast next morning we rode directly through the town, winding about and up among the houses, in some of our turns looking into their courts, bedrooms, and even upon their tops, and seeing the women at work, until we came to the summit of the great hill back of the town on the east. At the southern extremity of the mountain is a wely, Neby Ismail. From it there is said to be the finest view in all Palestine. The atmosphere this morning was very misty; we could see distinctly only the immediate surroundings; but no effort of the imagination was required to fill in the grand panorama, the outlines of which lay dimly in the distance.

Renan claims much for the supposed influence of the scenery around Nazareth in the formation of Christ's character. The divinity must have inhered in him, otherwise physical grandeur could have had no more effect upon him than upon hundreds of his associates in the village. In harmony with his erroneous assumption that Nazareth was the birthplace of Jesus, he thus eloquently alludes to this mountain:—

“If ever the world, still Christian, but having attained a better idea of what constitutes respect for origins, shall desire to substitute authentic holy places for the mean and apocryphal sanctuaries which were seized upon by the piety of the barbarous ages, it is upon this height of Nazareth it will build its temple.”

So precipitously does this mountain rise above the town that I cannot doubt but it was the hill to the brow of which Christ's enraged townsmen led him, "that they might cast him down headlong." Luke iv, 28, 29. It is explicitly stated that it was "the hill whereon their city was builded." The traditional site, which lies some miles to the south-east, overhanging the Plain of Esdraelon, called the Hill of Precipitation, is entirely without support in the narrative of St. Luke.

We descended by the north-east declivity, and came to the Greek convent, at the north-east extremity of the town. It is an old flat building inclosed by a stone wall. The church is of medium size, with vaulted ceiling, and the walls are hung with very poor pictures. At the north end are steps leading down into a grotto, which covers the fountain where, Greek tradition tells us, Mary received the annunciation from the angel. Luke i, 28. An old female attendant gave us a drink of the water from a very unique cup. Riding to the heart of the city, we dismounted at the gate of the Latin convent. Here the inclosure is larger and the church larger, and much more imposing than at the Greek convent. There are two pictures of decided merit. One is of the annunciation, by a Spaniard, and forming the large altarpiece of the Grotto of the Annunciation; and the other, a group of Joseph, Mary, and the Child, presented by the Empress of Austria. From the grotto we went back through a dark gallery into the "kitchen of Mary." Here is the fire-place at

which she cooked, and the door through which she went out to the village!

While walking around the church inspecting different objects, a well-dressed woman came in, and was paying her devotions at the different shrines. Her appearance arrested attention, and one of our number, looking at her rather curiously, made some remark aside about her singular, massive silver-coin head-dress. She drew away scornfully, and instantly slipping on her sandals, left the church. As we went out I observed a school in session. There was the buzz of study and recitation usual in such schools. I went in, and immediately there was silence; I withdrew, and at once the buzz began again.

Thence a monk took us to the house of Joseph, a little square building, now a Latin chapel. In a side room a bit of the original wall is pointed out. We did not see the identical bench at which Joseph worked, nor any of the joiner work which he left behind. Thence the monk took us to a Latin chapel, where the table at which our Lord and his disciples ate is preserved. It consists of a large limestone boulder, the shape of an ellipse, four by seven feet, and three feet high. The last shrine was the synagogue in which Jesus read before the people the passage from Isaiah, and said, "This day is this Scripture fulfilled in your ears;" and from which the people in their anger led him out to destroy him. Luke iv. The building is squatty and massive, evidently very old, and is now occupied as a Greek chapel.

While photographs of different objects were being taken some of us went among the bazaars. There is a central market place, where edible articles are exposed for sale, where men stand around waiting to be hired, and fronting on which are numerous little shops, in which carpentering, shoemaking, blacksmithing, and other mechanical employments are followed. The bazaars are well stocked, and seem to do a brisk business. Among the purchases I made was a writer's inkhorn from a boy who was using it at the time, and a knife manufactured in the place. In receiving change I was paid a great number of Turkish pieces, about the size of an American quarter, which were all bent ovally, and had been used in the head-dress of some woman, who had undoubtedly been at last compelled to part with them. When the women of Syria are married it is a custom for them to put their dowry into this shape, and wear it upon their heads or necks, and they never part with it except under extreme necessity. Presents made to girls are also thus arranged and preserved until their majority.

Nazareth owes all its importance to the fact of its having been the early home of Jesus. It is not mentioned in the Old Testament. Christ's history has lifted it from obscurity, an obscurity due not only to its insignificance, but possibly also to a moral taint which attached to its inhabitants: "Can there any good thing come out of Nazareth?" seems to have been a proverb in Israel. Like all the towns of Palestine, it has had

varying fortunes since the Christian era. It has always, however, been the center of a considerable Christian population, and to-day, of the four thousand inhabitants, the Christians may be safely estimated at over three thousand, divided among Greeks, Greek Catholics, Latins, and Maronites. There is also usually at the festivals a large influx of strangers. The Protestants have made some progress in mission work. A substantial building for the English school was in course of erection at the time of our visit.

The Christians of Nazareth are a sturdy, independent-looking set of people; the men active and wide awake, and the women generally well formed and handsome. Indeed, as we threaded the narrow courts, we saw several really beautiful females of that soft and languishing grace and delicacy of feature for which its virgins, as a special favor to the Virgin Mary, according to Antoninus Martyr, have always been noted. The almost immodest display with which they appear on the streets would seem to justify the suspicion that the morality of the people is not of the highest type, and yet long custom may account for a degree of carelessness which otherwise could only be explained by the absence of strict virtue.

How difficult to realize that in such a place as this modern Nazareth thirty years of Jesus's earthly life was passed! Not a building, probably not a single stone of a building of the ancient city, remains. The limestone, of

which every thing was constructed, disintegrates rapidly, even under the action of the ordinary elements. But it is entirely admissible to conclude that the lay of the streets, especially of the principal one to the Fountain of the Virgin, remains as when the feet of Jesus trod them. Here he played as a child and sported as a lad. In the school-room, much like that at the Latin convent, his youthful voice mingled in the hum of recitation. In a little square shop, with no light but the door-way, he was brought up at the carpenter's bench ; thus, like all Jewish youths, adding to his intellectual training the indispensable mechanical trade which was to be the basis of temporal support. To the village synagogue his early steps were directed. Like his brothers, sisters, and cousins, he lived among the people as one of them, subject to the same general conditions of home life and good neighborhood as those about him.

Such are the outlines of Christ's life which may be reasonably accepted ; on all the particular features the vail of ignorance rests. What he was and did in the years of his tutelage is unimportant ; what he said and did as the ordained Messiah, when his time had come to speak and act with authority, is of infinite moment. It is a sad comment on human nature that the home of Jesus was the first, when he returned from his baptism clothed with Messianic power, to deny his authority, and to reject him whom it should have delighted to honor. "No prophet is accepted in his own country." Luke iv, 24.

CHAPTER XXVI.

PLAIN OF ESDRAELON—CARMEL—TYRE.

WE left Nazareth, Saturday, May 30th, at ten A. M., and rode due south, descending from the ridge on the west of the Mount of Precipitation, a hill with a steep, rugged peak, to the Plain of Esdraelon. Our first objective point was Taanach, situated, in a line a little west of south, on the southern side of the plain. Tabor, Little Hermon, Gilboa, and the sites of Shunem, el Fulieh, and Jezreel, were on our left. We lunched on the open plain under the blazing sun. A good brisk wind, and occasionally fleeting clouds, mitigated the heat as we resumed our journey. The tall grain and rank grass and weeds stood thick along our pathway. At one time we saw two gazelles running in the distance. We came to the banks of the Kishon, and our dragoman, being on a route new to him, did not know the ford. Amid the hesitation I said,

“I am the lightest man, and have the tallest horse; follow me.”

And suiting the action to the word, I put spur to Nablousa and plunged in. Soon we were all safely across. Zigzagging across the valley, we reached Tell Taanach about three P. M. The village stands on the south side

of the hill, looking toward a pretty little valley locked in by the jutting hills of Samaria. Taanach was an ancient Canaanitish city, (Josh. xii, 21,) afterward belonged to Manasseh, and was assigned to the tribe of Levi. The houses of the present village are mud huts, with one or two stone buildings. A ride of one hour more down the plain brought us to el Lejjun, the scriptural Megiddo.

Our oldest muleteer, Areph's partner, stated that ours was the first party which, in a service of thirty years, he had accompanied to Megiddo. The tents were pitched in a little side wady on a gentle swell not far from 'Ain Erus, on the waters of which was a grist-mill which rattled away all day Sunday, grinding the corn of the neighborhood. Directly behind our camp was an old khan in ruins, the dismal abode of bats and snakes. Beyond and along the stream lie the principal ruins of the ancient Megiddo—a reservoir, columns of granite and marble, one pillar, with a beautiful Corinthian capital—these, and fragments of walls, cover a large area, showing that the town was extensive and well fortified. Farther beyond, toward the great plain, is Governor's Hill, from which the eye has a perfect sweep up and down and across the valley.

I have already spoken of battles which took place on the eastern arm of the great Plain of Esdraelon, the Valley of Jezreel. This immediate vicinity was also the scene of some of the most marked conflicts in the history of Israel. In view of the many bloody and decisive engagements

which have been fought around Taanach and Megiddo, it has been termed the battle-field of Palestine. It was from the slopes of Tabor that the forces of Israel, under the command of Barak and the inspiration of Deborah, armed with such rude implements as they could seize, swept down upon the well-appointed hosts of Sisera, and struck them with dismay. Sisera's footmen were routed, and his charioteers, miring in the muddy flats of the Kishon, struggled in vain to escape. Even the great captain himself abandoned his chariot and fled for refuge to the tent of Heber the Kenite. The wife of the humble Bedaway slew the great captain, and exultingly exhibited his dead body as a trophy to the victorious Barak. Judges iv.

It was to Megiddo that Josiah, having joined affinity with the king of Assyria, came to oppose the advance of Pharaoh-necho, king of Egypt, into Assyria. The pious monarch of Judah was slain, and his body carried back to Jerusalem for burial. 2 Kings xxiii, 29; 2 Chron. xxxv, 22-24. Such was the painful impression that the fall of the good king made upon the Jews, that it became an ordinance in Israel to make an annual lamentation for his death, and Megiddo became the symbol of the greatest national calamity. Was it an allusion to the many terrible battles fought about this town that caused the name to rise in the imagination of St. John as the type of Armageddon, "the battle of the great day of God Almighty?" Rev. xvi, 14.

It is possible that in the complications of the Eastern

question in European politics the Great Powers may yet be arrayed on this ancient battle-field. To what does the planting of a Russian colony at Jerusalem, of a German colony at Jaffa and Haifa, point? In the breaking up of the Turkish Empire no part of it will be so coveted by European governments as Syria.

In marked contrast with the field of blood was the peaceful Sunday which we passed here. In our customary worship we had a graphic sermon on Elijah's sacrifice on Carmel and flight to Horeb. After we had retired at night, before falling asleep I lay musing, and the thought occurred to me, "How remarkable that we could travel through a country among so uncivilized a people without molestation or violence." I had hardly got to sleep when I was startled by a cry from Areph, who was on guard,

"Who's there?"

Some one had seized a valise, which lay outside of one of the tents, and was running off with it.

"Drop it!" "Where's the gun?" "Here it is!" "Shoot him!"

The fellow dropped the valise and took to his heels, the dragoman and servants in pursuit.

By this time the whole camp was awake and stripped for action. There was one gun and three pistols, and, at a rough guess, fifty sticks, ready for battle. All was soon quiet. There was evidently no danger of an armed attack, so we again retired, Mr. Floyd and Hazzan remaining on guard.

After awhile Mr. Floyd thought he saw a strange object moving, as though it was approaching the camp. It looked like a dog; he could see the wagging of its tail as it wriggled through the tall weeds. Still the movements were unusual for a dog; so, to test it, he blazed away with the gun. Up jumped a man, and, yelling, scampered over the hill.

It seems that these thieving *fellahin*, when they wish to steal at night, have a way of imitating a dog by going down on their feet and hands, and as they move along, lifting one of their feet behind them, and shaking it like the wagging of a dog's tail.

The next morning, after a brief survey of the plain from Governor's Hill—so called, probably, because once occupied by a fortress—we rode down along the southern edge of the valley, and in about an hour and three-quarters came to the foot of Mount Carmel. Half-way up the mountain we passed a large spring, and, turning sharp above it, came out on quite a broad plateau, which is the traditional site of Elijah's sacrifice. The plateau is at least two or three acres in extent, inclines slightly toward the plain, and is well wooded. The course of the Kishon can be distinctly seen; and between it and the mountain, immediately in the foreground, are two hills, on the slopes of which, toward the Kishon, Elijah slew the prophets of Baal.

Stopping at the Place of Sacrifice only long enough to examine the spot, I followed the party up through the

thick oaks and terebinths over the rough path to the summit. All at once the calm, blue Mediterranean broke on my sight. I was not expecting to see it so near. Then I realized that part of the singular transaction at the close of the prophet's victory, when, praying for rain, he sent his young man up to the top of the mountain to look toward the sea for signs of its coming. Once, twice—seven times the servant went as directed, "and it came to pass at the seventh time that he said, Behold, there ariseth a little cloud out of the sea, like a man's hand." It was enough; Elijah sent word to Ahab: "Prepare thy chariot, and get thee down, that the rain stop thee not. And it came to pass, in the mean while, that the heaven was black with clouds and wind, and there was a great rain. And Ahab rode, and went to Jezreel. And the hand of the Lord was on Elijah; and he girded up his loins, and ran before Ahab to the entrance of Jezreel. 1 Kings xviii, 42-46.

With the same ease that I could picture the cloud rising out of the sea, its pinnacled form resembling the open fingers of a human hand, I could also see the Tishbite, under a powerful inspiration, gathering up his flowing garments, and tucking them into his girdle as any Bedawy would now do, and running, well-nigh with the swiftness of the wind, before the chariot of Ahab.

It was an hour of triumph for Elijah. The Lord God had answered by fire; the people had declared, "the Lord, he is the God." Baal had been put to shame, and his

prophets had been slaughtered by the Kishon; the sin of idolatry had been purged away by blood, and the abundant rain given to the thirsty soil; and now he exulted in the immediate prospect of the restoration of Jehovah's worship throughout the land. But Jezebel was not dead. The implacable woman was neither dead nor conquered. She instantly swore that Elijah's life should answer for the lives of the prophets of Baal, whom he had slain. Elijah had no sooner heard her threat than he "arose and went for his life." Seemingly forgetful of the victories of yesterday, he fled from the face of Jezebel, and ceased not his flight, nor paused for refreshment, until, far away in the wilderness beyond Beersheba, he threw himself under a juniper, and there, in his despair, requested for himself that he might die, saying, "It is enough; now, O Lord, take away my life; for I am not better than my fathers."

At the extreme easterly point of the summit is a deep, dry cistern, and a neglected chapel, a low stone building, with thick walls and two rooms. It marks, as some affirm, the place of sacrifice. But the lower point, I think, has the stronger claim. It is near a natural spring of water, while above there is no such spring; the superior accommodations for the people are below, and the action of Elijah in sending his servant to the summit, where he could look for the cloud rising out of the sea, indicates that the prophet was where he could not see in that direction. All these considerations seem to fix the locality at the lower position.

As we sat on a rock near the little stone building under the shadow of an oak, we enjoyed the grand panorama of the Plain of Esdraelon, and of the contiguous,



1. Jenin. 2. Taanach. 3. Megiddo. 4. Gilboa. 5. 'Ain Jalud. 6. Jezreel. 7. Little Hermon. 8. Shunem. 9. Nain. 10. Endor. 11. Tabor. 12. Hill of Precipitation. 13. Nazareth. 14. El Fool. 15. Hermon. 16. River Kishon. 17, 18. Where Elijah slew the Prophets of Baal.

and even of many remote, mountains. Distinctly in view were Hermon, the hills of Galilee, the Mount of Precipitation, Tabor, Little Hermon, the Acropolis of Bethshean, Gilboa, the mountains of Samaria, and the great plain itself, dotted here and there by Deburieh, Nain, Shunem, Jezreel, Jenin, Taanach, Megiddo, and other villages. Stepping a few paces to the west, and looking south, we could see, lying along the sea-coast, the sites of Athlit, Cesarea, and well-nigh the whole Plain of Sharon as far as to Jaffa.

This was the nearest approach we made to Athlit and Cesarea, (Kaisariyeh,) where the English explorers of the Palestine Exploration Fund have recently discovered

some very interesting remains. It was originally in our plan to ascend from Jaffa to Mount Carmel along the sea-coast, but unexpected delays obliged us to abandon the purpose.

Before taking a last look at the Plain of Esdraelon it may be well to give a short description of its physical characteristics. Its formation is thought to be due partly to volcanic action, and partly to that of denudation. The foundation bed is limestone, an under strata of hard dolomite, and an upper strata of softer limestone, which, though hard when exposed to the air, is internally very soft and easily crumbles. The present soil is attributable to a number of eruptions of basalt. Streaks of basalt and volcanic mud are to be seen in several places, as at Little Hermon, on the Gilboa range, and elsewhere. The character of the basalt differs considerably. In some instances it is black, hard, and compact, with a large amount of iron. The *débris* from this, mixed with the mud, gives to the soil its reddish color, and renders it exceedingly rich. The use of artificial fertilizers, I presume, is almost unknown at present, and yet I have rarely seen more luxuriant vegetation. If the *fellahin*, who are, in the main, civil and industrious, were not subject to incursions, as of old, from the predatory Bedawin east of the Jordan, this plain would even now wave with plenty. As usual with all rich grounds but thinly populated, the valley abounds with wild animals, insects, and birds.

In leaving our position, Asfia, one thousand seven

hundred and fifty feet above the sea, instead of descending again to the plain from which we had come up, and going by the ordinary route to Haifa, we kept to the backbone of the mountain, and in about six hours reached the convent at its western extremity. We missed the ride through the Plain of Acre at its southern end, but obtained occasionally such distant glimpses of the sea, of Acre, of the Plain of Acre, of Athlit, and of Cesarea, as to compensate for the loss, and to render the ride a memorable one.

The whole ridge and sides of the mountain are well wooded with low, stunted oaks, terebinths, acacias, and pines, and several species of creeping vines and low bushes. The mountain is said to be full of wild boars, jackals, hares, partridges, quails, and woodcock; but we did not chance to scare up either a wild boar or a bird of any size. Deep ravines, running down to the sea, opened from our pathway, some of them a thousand feet deep. From the abundant growth of trees, shrubs, and flowers, and the probable fact that Carmel was always left as now, in comparative seclusion, it is easy to see the appropriateness of the epithets applied to it in the Scriptures: "The park," "the fruitful field," "the excellency of Carmel." Isa. xxxv, 2.

We passed but one village of any size, inhabited by Druze Mohammedans. On inquiring of a woman the road to the convent, she did not wait to answer before she broke in:—

"What is the news from El Kuds?"

A young man was engaged to pilot us, but we had gone on but a little way when he refused to conduct us farther without more backsheesh. The dragoman dismissed him with several lashes over the back.

A most striking and beautiful scene was presented when, suddenly emerging from a wooded valley, the Bay of Acre came in sight. It lay, crescent-shaped, with Haifa and Acre at either end, the blue sea and the green land blending together on a beach white with the foaming surf. The old convent was reached at last. It stands on the bold headland of the cape, takes its name from the mountain, and is the original source of the Carmelites, an order of barefooted friars.

The monks claim that the convent was founded by Elijah, and they showed us a grotto beneath it in which Elijah dwelt, and where the Shunammite woman found him. There is no art in the building of any worth. The rooms for guests are numerous and very tidy, and the brothers are celebrated for their hospitality. From the roof is a fine view of the sea. A light-house stands on the projecting rocks in front of the main building. In marked contrast with the easy going lives of these sleek friars is that of their recalcitrant brother, Father Hyacinthe, who is awakening thousands in Europe by his active and earnest ministry.

A steep descent around the northern brow of the mountain brought us to the level plain, where Haifa stands. This place (*Sycaminum* of the Greeks and Ro-

mans) possesses no antiquities. It is well located, and has some commerce. The Austrian Lloyd steamers touch here regularly. The chief fact of interest is the presence of a German colony of three hundred and fifty members, and of five years' standing. Their settlement is tastefully laid out, the streets broad, the houses spacious and well built, with scriptural mottoes over the doors, and throughout it presents an air of thrift and order. We called on Mr. Schumacher, the American consul, who is a prominent member of the colony. He is an intelligent and polite gentleman, and lives in a large double stone house, as commodious and comfortable looking as most of the houses in our American villages.

The millenarian doctrine enters into the constitution of the colony as the distinguishing religious element. They have one thousand adherents in Syria, besides others in Germany, Russia, England, and America. They own six hundred acres of land, and rent a good deal more. They have wind (grist) mills, oil and soap factories, and thirty acres in vineyards. Workmen from among them are building an English orphanage at Nazareth, and they wish, as soon as possible, to construct a wagon road between Haifa and Nazareth. The colony suffers some from Turkish, but more from monkish, jealousy. If they continue to prosper, they may within the next few years extend their possessions over some of the best portions of the plains of Acre and Esdraelon.

A more pleasant ride than that from Haifa to Acre

cannot well be found. All along the road is the smooth, firm, sandy beach. The day we took it there was a good breeze from the sea, and the surf broke wildly upon the shore. Our horses caught the infection of salt air, their stiffened joints limbered up, and they hurried us forward to Acre in two and a half hours. We forded the mouths of the Kishon and of the ancient Belus. On the banks of the Belus the first glass was, according to Pliny, manufactured of its fine sand. We rode in at the old gate of Acre (or Akka, or Accho) and through its streets and bazaars, visiting some points of interest, such as the Hotel of the Knights Hospitalers, now a hospital for soldiers, and the Mosque of Jezzer Pasha, once the Church of St. John. This mosque is one of the largest and most beautiful in Syria. It is surrounded by a colonnade with open grounds, and possesses some rare mosaics, a noble dome, and mihrab. The buildings of the city are large but dilapidated, the bazaars in some instances wholly forsaken; the walls, though still guarded, have long since lost their strength.

The chief historical interest of Acre centers about the period of the Crusaders. It was their *entrepôt* in their efforts to capture and possess the Holy Land—the scene of some of their noblest triumphs and bitterest defeats, and one of the last places wrenched from their grasp by the victorious Turks.

Napoleon I. sought to make Acre the fulcrum for his lever in the designs he had upon Syria in connection with

his magnificent scheme for an eastern empire. The timely arrival of British ships defeated his purpose. This failure to capture Acre led to the failure of his Syrian campaign, and probably to the reversal of all his hopes in the Orient. In this same city, and at that very time, ruled the notorious Jezzer Pasha, who, with all his public spirit and enterprise, was a great monster. Some of his public works, among them a noble aqueduct, though now out of repair, still remains a benefaction to the people. Acre (the Ptolemais of classic times) is mentioned as a stopping place of St. Paul in the voyage from Ephesus in his last errand to the feast at Jerusalem. Acts xxi, 7.

As we were riding quietly out of the gate the guard stopped Mr. Dobbs, and an officer came forward and demanded his gun. It was a breech-loader. Mr. Dobbs opened it; the officer examined it and simply expressed his admiration, and we were allowed to ride on. Soon after leaving the city we passed under the great aqueduct built by Jezzer Pasha. It conducts the water across the Plain of Acre from the adjacent hills of Galilee. Its course is marked by frequent towers, in which guards were formerly stationed. We counted in one reach, where the aqueduct runs above ground, ninety-seven arches. On our right was the late Pasha Abdulla's villa, a respectable looking house surrounded by gardens, and groves of figs, oranges, lemons, olives, pomegranates, cypresses, and tamarisks.

Nearly every great modern improvement in Acre and

on the plain was by Jezzer Pasha, who is remembered as much for his cruelties as for his benefactions. He is said to have delighted in the title *jezzer*—butcher. For some trifling offense he put out a Jewish banker's eye. When he saw that the banker had placed a cover over his lost eye, he then cut off his nose. The descendants of the banker it is claimed still survive, and are doing business in Damascus.

Dr. Porter relates another story of the barbarity of this pasha, which, as illustrative of the power of life and death held by such inhuman monsters less than a century ago, as well as for its romantic interest, I give entire:—

But perhaps the most fearful act of Jezzer's life was the wholesale murder of his harem. One year after his return from the Haj, he saw a Christian girl give a little bouquet to a black slave at the door of his house, and the same evening he observed it fastened in the cap of one of the most beautiful of his slaves. "Who gave you the bouquet?" he asked in a sweet, friendly tone. "O! I plucked it in the garden," she answered. "Nay, I know better than that; just tell me who is your favorite, and I shall see what I can do to get you a husband." The poor girl was deceived by his tender words, and told him her tale of love. Her sweetheart was the chief of Jezzer's mamelukes. It is no unusual circumstance for eastern despots to marry their slaves to favorites. This circumstance, however, roused the suspicions of the tyrant that his whole harem had been unfaithful during his long absence. On the following day he went into the private garden and sent for the young slave girl. She came full of hope; but a single glance at her master dispelled it. Seizing her by her long, black tresses, Jezzer threw her on the ground, and raising his balta, a small battle-axe, he threatened to kill her on the spot if she did not confess her crime and declare her accomplices. In vain she protested her innocence, and appealed for mercy. Throwing aside the balta, he drew his cimeter,

and with a single blow severed her head from her body. One after another of the young girls was brought to him, and murdered with his own hand. He grew tired at last; but his revenge was not satiated. He called three of the finest of his soldiers and the massacre continued. The shrieks of the victims rung through the walls, and the fearful tidings spread through the city. The stoutest hearts trembled, and the mamelukes, who heard that they were suspected, took refuge in the treasury. The number of helpless women that perished that day is differently given; but the lowest statement is fifteen.

At evening we found our tents pitched on the sea-shore just south of the village of ez Zib, (Achzib,) (Josh. xix, 29,) which was originally given to Asher, but from which the Canaanites were never expelled. Judges i, 31. After the Babylonish captivity it was considered by the Jews as the northernmost limit of their land. It is well situated on rising ground, near the mouth of Nahr Herdawil. As we rode by it there was a scene which forcibly reminded me of the description given in Ruth of Boaz and his threshing-floor. In the center of the village threshing-floor lay asleep on the straw a lordly sheik, while the men-servants and maid-servants were busily at work around him. The wheat was being threshed by a sort of harrow, drawn by horses, which were driven by a boy seated on the harrow. For the first time we bathed in the Mediterranean. The surf was very exhilarating.

We left ez Zib next morning about seven o'clock—the atmosphere was warm and close. The Plain of Acre is fertile to its utmost northern limit. 'Ain el Bussah, (Masherfi,) Kahn Bussah, lay on our right, and a tall column

was seen in the distance. We then came to Scala Tyriorum, the Ladder of Tyre, a bold, high, and precipitous headland, and well deserving its name. Around this a good road zigzags, a great improvement on the old one, which crossed directly over the mountain. Here we obtained our first view of modern Tyre, jutting out into the sea. Directly on our right was the village of Na-Kurah, from which the headland takes its name. Two hours and ten minutes more brought us to extensive ruins, supposed to be the site of ancient Alexandroschee, called such because, according to tradition, Alexander the Great rested here on his way to the conquest of Palestine. There is a beautiful fountain by the wayside.

Then came another headland equally bold as that we had passed, Ras el Abyad, White Cap, the Promontorium Album of Pliny, and called by Van de Velde and Tristram the Ladder of Tyre. Dr. Porter and Dean Stanley call the lower pass the Ladder—between them I was at a loss to decide. It is possible that the two may have been included, as indicating the northern boundary of Palestine. The road over the White Cap is hewn in the soft, chalky rock, at points projecting hundreds of feet above the sea. The glare of the sun was almost blinding. It required a half hour to cross it. The rocks below, where the sea breaks in, are worn flat and smooth by the continual dashing of the waves. On the summit of the cap is an old tower, Kula'at esh Shemma, Tower of the Candle

The scene after we got down on the Plain of Tyre was

very beautiful. The sea, of a deep blue, lay quietly, with only the slightest ripple, and the surf broke lazily and softly on the shore. Mount Hermon, and the summits of Lebanon, crowned with snow, were clearly seen rising far away on the eastern and north-eastern horizon.

We had now reached Ras el 'Ain, the site of old Tyre, (Palæ-Tyros,) surrounded by groves of mulberries. The village is called Head of the Fountain, because of a remarkable fountain which stands in its center. There are really four fountains, but the principal one is of immense size. It is octagonal in shape, sixty-six feet in diameter and twenty-five feet high. The wall is eight feet thick, and put together with such thoroughness, that, though ages have elapsed since it was built, it is yet perfect. The water is brought from the lower spurs of the Lebanon through an aqueduct, but by whom or when built does not appear. The villagers are mostly employed in raising silk-worms. One of the pashas of Constantinople is trying to stimulate this culture here, but the place is so unhealthy that it is with difficulty the laborers can be induced to remain. As we lunched they were engaged trimming the mulberry-trees, taking off the leaves for the cocooneries. At one of these establishments we saw the little worms weaving the delicate gossamer, which was afterward to be manufactured principally at Beirut.

Through deep sand we forced our way about two miles to Tyre proper, (Sur,) crossing the peninsula built by Alexander the Great in his capture of the city. On a

narrow ledge of rock, wholly separated from the main land, not more than a mile long and half a mile broad—an area not larger than some of the islands in New York harbor—stood the ancient queen of the seas.



Modern Tyre.

Our camp was pitched at the back of the town, near the sea-coast. Very little of ancient Tyre now remains. The inner harbor, at the north, is a small basin, very shallow, and not large enough to hold one of our ordinary ocean steamers. A few fishing smacks were lying at anchor, and the little boys were sporting about with their toy ships. Far out beyond this harbor is a line of old sea-wall, which was probably the breakwater of an outer

harbor for the protection of vessels in their approach to the shore. Tyre was not at all landlocked, and hence the outer harbor was wholly artificial. Immense buttresses and fallen columns are to be seen all along the line of this wall, which runs north and south. Heaps of ruins project among the rocks.

In some cases the fallen granite pillars are encased in conglomerate concrete, formed by the action of the salt water and the sun, as firm as the rocks where they stood. From the position of the buttresses, the recumbent columns, and an inner wall following the shore, I inferred that there were here once immense stone docks or piers in which the ships were moored, and where they were loaded and unloaded. Nor should I wonder if these piers were covered by long colonnades, which joined on to warehouses for the storage and transfer of merchandise.

Nothing can exceed the impression of desolation which the reverses of fortune make upon a place and a people as one stands and looks out upon the utter waste and inextricable confusion which spreads out on all sides. Many modern towns have been well-nigh built in their best parts from the materials of Tyre, and yet here, even now, countless forms and fragments of granite and marble strew the beach and obstruct the surf. Over the rocks and prostrate columns may be seen the fishermen's nets spread to dry, and just beyond the farthest piers the fishermen casting their nets from their little boats.

The first mention of Tyre in the Bible is by Joshua,

xix, 29, where he speaks of it, in reference to the borders of Israel, as the strong city. It comes into prominence in the history of David and Solomon, between whom and Hiram, its king, a close alliance existed. 2 Sam. v, 2; 1 Kings vii, 13-45. Hiram co-operated with Solomon in building the temple at Jerusalem. His servants being skillful hewers in wood, felled the timbers, the cedar and fir of the Lebanon, and brought them in floats from Sidon and Tyre to Joppa, whence they were transported to Jerusalem. At that time, and afterward, the Tyrians were skilled artisans in wood and all the metals; and as sailors they extended their commerce to the utmost limits then known to navigation, planting colonies on the coast of Africa, like Carthage, and on the island of Cyprus, and other points. By their culture and prowess they made all countries tributary to their wealth. The prosperity and resources of Tyre are described with a fullness in the twenty-sixth and twenty-seventh chapters of Ezekiel such as we find in the case of no other city outside of Israel.

Tyre was repeatedly menaced, and possibly somewhat checked in its progress, by the haughty kings Shalmanezar and Nebuchadnezzar of Assyria; but it was not until its capture by Alexander of Macedonia that it received a decisive blow to its prosperity. That remorseless conqueror sold thirty thousand of the flower of its free citizens into foreign slavery, and crippled for a long time its most flourishing industries. With rest, however, it rapidly recuperated, and regained much of its former wealth and

glory. At the time Christ visited its coasts (Matt. xv, 21, Mark vii, 24) it is conjectured, on the authority of Strabo and Pliny, that its population was about equal to that of Jerusalem. It seems to have received Christianity at a very early date. Paul, in his last journey from Asia Minor to Jerusalem, touched at this port, 'for there the ship was to unlade her burden." Acts xxi, 2. St. Luke further adds, (verse 4,) "And finding disciples, we tarried there seven days." From Jerome, it is evident that the city, up to the fifth century, continued uninterruptedly prosperous, and was the center of a strong Christian population.

As a modern city Tyre was a place of much trade and importance, with an intelligent and thrifty population, with large and beautiful churches, even after being retaken by the Crusaders from the Saracens as late as the twelfth century. For a century and a half it continued in the hands of Christians, still wealthy and strong, but in the year 1291 A. D. it fell before the Sultan of Egypt and Damascus. The Christians preferred banishment to remaining under Mohammedan rule. Thenceforward the city gradually and surely declined until nothing of its ancient power and beauty remained. The words of Hasselquist, the Swedish naturalist, who visited it A. D. 1751, give the best description of the condition to which it was finally reduced, and the traveler himself affords, unconsciously, the best commentary upon Ezekiel's fearful predictions. He says: "We followed the sea-shore . . . and came to Tyre, now called Zur, where we lay all night.

None of these cities, which formerly were so famous, are so totally ruined as this, except Troy. Zur now scarcely can be called a miserable village, though it was formerly Tyre, the queen of the sea. Here are about ten inhabitants, Turks and Christians, who live by fishing.”*

In later times a little trade has sprung up principally in connection with the growth of Beirut ; so that now there is quite a respectable town, with four thousand inhabitants, about equally divided between Mohammedans and Christians. There is one quite respectable little Latin church. The bazaars show some activity, especially in the trade in old coins, many of which are found among the ruins.

We were deeply interested in the remains of the old Christian church at the south of the village. Professor Sepp, of Germany, was excavating its foundations, many boys and men being actively at work wheeling out the *débris*. Here were huge massive granite columns, some standing and others prostrate, which were probably brought from Egypt, and very clearly belonged originally to a heathen temple. This temple, according to Professor Sepp, was built by Hiram. I had seen no such massive columns since leaving Egypt. There are three large apses to the church. It is cruciform, and of great size, certainly not less than two hundred feet long.

The most interesting object in the Church is what was evidently the baptistry. This stands close to the

* See Smith's "Dictionary of the Bible," article, Tyre.

south wall, not far from the transept, in the body of the building, and it is impossible to determine whether it was an original part of the building or subsequently added. It also is of cruciform shape, and built of white marble. The length is five feet three inches; breadth, three feet seven and a half inches; depth, outside, three feet two inches, and inside, to the bottom of a false floor, two feet six inches. At the two ends inside are steps going down to the bottom, and outside at the end toward the wall are steps ascending to the top. Deducting for the room taken up by the inside steps, there is a clear space within of twenty-eight inches by twenty-five and a quarter inches, with a depth of two feet six inches.

Professor Sepp has preserved numerous relics which have been dug out of the rubbish; among them several tablets with Greek and Latin inscriptions, a number of statuettes of marble, belonging to the Pagan period, a dove, a lamb on a cross in *relievo*, some fine specimens of tracery work, fragments of columns, and a few antique vases.

We took our leave of Tyre, and riding across the peninsula, which the drifting sands have made now a half mile wide, took as straight a course as we could south-eastward over the Plain of the Phenicians. Here was the little strip of land, not more than thirty miles long, and on an average of two miles wide, skirting along the sea-coast, upon which lived this remarkable race. Their territory at no time exceeded one hundred and twenty

miles in length, and twenty miles in breadth. With Tyre and Sidon for their great cities, they controlled the commerce of the world. Like the Venetians and the Dutch of modern times, their dominion was the sea. Antiquity certainly teaches us that extent of territory is not necessary to national greatness. Sprung from the great warlike family of the Canaanites, like the source whence they came, they have long been utterly extinct.

CHAPTER XXVII.

SOUTHERN SPURS OF LEBANON—SEA OF GALILEE.

THE plain was soon crossed, and we began to ascend the hills of Asher. With each successive height the shore line receded, and the great sea opened out in its wide expanse. On the right was the range of hills terminating in the White Cap, on which is perched Ramah of Asher; and far away on the left we could see the cliffs overhanging the course of Nahr el Kasimiyeh, (River Leontes,) which formed the northern boundary between Israel and the Phenicians. One hour and a half brought us to Hiram's Tomb. It is situated on a high



Hiram's Tomb.

hill. There is no authority for the name except uncontradicted tradition. The tomb is built of limestone: the stones of the third tier projecting, that of the fourth being a solid

stone of pyramidal shape, surmounted by another for a lid. The pyramidal stone is supposed to be the sar-

cophagus. At the rear there are steps leading down into an excavation in the rock, the ceiling of which is vaulted. There were a few straggling Arabs around the tomb.

Kanah (Cana of Asher) was the next point. While at lunch in a grove not far from the village, a man came out and displayed several *antiques*, consisting of earthenware tear bottles, and some vases of a peculiarly fine glass. Thence for four hours we followed Wady el Asher, passing through a wild, sterile, mountainous district, where the sole employment of the scattered people seemed to be making charcoal from the low stunted oaks which grow abundantly upon the mountains. Charcoal is the chief article of export of the whole coast from Acre to Tyre. The lot of Asher was indeed a hard one. His proximity to Phenicia, and the allotment of such a barren, rough district as these hills, give peculiar significance to the promise made to him: "Thy shoes shall be iron and brass; and as thy days, so shall thy strength be." Deut. xxxiii, 25.

When we reached the highest range of hills the view of the sea backward, of Lebanon and Hermon north and north-east, of the valleys and the old castle at Tibnin, just ahead, was really grand. A short ride farther on and we found our tents pitched near the village of Tibnin, at the foot of the castle. After dinner we visited the fortress and were politely received by the governor. The present castle is supposed to have been built on the ruins of a still more ancient one by Hugh of St. Omar, A. D. 1107,

a Crusader, who was then governor of Tiberias. Very much of the building remains; some rooms and the south wall are quite perfect. The approach is by a stone road, partly under a covered way, where the masonry is of great strength. The village belongs to a family of Metawelee Arabs, a sect of Mohammedans which probably emigrated from Persia. They resemble the Jews in some of their customs, and are strict, even to fanaticism, in the ceremonial observances of their creed.

In two hours from Tibnin we came, by a south-east course, to Bint Jebel, another Metawelee village. We passed some well-cultivated fields and numerous vineyards. A narrow wady, which was well watered, abounded in patches of grain, melons, fruit-trees, and rose-bushes. While we were lunching under some trees overlooking the valley two or three natives gathered about us. To amuse one of them I showed him the pictures in Thomson's "Land and the Book." Pointing to one in which an Arab barber was shaving a man's head, I said, "Barber." He instantly seized the book and kissed the picture. Mr. Floyd laughed heartily.

"He thinks you said it is the pope; 'barber,' in Arabic, means 'pope.'"

"But," said I, "what has he to do with the pope?"

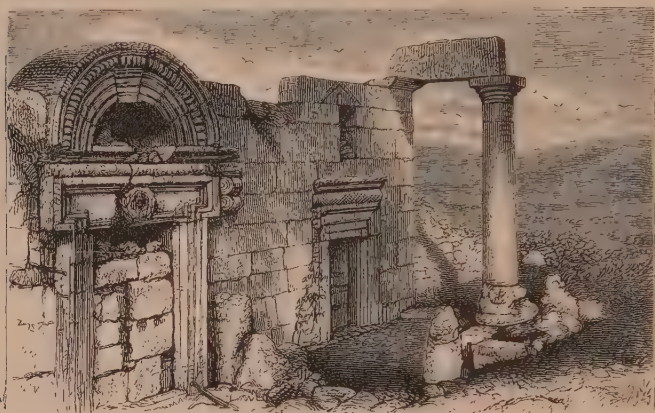
It proved he was a Maronite Christian, a few Maronite families living in this region. We afterward found the Maronites quite numerous in the Lebanon mountains.

We passed el Jish (Giscala) on our right. It was

destroyed by an earthquake in 1837, and two hundred and thirty-five persons perished. Part of our company went directly on to Safed, and others of us detoured to Meiron, about two hours out of our way. At Meiron are located the tombs of the rabbies, which are held in highest veneration by the Jews, such as Hillel, Shammai, Simeon, and Ben Jochai. These tombs are more revered among the Jews than any other shrines in Palestine, except, possibly, the Wailing Place at Jerusalem. The Jews of Safed detail ten of their number, in constant succession, who spend fifteen days in watches and prayers at the tombs. Pilgrimages are made to them from great distances. A ceremony called the "Burning," which occurs once a year, is observed with great enthusiasm. At the conclusion of the services, which occupy some days and are attended with great extravagances, they ascend to the roof of the large building which covers the tombs, and burn, in an open earthen vessel, the various offerings which have been brought. In some instances costly presents, such as India shawls, are consumed with the commonest objects. Not far from this Jewish shrine is a rock-hewn tomb twenty-five by eighteen feet, with numerous and large *loculi* for the dead. I think there is but little doubt that this was always a priestly city and the home of noted rabbies.

As additional proof of this view, the most noteworthy object at the village is an old ruinous church, but which we thought, and the Jews on the spot affirmed, to have

been originally a synagogue. The massive stones, large square lintels, were such as we had not seen in any church. Meiron is supposed by some to mark the loca-



Ruins of Synagogue at Meiron.

tion of the ancient Meroz. "Curse ye Meroz, said the angel of the Lord; curse ye bitterly the inhabitants thereof; because they came not to the help of the Lord, to the help of the Lord against the mighty." Judges v, 23. Secure in their secluded and strong mountain fastness, they were probably indifferent to the position of their more exposed brethren in the plains and valleys.

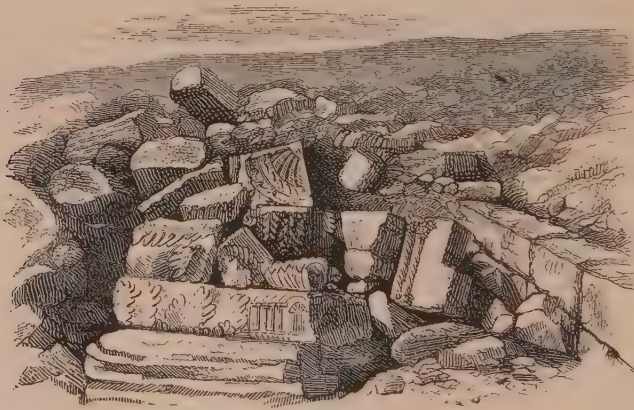
The road to Safed was quite rough, and the climb to the village very steep. As we entered and wound about through its close streets, and by its tumbled-down houses, we were stared at and bowed to from every side by the pale-faced Jews. The summit of the hill above the village is crowned with an old fortress in ruins. It covers a large area, and must have been of great strength. Clam-

bering to its top, we obtained the first good view of the Sea of Galilee. There it lay, seemingly just at our feet, as beautiful, amid the encircling hills, as the day when Jesus sailed over its bosom or walked along its shore. Beyond the sea, stretching far away, were the mountains of Bashan; and toward the south, Kurn Hattin, and the clean and graceful form of Tabor.

Such is the distinctness with which Safed can be seen from all directions, and especially from the south and south-east, it being nearly two thousand five hundred feet above the Sea of Galilee, that it is thought to have been in the eye of Jesus when he said, "A city that is set upon a hill cannot be hid." We cannot trace the city by its present name to any great antiquity. The castle appears to have been built by the Crusaders, and fell finally, as did all their other strongholds, into the hands of the Moslem conquerors. At what period the city became a chosen residence of the Jews is not known; but as late as the visit of Benjamin of Tudela, in the twelfth century, there were no Jews in it, and it was not until four centuries afterward that its schools became famous. The earthquake of 1837 destroyed three fourths of the town, and it is thought at least four thousand Jews perished in the ruins. There is now a population of about four thousand, of whom only one third are Jews, and a few Christians. The town is being rebuilt, and exhibits signs of some business activity. I spent an hour or two at a Jewish watchmaker's, waiting to get a crystal fitted to my

watch. In vain may any work of the kind be sought to be done where there are no Jews.

The descent from Safed to the sea was very precipitous. Three hours brought us to 'Ain Tabigah, directly on the shore of the sea, on the west side, about one fourth the way between its north and south ends. A large stream of water flows down into the lake. At present it drives a good-sized Arabic grist-mill. There are the remains of an ancient aqueduct, and some broken walls. This is supposed by some to be the site of Bethsaida of Galilee, the home of Peter and Andrew, of James and John, and of Philip. The shore at this point curves slightly inward, and is for some distance a flat, sandy cove. About twenty minutes farther north, on a gentle slope not far from the shore, we came to Tell



Ruins at Tell Hum—Capernaum.

Hum, where are extensive ruins. There is the foundation of what was a large building. Numerous columns of limestone, with elegantly cut capitals, architraves,

elaborate friezes, and broken pedestals, lie around in profusion, but so overgrown with rank weeds and thistles as to be almost inaccessible. Pieces of marble are also strewn around. Pedestals for double columns, a very rare thing, are also seen. We scrambled about among those interesting remains for some distance. They cover well-nigh the whole knoll, quite a large area. Back of the spot, and running up the sloping hills, is a large reach of arable land. This Tell Hum is by many regarded as the site of Capernaum, and by others that of Chorazin.

Here, while most of the party turned back, three or four of us followed the path northward, determined to see the upper end of the lake and the upper mouth of the Jordan. It took us three and a half hours to accomplish the task, but we were well repaid. We crossed Wady Kerazeh, on the left bank of which, about a mile back from the shore, is Bir Kerazeh, and because of its location, and the striking correspondence of the name, it is regarded as the scriptural Chorazin. The ruins cover an area as large, if not larger, than those of Tell Hum, and lie partly in the valley and partly on a spur of the mountain. Among them are dwelling-houses in good preservation. These are especially interesting, because, if not the actual houses which existed in the days of our Saviour, they were undoubtedly constructed after their plan. One of these, still standing, is nearly thirty feet square. The roofs are flat, with one or two columns down the center

of the house to support them. The walls average a thickness of two feet, and are built of masonry or loose



Ruins at Kerazeh—Chorazin.

blocks of basalt. There is a low door-way in one of the walls, and in the others small windows. Some of the houses are divided into two, three, and four chambers.

Our pathway from Wady Kerazeh was literally lined with groves of nukb and oleander. The oleander was in greater profusion than I had elsewhere seen it, and was at this time in its richest blossom. Its exquisite pink-red flowers gave me a more definite idea than any thing else of the exceeding beauty of the shore when in a state of high cultivation. Toward the north-west corner of the sea the shore is less abrupt, and the sweep back to the hills more gradual; and just at the corner, within about a mile of the Jordan, the shore becomes flat and sandy. The sand is very fine and mixed with little shells. The

Jordan is scarcely more than fifty feet at its mouth, and is fordable. Some natives, who were crossing at the time, were well up to their chins. The banks on either side for some distance up are low, flat, and sandy. On them a few filthy Bedawin were encamped. We did not cross to the east side, but from our position could see the Plain of Butaiha, which lies along the shore of the lake, about two and a half miles long and one and a half wide. Et Tel, the ancient Julias, (Bethsaida,) lies on the slope of the hills where they break down upon the plain. The whole valley on either side of the Jordan is not only flat, but very muddy.

Wheeling about, we retraced our steps as rapidly as possible to rejoin our companions. Passing again by 'Ain Tabigah, and following the shore southward, we found them at lunch on the outer extremity of a high projecting point, under a large tree overlooking the sea.

We were seated just above 'Ain Tin, (the Fountain of the Fig,) the spring taking its name from a fig-tree which grows over it, and from where we sat could look across the Plain of Gennesaret to el Mejdel, (Magdala,) on its south side, and up through the narrow rocky Wady Hamam, as far as to Kurn Hattin. But what was most charming was the appearance of the sea. The lights and shadows upon the water gave a pleasing effect, causing it to appear in some places of a light green color, and in others of a dark blue. As we were busily eating and talking, the air was calm, not a ripple was on the sea, when, in

a moment, turning around, a flurry of wind had fallen upon the water, and instantly little waves began to dance and toss about. This, I thought, is an illustration of the



1. Tiberias. 2. Magdala. 3. Caves of Arbelah. 4. Kurn Hattin. 5. Wady Hamam. 6. Plain of Gennesaret. 7. 'Ain Tin.

suddenness with which the tempest may have come down upon the disciples of Jesus when "he was in the hinder part of the ship, asleep on a pillow." Mark iv, 38. Because of the great height of the surrounding hills the lake is subject to frequent and unexpected gusts, which descend from the upper strata of the atmosphere.

The mountain, on the projection of which we were seated, rises very squarely from el Ghuweir, or the Plain of Gennesaret, at its northern extremity. The road around it is through a deep cut in the rock. This cut, Captain Wilson thinks, was originally part of an aqueduct

which brought the waters of 'Ain Tabigah to supply whatever city occupied the hill, or which, more probably, extending on the south side of the mountain westward, conveyed these waters for the irrigation of the northern and western parts of the Plain of Gennesaret. Captain Wilson discovered some of the piers near 'Ain Tabigah, and also portions of the wall which supported the aqueduct as it crossed the little Plain of Tabigah and wound around the northern slope of the mountain toward the deep cut mentioned.* Passing through this cut along the southern side of the mountain, immediately on our right as we descended upon the plain, was Khan Minyeh. Just here, at the south of the plain and close upon the sea-shore, according to Dr. Robinson, Capernaum stood. The site is an imposing one for a city. We did not search the hill and its surroundings closely, but besides the khan, which is modern, we saw few or no ruins.

We were now fairly on the traditional "land of Gennesaret," (Matt. xiv, 34,) called by the Arabs el Ghuweir, the "Little Shur." It extends along the sea-coast about three miles, and back about one mile. The shore at two points projects well out into the sea, forming small promontories. The path winds about through tangled thickets of oleander and nukb, and crosses several small streams which run into the sea. As we rode, flocks of sparrows flew up at every few feet; the bushes were alive with them. It was when Jesus was sending out his twelve apostles,

* "The Recovery of Jerusalem," p. 272.

near this very shore, that he gave them, in his commission, assurance of the heavenly Father's care, drawn from the presence of these little birds. "Are not two sparrows sold for a farthing?" [the tenth part of a Roman penny, and the smallest piece of money then known,] "and one of them shall not fall on the ground without your Father." Matt. x, 29. We paused a moment to look at an Arab tomb, and then hastened on, finding at the farther south end, on a gentle swell of ground, Mejdél, or Magdala, the home of Mary Magdalene.

Mejdél is a miserable, squalid mud village; we had seen none inferior to it in all Palestine. The name fully identifies it with the Magdala of the evangelists, and the situation is entirely appropriate in relation to other places. What a contrast between this village and the face which art has rendered immortal as the type of penitential and devout beauty the world over! The place owes all its present importance to the history of the one sinful woman whom the Gospel here rescued and adorned.

May it not have been somewhere on the flat, sandy beach of the plain we had now crossed, as being remote from any city, that Jesus showed himself after his resurrection to the seven disciples, who, for lack of something else to do, had, like sensible men, gone back to their nets? No description of the occurrence could be more life-like than the narrative of St. John, who was himself a participant, (John xxi;) but I cannot forbear introducing the scene as drawn by Ruskin:—

I suppose there is no event in the whole life of Christ to which, in hours of doubt or fear, men turn with more anxious thirst to know the close facts of it, or with more earnest and passionate dwelling upon every syllable of its recorded narrative, than Christ's showing himself to his disciples at the Lake of Galilee. There is something pre-eminently open, natural, full-fronting our disbelief in this manifestation. The others recorded after the resurrection were sudden, phantom-like, occurring to men in profound sorrow and wearied agitation of heart; not, it might seem, safe judges of what they saw. But the agitation was now over. They had gone back to their daily work, thinking still their business lay net-wards, unmeshed from the literal rope and drag. "Simon Peter saith unto them, 'I go a fishing.' They say unto him, 'We also go with thee.'" That night they caught nothing, but when the morning came, in the clear light of it, behold a figure stood on the shore. They were not thinking of any thing but their fruitless hauls. They had no guess who it was. It asked them simply if they had caught any thing. They said no. And it tells them to cast yet again. And John shades his eyes from the morning sun with his hand, to look who it is; and though the glinting of the sea, too, dazzles him, he makes out who it is at last, and poor Simon, not to be outrun this time, tightens his fisher's coat about him and dashes in over the nets. One would have liked to have seen him swim those hundred yards, and stagger to his knees on the beach.

Well, the others get to the beach too, in time, in such slow way as men in general do get, in this world, to its true shore, much impeded by that wonderful "dragging the net with fishes;" but they get there—seven of them in all—first the denier, and then the slowest believer, and then the quickest believer, and then the two throne-seekers, and two more, we know not who.

They sit down on the shore face to face with Him, and eat their broiled fish as He bids. And then, to Peter, all dripping still, shivering, and amazed, staring at Christ in the sun, on the other side of the coal fire—thinking a little, perhaps, of what happened by another coal fire, when it was colder, and having had no word once changed with him by his Master since that look of His—to him, so amazed, comes the question, "Simon, lovest thou me?"*

* "Modern Painters," vol. iii, pp. 53, 54.

Back of el Mejdél the hills slope gradually for a little way, and then rise abruptly, forming the chain which makes down on the south side of Wady Hamam, and projects boldly toward the sea. The road southward now rises and bends slightly eastward, and is well elevated almost all the way to Tiberias. It was five P. M. as we reached the town. Two Jewish women, it being their Sabbath, were seated on the broken wall enjoying its shade, and a man was regaling himself in a quiet nook of one of the old broken towers. The wall around the city, now cast down at some points, is of Arabic origin. We rode through the narrow streets, again amid the gaze of pale-faced Jews, and passing to the other side of the town, about a quarter of a mile beyond found our camp. Instead of oppressive heat, the atmosphere was quite cool at night-fall.

Sunday, June 7. In the morning the lake was quiet. We felt delighted that we could have a Sunday on its shores, and thus commune, on the Lord's own day, with the scenes which were so familiar to him.

Soon after breakfast several of us went up to the Hummam, (the Baths.) These sulphur baths have been noted from antiquity for their great virtue. Pliny reckoned them among the greatest known curiosities of the world.* They are still resorted to by the natives of Syria. Quite a number of women, who had come from Accho, were in waiting while we were there. By an arrange-

* Pliny, "Hist. Nat.," v. 15.

ment, our party had the exclusive use of them as long as we wished. There is a large circular room with a marble pool surrounded by marble columns, and two side rooms for dressing. The water where it issues from the spring is 144° Fah., but in the pool it is moderated to suit the bathers. We had had no bath so delicious since that at Callirhœe Springs, in Moab. It was thought hazardous for one of our party, who had been ill the night before, to bathe, but he was decidedly benefited by doing so. The Jewish baths near by are repulsive looking.

Above the Baths, on an eminence, is a Jewish Tomb. On ascending the front steps, and entering the main room, we heard voices. Before a tomb, where was a burning lamp, a lone Jew and his little son were kneeling; the father was teaching the son to read the Hebrew Scriptures, or Targum. The man showed us a library, in which were a number of volumes. The most interesting object was a case containing two manuscript copies of the law of Moses, elegantly engrossed on parchment. Tiberias, it will be remembered, became, very soon after the fall of Jerusalem, the seat of the Jewish Sanhedrin, and here, for centuries, flourished some of the most noted schools of the Jews. The Mishna was compiled at this place by the great Rabbi Judah Hakkodesh, A. D. 190; and in great measure also the Masorah, a body of traditions which transmitted the readings of the Hebrew text of the Old Testament, and preserved, by means of the vowel system, the pronunciation of the Hebrew language. There is a

tradition among the Jews that the Messiah will appear, when he comes, on the Sea of Galilee; hence the large colonies of them at Tiberias and Safed. Of a population of two thousand at present in Tiberias eight hundred are Jews.

In walking to and from the Baths along the shore we noticed ruinous masonry work, pedestals, and columns. Such is the regularity of these pedestals that it would seem that in the ancient city there were colonnades facing the whole water-line in this immediate vicinity. Tiberias, according to Josephus,* was built by Herod Antipas, and named in honor of Tiberius Cesar. There is no evidence that it took the place of any former city; the tenacity with which the name has held fast to the place in the modern Arabic name Tubariyeh would indicate the contrary. He built it, says Josephus, in the best part of Galilee, at the Lake of Gennesaret. There are warm baths at a little distance from it, in a village named Emmaus. Educated at Rome, Herod lavished upon this, his Galilean capital, all the adornments which art could devise, and there can be no doubt that it was a city of large extent and great beauty. It undoubtedly covered a larger area than the present town, as shown by the ruins which lie to the distance of at least a mile along the shore.

Tiberias is thrice spoken of in the New Testament, and in each instance by John; twice as the name of the

* "Antiquities," book xviii, chap. ii, sec. 3; "Wars of the Jews," book ii, chap. ix, sec. i.



TIBERIAS—TOWN AND SEA.

Sea of Galilee, (John vi, 1; xxi, 1,) and once as the name of the city. John vi, 23. It is a little singular that Christ is not once mentioned as having visited it, although it was so near the principal scene of his ministry. If the city was built, as Josephus states, on a Jewish burial-ground, this circumstance might have been enough, since, to the Jews, burial-grounds were unclean. There is a clear intimation in Josephus that the residence of those Jews who lived in it was rather an enforced one.* For this reason Jesus might have avoided it, as not wishing to have his liberty curtailed. The most probable reason is his knowledge of Herod's cruelty after the beheading of John the Baptist. He was sent, too, to the lost sheep of the house of Israel, and they swarmed about the populous land of Gennesaret and the north-west shore.

After returning from our bath, we had our customary Sunday worship. An appropriate sermon was preached from Matt. x, 30. It was sweet to hear the words of Jesus expounded by the sea-shore where he so often preached. "The same day went Jesus out of the house, and sat by the sea-side. And great multitudes were gathered together unto him, so that he went into a ship, and sat; and the whole multitude stood on the shore." Matt. xiii, 1, 2. In many places the shore, with its shelving banks, as related to a little boat pushed a few feet out from it, would form a natural amphitheater. Jesus was not indifferent to physical advantages in instructing the multitudes.

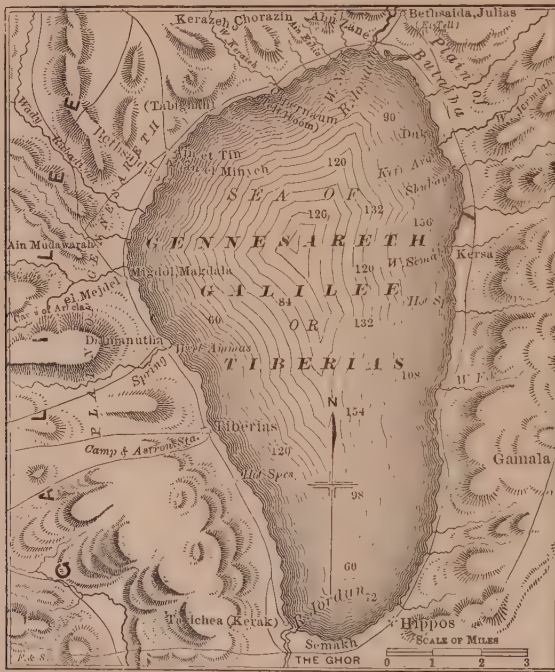
* "Antiquities," book xviii, chap. ii, sec. 3.

The desire to go out on the lake in a boat was so strong with some of us that, although it was Sunday, we ventured out for an hour. There were but two boats on the lake, and one of these—a stout, rough affair with one mast—manned by two Arabs, was at our disposal. Our especial object was not so much the novelty of sailing on the sacred water, as to see the western shore from the bosom of the lake. We launched forth, but the sailors, instead of sailing out, rowed us right along the shore. We protested, but it was of no use. “On returning,” said we all, “they will surely sail out.” What was our chagrin, when we got in the boat to go back—for we had landed a short distance up to examine some points—they not only did not sail out, but did not even row us out, or row us at all; one fellow jumped ashore with a rope, and they poled and pulled us back to our camp. This was navigation for men who had crossed the deep and billowy Atlantic! The natives are afraid to leave the shore when there is the slightest wind, and this afternoon there was a stiff breeze. I have already intimated that the sea is subject to sudden squalls. Our companions who remembered Mark Twain’s experience, had a good laugh at us. One of the company happening to have a hook and line caught a fish, a little perch; this was divided at dinner among the eleven howadji. Fishes are abundant, but the only way the natives have of taking them is by wading and throwing the net over them, as the Bedawin do on the Gulf of Akabah, or by poisoning them.

We could not see the south end of the lake from our camp because the mountain extends out a short distance below the baths, and the shores trend eastward. Well-nigh the whole eastern shore is visible. It rises very abruptly to the height of two thousand feet through its whole extent, except as it nears the north end of the lake, when it falls toward the plain of the upper Jordan. There are no peaks, but the land from the upper line rolls away gradually, and the mountain forms a sort of natural wall to the hills of Bashan. There is little or no verdure, except as here and there a small wady makes down to the water's edge. Almost directly east of us, where Wady Semak marks the barren mountain with its line of green, and where, between the main mountain wall and the sea are a few slopes of less height, was pointed out to us the traditional site of Khersa, (Gergesa.) Here it was "the whole herd of swine ran violently down a steep place into the sea, and perished in the waters." Matt. viii, 32. The western shore is not so abrupt, but is broken by the Plain of Gennesaret, and such depressions as 'Ain Tabigah. Upon the whole, the hills of both sides are too naked and uniform to entitle them to be regarded as either grand or beautiful.

We may imagine, however, that when the entire shore was well cultivated, the valleys studded with trees—figs, palms, olives, pomegranates, cypresses, and other varieties—and the hill-sides on the west were terraced and clad with vines, as in Christ's day, the scenery was much

more attractive than now. Then, too, this little sheet of water was alive with boats, for there is every reason to believe that not only did many of the inhabitants of its cities earn their living by fishing, and passed freely over its bosom for traffic and pleasure, but also that the richly decorated galleys of Herod traversed it from end to end. The living motion then, was in marked contrast with the stillness of death which now reigns. One charming feature, however, which still remains, is the transparent clearness, softness, and sweetness of the water.



Map of the Sea of Galilee.

Before dismissing the physical characteristics of this sea, it is proper to say that its shape is much like that of

an egg, with its large end at the north; its length about thirteen geographical miles, and breadth six. It is seven hundred feet below the surface of the Mediterranean; and from the deep blue of its color under certain conditions of light and shade, and the elevation of the mountains about it, I should judge it to be very deep. The figures of the map on the preceding page indicate the depth of water at the various points where they are placed. It is, indeed, but a basin of the Jordan, where the waters of the stream collect, and then shoot on in their course through a descent of nearly seven hundred feet to the Dead Sea. The temperature is always mild, snow never lying on its shores, though the neighboring mountains are sometimes covered. It is of volcanic origin; and the presence of hot sulphur baths on both shores shows it is liable to a recurrence of earthquakes, as in 1837.

Early the next morning we bathed in the sea, and after breakfast were soon again in the saddle. The narrow streets of Tiberias, as we rode through them, were all alive with Jews and Gentiles. As we stopped to purchase some lemons quite a *mêlée* took place between a Jewish boy and a black Arab. Some of our party went directly on by the sea-shore with the pack train, while others of us turned abruptly west from the city wall and crossed the mountain which lies back of it. The plain stretching up toward the foot of the mountain is well cultivated, and from it, looking back, is a magnificent view of the town and sea. As we passed several small patches

of vegetables I observed a man sitting in one of them under a sort of booth, which recalled the description in Isaiah i, 8, "As a lodge in a garden of cucumbers." After gaining the summit of the mountain we found ourselves on a plateau, which stretches away to the foot of Tabor, and breaks among the hills toward Nazareth.

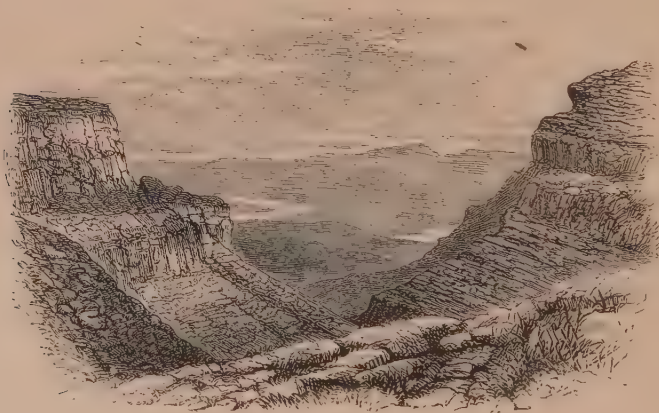
Just before us stood Kurn Hattin, the "Two Horns," so named by the Arabs from some fancied resemblance which the two peaks bear to a camel's saddle. This is the traditional Mountain of Beatitudes, where Christ delivered the Sermon on the Mount. Matt. v, vi, etc. The tradition cannot be traced further back than the fourth century. The mountain is very centrally located, directly on the highway between the Sea of Galilee and Nazareth, Tabor, and Samaria. Mount Tabor can be distinctly seen from it, as can also Safed, "the city set on a hill." It is of easy access, with a summit sufficiently level and broad to be an inviting place of rest, and also secluded enough to have afforded all the retirement which Jesus could have wished while instructing his disciples. The view from it is exceedingly tranquilizing. Every object around, in whatever direction you look, is of a rather pleasing kind; so that without accepting the tradition which distinguishes it, it is impossible to conceive of a spot anywhere near the lake as better suited for the delivery of the great sermon. In marked contrast is the calm beauty, the verdant life around it, with the awful and stern ruggedness which reigns at Sinai.

Eleven hundred years after the delivery of the great law of love there raged a fierce battle between the Mohammedans and Christians around the brow of this same mountain. I have already alluded to the cause—the perfidy of Raynold of Chatillon, lord of Kerak. The Crusaders, under the command of the king of Jerusalem, had gathered at the fountain of Sufurieh, between Acre and Nazareth. Saladin, sultan of Damascus, had swept around the north end of the lake, seized upon the town of Tiberias, and encamped upon the heights above it, and there defied the Christian army. The king was allured from his position, and marched his forces to the plain around Hattin, and encamped at its base. The Crusaders had been exposed all day to the heat of a July sun, and the next morning found them exhausted, and without an adequate supply of water. They, however, boldly attacked the Arabs, who, avoiding the shocks of the heavily-armed knights, on their fleet steeds harassed them, meanwhile, with showers of javelins and darts. But the heat was so intense and the thirst so extreme that the Crusaders began to falter. They finally, after repeated desperate charges, in which they displayed the greatest valor, succumbed to their foe. Some of the bravest knights perished; a few escaped to Acre, but the king and many of his noblest warriors, among them the lord of Kerak, surrendered to Saladin. The lives of all the conquered chieftains were spared except that of Raynold of Chatillon.

With the fatal battle of Hattin, the reign of the Cru-

saders ceased in Palestine. A short struggle at Acre and they were forever driven from the land, for the rescue of which so much of the best blood and richest treasure of Europe had been sacrificed.

The approach to the top of the mount from the north and east is easy, but the descent on the south is steep and difficult. After reaching its foot there is quite a level stretch of cultivated land as far as to the ruins of Irbid, (Arbela,) the supposed Beth-arbel of Hosea x, 14. Among these ruins are several broken columns strewn around. We were now at the commencement of Wady Hamam, (the Valley of Doves,) riding down which, where it becomes a deep gorge, we looked up and saw, hundreds of feet above the road, the noted caves in the sides of the



Wady Hamam—Caves of Arbela.

mountain, the resort of robbers in the days of Herod, and from which he could never expel them until he lowered soldiers in huge boxes from the top of the mountain, who attacked them in their strongholds. A few minutes more

and we were again on the Plain of Gennesaret. We visited 'Ain Mudawarah, or, as it is sometimes called, the Round Fountain, on the west of the plain. It is a walled, circular reservoir, from eighty to ninety feet in diameter, with a spring in the center. The water is not deep, but very clear, and we could see fish, much like our American trout or sucker, swimming about in it.

Mr. Tristram thinks that this fountain was the site of Capernaum. He says:—

Here is a fountain in the center of the western boundary of the plain sending forth to this day a copious stream, which exactly bisects the Ghuweir on its way to the lake, and is the most important source of fertility in the plain. . . . Its waters are in high repute for their salubrity, and are resorted to by invalids from a considerable distance. But the most decisive argument in its favor is, to my mind, the statement of Josephus, that Capernaum produced the *κορακῖνος*, a fish like that of the lake near Alexandria. The fact is, that the remarkable siluroid, the cat-fish, or coracino, (*κορακῖνος*,) (*clarias macracanthus*, Gunthr.,) identical with the cat-fish of the ponds of Lower Egypt, does abound to a remarkable degree in the Round Fountain to this day. We obtained specimens a yard long, and some of them are deposited in the British Museum."*

The finding of these fish by Dr. Tristram—we were not so fortunate as to see any, though it is not surprising, as they bury themselves in the sand, and we did not especially look for them—is certainly a remarkable fact. Dr. Robinson had regarded it impossible for them to get so far up from the sea, and Dr. Thomson was of the same opinion. The difficulty in accepting Dr. Tristram's view

* "The Land of Israel," p. 442.

is, that Capernaum was situated on the sea-coast. Matt. iii, 13. The country was too small, and the towns too numerous, for the evangelist to speak of the city as on the coast when it was a mile and a half away. Then the name of the spring, Capharnaum, does not prove that the city was located at the spring. As Capernaum, the most prominent city of the vicinity in Josephus's day, had given its name even to the sea, much more might it to a remarkable fountain situated within the outlying district. It is impossible to believe that the most populous and stirring city of the lake, the home of fishermen, could have been so remote from the coast.

For the claim of Dr. Robinson,* that the city stood on or near the ridge about where now Khan Minyeh and 'Ain et Tin are found, there is more plausibility. It is a natural location for a town, overlooking, as it does, the whole of the fertile Plain of Gennesaret. But his arguments cannot be regarded as satisfactory. Feeling the force of what Josephus says of the Fountain of Capharnaum, he endeavors to identify it with 'Ain et Tin, in which effort he signally fails. It is explicitly stated by Josephus, "The plain is watered by this fountain;"† whereas 'Ain et Tin is within a few paces of the sea-shore, and could not possibly, even were it of sufficient volume, be turned back upon the plain.

I believe, also, with Dr. Thomson, that there is no

* "Biblical Researches," vol. iii, p. 292.
chap. x, sec. 8.

† "Wars of the Jews," book iii,

conclusive evidence from the evangelists that Capernaum was located on the Plain of Gennesaret.* Jesus, after the miracle of the loaves and fishes on the east side of the sea, sent his disciples before him by ship unto the other side. "And when they were gone over, they came into the land of Gennesaret." Matt. xiv, 34. Supposing the miracle and the voyage the same as referred to by John, (vi, 16, 17,) where he says, "His disciples entered into a ship and went over the sea toward Capernaum," it was not until the day following that the people discovered that Jesus, as well as his disciples, had gone, and as they knew of no other boat but the one the disciples took, they were at a loss to account for his disappearance. Just then other boats coming from Tiberias, they also took ship for the other side in pursuit of Jesus, and, as it seems, found him at Capernaum, where and when he delivered the wonderful discourse on eating his body and drinking his blood. Verses 24-59. Now admitting that Jesus landed and went first to the land of Gennesaret, there was ample time after that for him to have walked or sailed to Capernaum if it had been within an hour of the plain, before the multitude could have arrived.

It must be admitted, I think, that the weight of authority for the true site of Capernaum is at Tell Hum. Its location, so far toward the north end of the lake, at first impressed me unfavorably, as it seemed too far from the center of population; but I found, on going north

* "Land and Book," vol. i, p. 546.

along the plain of the Upper Jordan, that from present appearances of fertility, the whole section must have once teemed with plenty, and with a large population. But the name Tell Hum is a forcible argument in the absence of a philological argument for any other site.

Hum is the last syllable of Kefr na Hum, as it was anciently spelled, and it is a very common mode of curtailing old names to retain only the final syllable. Thus we have Zib for Nehzib. . . . In this instance Kefr has been changed to Tell; why, it is difficult to comprehend, for there is no proper Tell at that site. Still a deserted site is generally named Tell, but not Kefr, (which is applied to a village,) and when Capernaum became a heap of rubbish, it would be quite natural for the Arabs to drop the Kefr and call it Tell Hum, and this, I believe, they did.*

The numerous ruins to which I have already referred are also an important consideration in favor of Tell Hum. The large foundations described may have belonged to the very synagogue in which Christ taught, and which the devout ruler built for the Jews. The utter absence of any considerable ruins at Khan Minyeh and 'Ain Mudawarah cannot be explained satisfactorily by the nature of the soil and greater proximity to Tiberias. If the people of Tiberias carried away by floats on the sea all the material from these two points, they certainly could have done so from Tell Hum, which is even more conveniently located to the water on a gentle inclination of ground.

I am also inclined to identify 'Ain Tabigah with Jose-

* "Land and Book," vol. i, p. 545.

phus' fountain of Capharnaum. The waters are much more abundant, and of so convenient access to the lake, that the coracino, or cat-fish, can as readily make their way up into it as into 'Ain Mudawarah. According to Josephus and Tristram, the lake is the real place of these fish. Here comes in the explanation of the deep cut around the brow of the projecting hill at 'Ain et Tin, or Khan Minyeh already spoken of. Supposing Capernaum to have been at Tell Hum, nothing is more natural than that the great fountain so near by should have taken the name of the city.

The identification also of the modern Kerazeh, about two and a half miles north-east of Tell Hum in Wady Kerazeh, is of additional weight in the argument for Tell Hum, as Chorazin was undoubtedly near Capernaum. It is not mentioned by the evangelists except in connection with Capernaum and Bethsaida in the woes pronounced upon the three cities by Christ. Matt. xi, 21-23; Luke x, 13-15. If, too, Kerazeh be accepted as Chorazin, Tell Hum cannot be Chorazin, which leaves an additional probability that Tell Hum is Capernaum.

With regard to the site of Bethsaida, there is not only the same embarrassment as in the case of Capernaum, but also the difficulty arising from its being so mentioned that, according to one account, it appears to be on the east side, (Luke ix, 10,) and to another on the west side. (Mark vi, 45.) The last difficulty is solved by assuming that there were two Bethsaidas—one on the east, near

the Jordan, where there was a gentle and fertile plain, and where afterward Herod Philip built the city which he called Julias, and another on the west side, somewhere in the vicinity of Capernaum. It could hardly have been one town divided by the Jordan at the north end of the sea, as suggested by Dr. Thomson; since, when the disciples, according to Mark, were directed to go over unto Bethsaida, it is stated, "and when they had passed over, they came into the land of Gennesaret, and drew to the shore." Mark vi, 53. This would seem to prove that Bethsaida of the west shore was not only not at the mouth of the Jordan, but that it was in the land of Gennesaret. What better place than 'Ain` Tin or Khan Minyeh, Dr. Robinson's Capernaum? Hence Van de Velde and others place it here.

Whatever doubt might be felt as to the existence of two Bethsaidas should be dissipated by the exceeding appropriateness of the name for a fishing community, "house of fish;" by the frequency with which names were repeated in different, and even adjoining, regions; as, for example, Cana of Galilee and Cana of Ashur; Ramah of Benjamin, Ramah of Asher; and then the emphatic manner in which it is declared of Philip that he was of Bethsaida of Galilee, the city of Andrew and Peter, as though there was known to be another Bethsaida with which the town of Philip should not be confounded.

Resuming our journey from the Round Fountain, we took our course diagonally across el Ghuweir for Khan

Minyeh. I was even more impressed during this second and more thorough sight of the plain with its great natural fertility. Well watered by the stream through Wady Hamam on the south, by that from 'Ain Mudawarah and that from Wady er Rubudiyeh in the more central part, it is luxuriant with the growth of various plants. The nukb, the oleander, the Egyptian papyrus, the castor-oil plant, the wild fig, the poppy, the lily, weeds and grasses, standing thick in all directions, show a productiveness which confirms the account of the plain given by Josephus:—



Castor-oil Plant.

Its soil is so fruitful that all sorts of trees can grow upon it, and the inhabitants accordingly plant all sorts of trees there, for the temper of the air is so well mixed that it agrees very well with those several sorts, particularly walnuts, which require the coldest air, flourish there in vast plenty. There are palm-trees also, which grow best in hot air; fig-trees also, and olives, grow near them, which yet require an air that is more temperate. One may call this place the ambition of nature, where it forces those plants that are natural enemies to one another to agree together; it is a happy contention of the seasons, as if every one of them laid claim to this country.*

* "Wars of the Jews," book iii, chap. x, sec. 8.

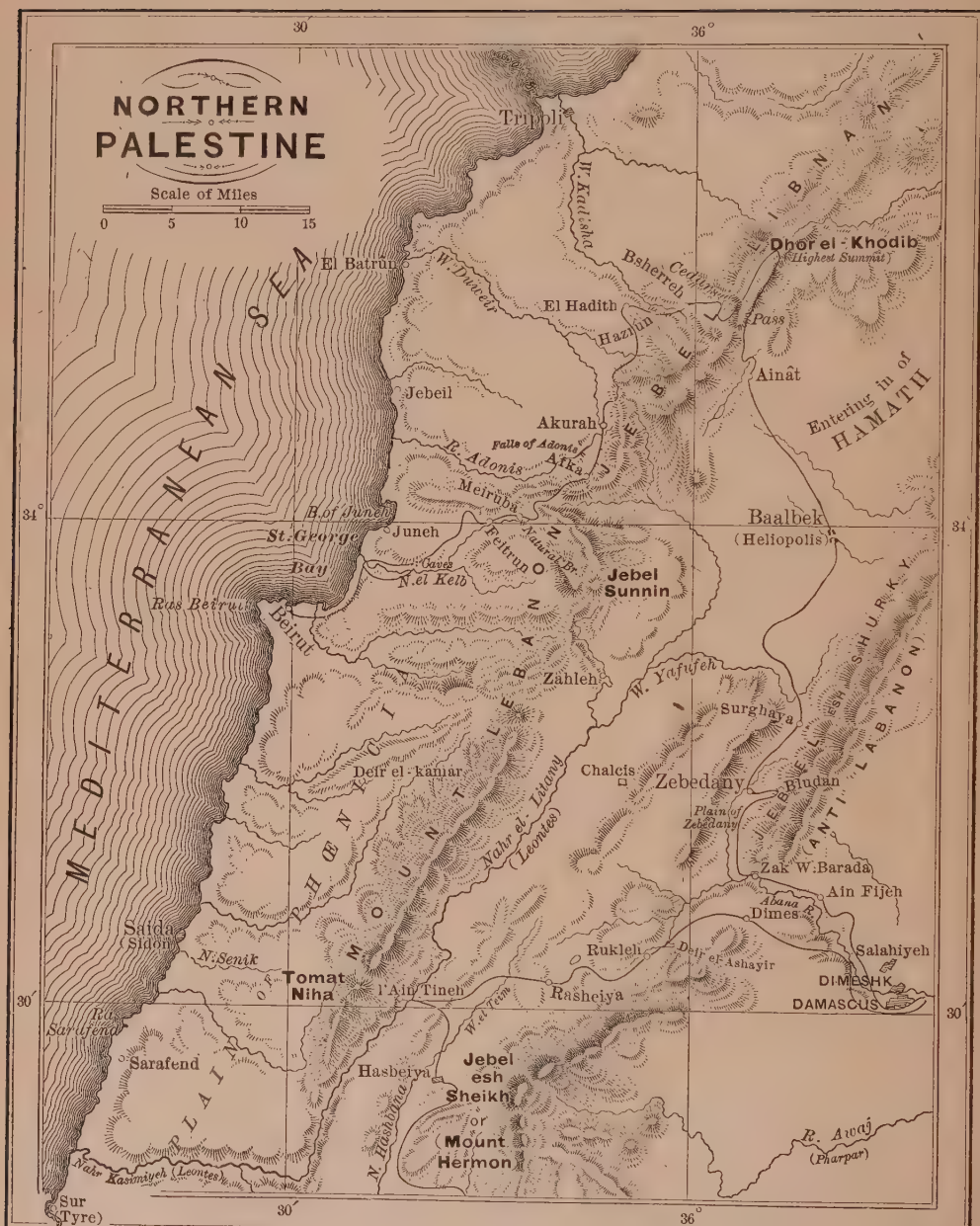
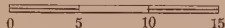
The plain is equally luxuriant in animate life. Butterflies of every variety; birds, as, for example, the grifon, the lammergeyer, the falcon, rock pigeon, a species of eagle, the bittern, kingfisher, peewit; and of animals, the gazelle, the bear, and other smaller species, abound. Wady Hamam, appropriately called Wady of the Pigeons, and Wady Timud, which leads from Safed, are sometimes alive with flocks of the rock pigeon.

Such, then, being the resources of the Sea of Galilee and its neighborhood—its waters abounding with fish, and the land along its shores capable of indefinite productions in vegetable and animal life—we can easily see why its vicinity was in the palmiest days of the Jewish nation the home of a large and flourishing population. Of its seven cities no one, it is affirmed, had fewer than fifteen thousand inhabitants.

It was not without regret that after another lunch under the same tree, overlooking 'Ain Tin, we mounted the hill back of 'Ain Tabigah, and, riding along the line of an old Roman road toward Kahn Jubb Yusuff, we finally left the home of our Lord and the chief scene of his earthly ministry.

NORTHERN PALESTINE

Scale of Miles



CHAPTER XXVIII.

CESAREA PHILIPPI—MOUNT HERMON.

KHAN JUBB YUSUFF lies on the great caravan route from Accho, or Acre, to Damascus. This is a large stone building of one story, with an interior quadrilateral court, around which are numerous rooms; the whole was for the accommodation of caravans in the best periods of Arab trade. From its location it is probable that an inn stood upon the spot in the days of our Saviour, and possibly at a remoter period. From this point the direct road to Damascus runs north-eastward, on the right of Lake Huleh, and to the east of Mount Hermon. We kept the road due north. Soon the Sea of Galilee disappeared behind the hill, and Bahr el Huleh, or the Waters of Merom, came in view ahead of us.

Lake Huleh is a pretty sheet of water in the shape of a triangle, with the apex at the south. It is not over three miles long and three miles wide. It is on a smaller scale what the Sea of Galilee is on a larger one, a reservoir in which to collect the tributaries of the Upper Jordan. The Hasbany river, the waters from the spring at Banias, as well as several other streams, run into it. The only mention made of this lake is at Joshua xi, in the account of the battle with Jabin, king of Hazor, and the kings con-

federate with him. There is no positive proof that the Waters of Merom, spoken of in Joshua, and this lake, are identical, but there is strong ground for regarding them so. The traditional site of Hazor, the capital of the Jabin who fought against Joshua, and of the Jabin who fought against Barak, is generally conceded to have been somewhere among the hills west of the Waters of Merom. This circumstance, together with the mention of Hermon, and the pursuit of the confederate forces as far as to Zidon or Sidon, would seem to give strength to the identification. The western swell of the Plain of Huleh was also favorable to the movement of Jabin's chariots.

We crossed during the afternoon several living streams and one or two dry wadies, and encamped in the evening at 'Ain Mellahah. The spot is low and marshy. Mosquitoes were plentiful, and we slept but little. The next morning we continued our journey up the plain, frequently fording streams of water. The middle of the valley above the lake is a continuous marsh, but had now so far dried up in many places as to admit of being plowed. We passed a beautiful cluster of terebinths. For the first time we saw the buffalo cattle belonging to this region. These animals are fond of the water and mud, and will stand therein much of the day with only the head and back exposed. One of them, near the roadside, thus almost submerged, was having a good time; but no better, apparently, than two or three turtles that had perched on the ridge of its back to sun themselves.

A notable feature of the ride was the harvesting, which was at its height. Strings of girls could be seen filing along, bearing the sheaves of wheat on their heads. On one threshing-floor I observed men were stacking sheaves before threshing, as is often done in America. I counted on a small arm of the valley not less than one hundred men, women, and children at work. Nothing but good government and good tillage are required for this valley, like many other sections of Palestine, to bring forth its thirty, sixty, and a hundredfold, as in the days when the land supported a dense population.

About noon we arrived at Tell el Kady, the Hill of the Judge. Forging a rapid stream which bursts from under the hill, we passed around to its flat top, and dismounted under two of the largest trees to be found in all Syria; the one an oak and the other a terebinth. They cast a broad and deep shade, and at their very roots gushes out a large spring, which is one of the sources of the Jordan. The oak, here, has all the features of the oak at Hebron; the small, jagged, single leaf, bears acorns, has rough bark and reddish fibers; while the terebinth, as elsewhere, has several leaflets on a single stem, somewhat like the locust leaf; has a dark, roughish bark, bears no acorns, as far as I could see, and has a fiber of whiter color and finer texture than the oak. Whether in the Scriptures the terebinth was the oak, and the terebinth of this day had a different name, or the words were used interchangeably for both varieties, I am

not able to say; the differences between the trees are such as I name.

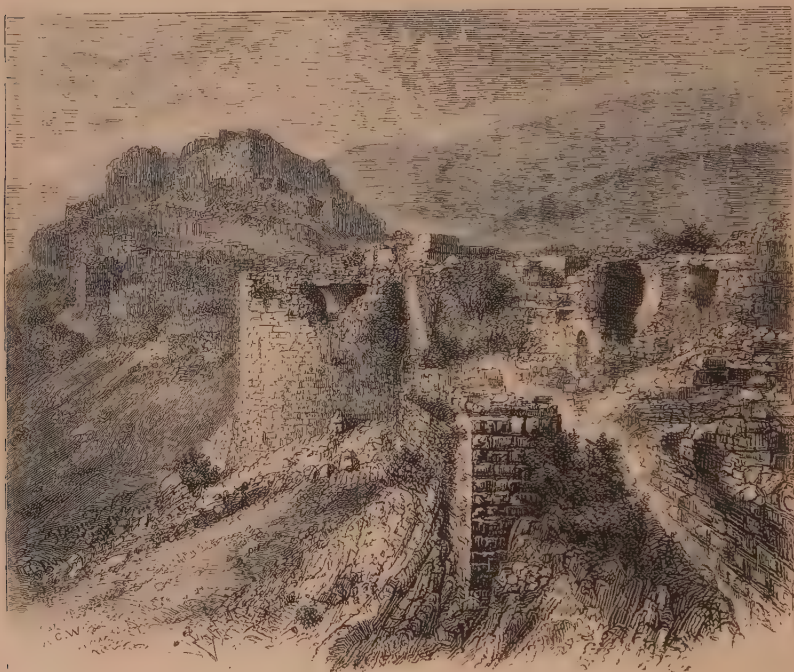
Upon this hill, with an area of only a few hundred square yards, stood ancient Dan, which was permanently the northernmost city of Israel, and as such, with Beer-sheba at the extreme south, gave rise to the geographical description of the land "from Dan even to Beer-sheba." Judg. xx, 1; 1 Sam. iii, 20; 2 Sam. iii, 10; xvii, 11. Moses' prophetic blessing was upon it. Deut. xxxiii, 22. Josephus places Dan at the Fountain of the Jordan in the great Plain of Sidon, a day's journey from that city. Long before the city of Dan stood here the Phenicians of Sidon had planted a town, and called it Lesem, or Laish. It was the center of a rich agricultural district, and its inhabitants lived in quiet and luxurious ease. The Danites, feeling themselves unduly cramped in their small territory, shut in between Judah and Ephraim and the Plain of Philistia, determined to enlarge their possessions. Six hundred of their daring young men set out upon a raiding expedition northward. Impressing the young priest of Micah into their service as they passed through Mount Ephraim, they continued their march until they arrived at Laish, where, finding the "people . . . at quiet and secure . . . they smote them with the edge of the sword, and burnt the city with fire. . . . And they built a city, and dwelt therein. And they called the name of the city Dan, after the name of Dan their father." Judges xviii, 27-29. The importance of Dan as a city is indicated by the fact

that here, as at Beth-el, Jeroboam set up a golden calf, thus establishing idol worship at the northern and southern extremes of his kingdom. 1 Kings xii, 28-33.

Tell el Kady is admirably located half way across the plain just at its head, whence the prospect includes all the plain with its lovely lakes, the hills of Galilee on the west, and the hills of Bashan on the east. It is also of sufficient elevation to admit of a good sight of Mount Hermon, whose colossal shape rises not far from it to the north-east.

From Tell el Kady we rode eastward for an hour and a half through a well-wooded park of oaks, terebinths, oleanders, and hawthorns, the eye meanwhile arrested by the huge old castle Kul'at es Subeibeh, which still bristles in its ruins upon a spur of the Hermon, until, amid rushing waters, we came to our camp at Banias. Our tents were pitched in an olive grove outside of the village. Stopping but for a moment, we mounted again for the ascent to the castle, which required a half hour. This is one of the grandest ruins in Palestine. The castle walls inclose an area at least one thousand feet long and two hundred feet wide. The structure occupies one of the main spurs of the Hermon, and is isolated by deep valleys on every side except the east, where there is also a slight depression. Some of the masonry bears marks of extreme age, and looks as though it might have belonged to the Phenician or Jewish period. Parts of it are undoubtedly Roman, since it is reasonable to conclude that Herod Philip could not have overlooked the

fortification of so important a point. Much of the structure was built by the Crusaders, from whom it was wrested by Nureddin of Damascus in 1165. The crescent floated from its walls until the seventeenth century, when the Turks abandoned it.



Ruins of Castle near Banias

As indicative of the extent and preservation of the castle, I measured one subterranean chamber, which is eighty by thirty-six feet, and well cemented. The most beautiful object of the wall, however, is a round tower on the south. Its masonry (stones with beveled edges) has a gradual depression toward the center, both from the top and from the bottom, giving a shape somewhat resembling

an hour-glass. At the west end the ruins rise to a great height. From this point, one thousand feet above the town, there is a magnificent view of Banias itself, of the Plain of Huleh, the hills of Galilee, and the southern spurs of the Lebanon mountains. The old castle of Shukif, (Belfort,) which hangs over the deep gorge of the Litany, and the beautiful little Plain of Ijon, directly on the route from Banias to Sidon, can be distinctly seen far away in the north-west.

In the morning we walked around Banias, the Cesarea Philippi of the New Testament. The grotto whence the great spring issues, which is the principal source of the Jordan, lies beneath a cliff one hundred feet high. Just in



Principal Source of the Jordan.

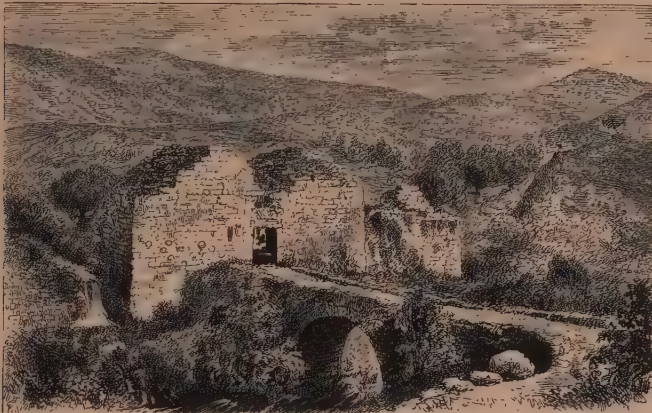
the grotto the water is quiet, and covered with scum ; but, passing under broken rocks, it flows out a stream of fifty feet in width, and rushing on for several hundred yards, dashes violently down a deep ravine on the north side of the town. Originally, I presume, the current was visible where it first pours out from the mountain side, but heaps of *débris* have choked it up.

Over this fountain, Josephus says, Herod the Great built a temple in honor of Cesar Augustus. It then retained the name of Panium, from the Greek, probably, because a temple to the god Pan had previously stood here. Dr. Robinson conjectures that this fountain was the site of Baal-gad. Joshua xi, 17. If so, then long before Pan was worshiped here by the Greeks, Baal was worshiped by the Canaanites. No race, however rude, could have failed to appreciate so wild a glen, and the source of so great a river, as a suitable spot for the celebration of their religious rites. The present name, Banias, is easily derived from the ancient Panium.

When the tetrarchy of Iturea and the region of Trachonitis fell to Herod Philip, son of Herod the Great, he rebuilt and enlarged Panium, and named it Cesarea, in honor of Tiberius Cesar, and Philippi, to distinguish it from Cesarea on the sea-coast.* The remains of ancient masonry, the broken columns strewn along the two ravines between which the city stood, give some notion of its

* Josephus, "Antiquities," book xviii, chap. ii, sec. 1 ; " Wars of the Jews," book ii, chap. ix, sec. 1.

beauty. The surrounding scenery for boldness and grandeur reminds one of the Alps. Crossing the ravine on the south of the town through an old tower and over an old stone bridge, we ascended a hill, and from thence overlooked all the ruins and the modern town, so strangely



Bridge and Gate-way at Banias.

blended together. The principal object is an old wall and fortress. We found, after passing through the town, a stone with a Phenician inscription. The town itself is the usual cluster of stone and mud huts. Nearly all the houses have booths built on top of them, where the families sleep in summer to avoid the heat, vermin, and scorpions.

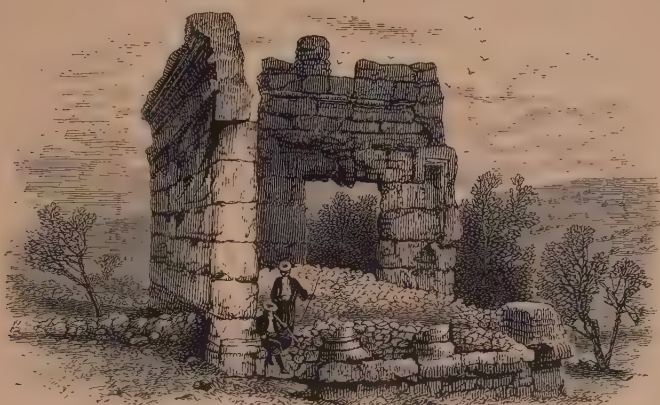
Cesarea Philippi is the farthest point in the north-east reported to have been visited by our Lord. It was in this vicinity that the discourse with his disciples, in which he said to Peter, "Thou art Peter, and upon this rock I will build my Church, and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it," (Matt. xvi, 13-20,) took place.

To the haughty tetrarch and his gay court the obscure Galilean, with his few fishermen followers, was unknown; but the proud ruler has passed well-nigh into forgetfulness, and his strong and elegant buildings have fallen into ruins and neglect, while the words spoken by Jesus live on in the hearts of increasing millions, and stand as firmly to-day as the great mountain under whose shadow they were uttered. Leaping from point to point amid the rush and roar of waters, we returned to our camp again, and soon afterward prepared to leave. One of our company was so fortunate as to purchase a scorpion from a native, which he carefully bottled in alcohol to take home. Some of us obtained some pretty olive sticks from the grove. I observed here, what I had not noticed before, that the olive puts up numerous shoots from its roots near the trunk. It occurred to me that it may have been to this peculiarity of the tree that the psalmist alludes when he says, "Thy children (shall be) like olive plants round about thy table." *Psa. cxxviii, 3.*

Our course on leaving Banias lay north, through the great Wady et Teim, along the banks of Nahr Hasbany, with the slopes of Hermon on our right. After crossing the river we ascended a very steep hill upon which is situated Rasheiyt el Fukhar, a Maronite village. Before reaching the village we met a long train of donkeys laden with earthenware manufactured in the neighborhood, on its way to Damascus. The people look much brighter than the ordinary Arabs. They gathered about us as

we lunched, and seemed much interested not only because we were strangers, but because we were Christians. One poor mother brought her sick child, hoping we might have a physician among us, and was greatly disappointed when we could not help it. We did not follow the road directly up the Hasbany, but bore eastward up a deep glen and across to Hibbariyeh to visit an ancient temple.

Three of the walls of this temple are well preserved, and are six feet thick. The capitals of the pilasters are



Syro-Grecian Temple.

Ionic; the columns which stood between them have disappeared. There is an ornamented ledge near the foundation; above, at the eaves, a cornice with a line of rounded stones; and at each end of the building a sculptured pediment. The size of the edifice is fifty-eight by thirty-one feet. It stands on the brink of Wady Shib'a, and fronts eastward, looking up the mighty gorge. The architecture of the building, and its situation, indicate

that it probably belonged to the Syro-Grecian period. It is the best preserved of all the ancient temples we found among the Lebanon and Anti-Lebanon mountains. Among the group of youths from the village who came around us was one girl, well grown, of remarkable beauty. She was amusing herself with a pet goat.

We descended through Wady Shib'a a short distance, and then crossing a rapid stream, and climbing a very steep hill on which is a small village, we found ourselves on a broad plateau planted with vineyards. Riding on northward, we soon came upon the flourishing town of Hasbeiya. We could look down upon the houses, filling, as they do, both sides of a deep glen which falls precipitously from the west side of Hermon into Wady et Teim. I had not anticipated seeing a place of so much activity. The houses are of stone, and well built; the bazaars seem to be alive with trade. As we rode by the palace a bevy of pretty girls greeted us from a building opposite. This gratified not a little the young men of our party, who returned the greetings with their politest bows and smiles. Our camp was pitched beyond the town, near a large grove of olives, so that we saw nothing of the town after we passed through it.

The population of Hasbeiya in 1860 was five thousand persons, of whom four thousand were Christians. The greater part of the remainder were Mohammedans of the Druze sect, a people of a most severe and fanatical type. They regard themselves as reformers, build their mosques

in the most sequestered places, in wild gorges and on high precipices, and conduct their worship in comparative solitude. It was this sect which, in 1860, incited the massacre of the Christians in Damascus, and all through the Lebanon and Anti-Lebanon regions. This town suffered terribly. The Christians, in their extremity, fled to the castle for protection, and there they were allowed to be butchered in cold blood by the commandant, Osman Bey. The Turkish soldiers, instead of protecting the fugitives, pushed them forward to be massacred, and one thousand perished.

Toward evening a number of Christian girls, some of whom had attended the Protestant school which for awhile was conducted here, came around the camp with little articles of their own work for sale. The girls whom we saw as we passed through the town must belong to the Greek or Latin school of the place. As I was strolling in the olive grove I heard some horsemen approaching, who, shouting and singing, spurred their horses and dashed violently forward. They were all young men, and well mounted. Upon inquiry, I learned they were the sons of the late Emir S'aad ed Din, governor of the town. The children of the emir form an aristocracy among themselves.

Our camping ground was a very pleasant spot. I received here a most vivid impression of the brightness and beauty of a Syrian sky at night. We were in the deep valley, with Hermon rising on one side and Jebel Rihan

on the other. The tall dark sides of the mountains rendered the transparent atmosphere even more luminous above, and the stars seemed of unusual magnitude, number, and brilliancy. I thought of God's promise to Abraham: "Look now toward heaven, and tell the stars, if thou be able to number them: and he said unto him, So shall thy seed be."

June 11. The next morning we came first to the Fountain of Hasbany. The water springs up liberally through a gravelly bed, rushes on, and leaps over a stone wall, forming a beautiful cascade. This is another source of the Jordan. It flows down Wady et Teim till it intersects the streams from Dan and Banias, and then together they empty into Lake Huleh. Soon after leaving the fountain we turned westward, and ascended one of the slopes of the Lebanon range to the village of Yahmur. As we looked back the effect of the morning sun upon Mount Hermon, the snow yet lingering upon its summit, was indeed grand. Descending from the village westward around a sharp turn, we came to the deep gorge through which the Leontes (Litany) flows. The water comes tumbling down the chasm, the walls of which are almost perpendicular, and passes under a natural bridge, el Kûweh, which spans the abyss at a height of about three hundred feet above the water.

This bridge has been formed by the lodging of huge bowlders, upon which the earth has gradually accumulated. On the earth grow trees and shrubbery. The



MOUNT HERMON.

passage-way of the bridge is only a few feet wide. I cut a shoot of a wild fig-tree overhanging the shelving banks. Below the bridge the water flows rather smoothly for a few hundred yards, and then leaps and twists fantastically as it rushes on to rocky depths beyond. Jebel Rihan and two other peaks of the Lebanon tower up to an immense height. The natural bridge, the depth of the gorge, the violence of the waters, the great height of the mountains, the precipitous and chaotic wildness of the rocks, all combine to make this spot one of the greatest freaks of nature to be found in all Syria. To add to the effect, as we turned away a boy was driving down from the village large flocks of goats. It was wonderful to see how these animals would skip over the rocks.

The ride during the afternoon through the broad valley et Teim was rough, but entertaining. At every step we would get different views of the noble Hermon, called fittingly by the Arabs es Sheik, and once in the Bible (Num. xxxiv, 7, 8) Mount Hor, the mount, by way of pre-eminence. It towers aloft nine thousand three hundred and seventy-six feet above the sea, and more than six thousand feet above the bed of the valley. Here and there its colossal sides are dotted for a short way up by stunted trees; while the ribs of snow toward the summit contrasted, as we saw it, most charmingly with the dark and red tints of the rocky surface. It is not surprising, from its great height and grandeur, that Hermon should be so frequently mentioned in the Scriptures. Farther

on, northward, the higher peaks of the Lebanon and Anti-Lebanon proper began to rise in the distance.

After five hours' ride we found our camp pitched at Rasheiya, on the north-west side of Hermon. Some idea of the elevation of the village may be formed from the fact that it requires but three hours to ascend from it to the summit of Hermon. The whole vicinity of the town is planted in vineyards, olive and fig groves. Eight hundred Christians were massacred here in 1860. As we stood ready to leave in the morning, it was surprising to see the little girls bound forward with their baskets to rake up the dung which fell from the horses. This they dry in the sun and use for fuel. Such an incident gives an adequate idea of the scarcity of wood and the poverty of the people.

Resuming our journey, we descended the hill and rode north-east through a pretty, oval-shaped valley and by a little lake, turning aside a few minutes to see the remains of an ancient temple at Aiha. These are so meager as hardly to be intelligible. Two and a half hours up a big hill, and through a series of ascents and descents, brought us to Rukleh. Here are the ruins of another temple, where we saw two objects of interest. One was an embossed face three feet four inches long, surrounded by a double ornamented circle, and much like that we saw at Beit el Kurn, in Moab. It is on the side of the wall looking toward Hermon. The other is a finely sculptured eagle, with expanded wings, such as are seen in

Assyrian architecture. These two features led me to conclude the temple to have been of Syrian or Assyrian origin. The fact that this temple faced toward Hermon,



Embossed Head of Baal at Rukleh.

as well as that at Hibbariyeh, would indicate, on the supposition that they are of Syrian origin, that the Syrians worshiped toward the summit of the mountain, regarding it as the high place of Baal. This may have been the

origin of the name of Baal-hermon. Judges iii, 3; 1 Chron. v, 23. Ruins bearing marks of great antiquity are found on one of the three peaks which form the summit.

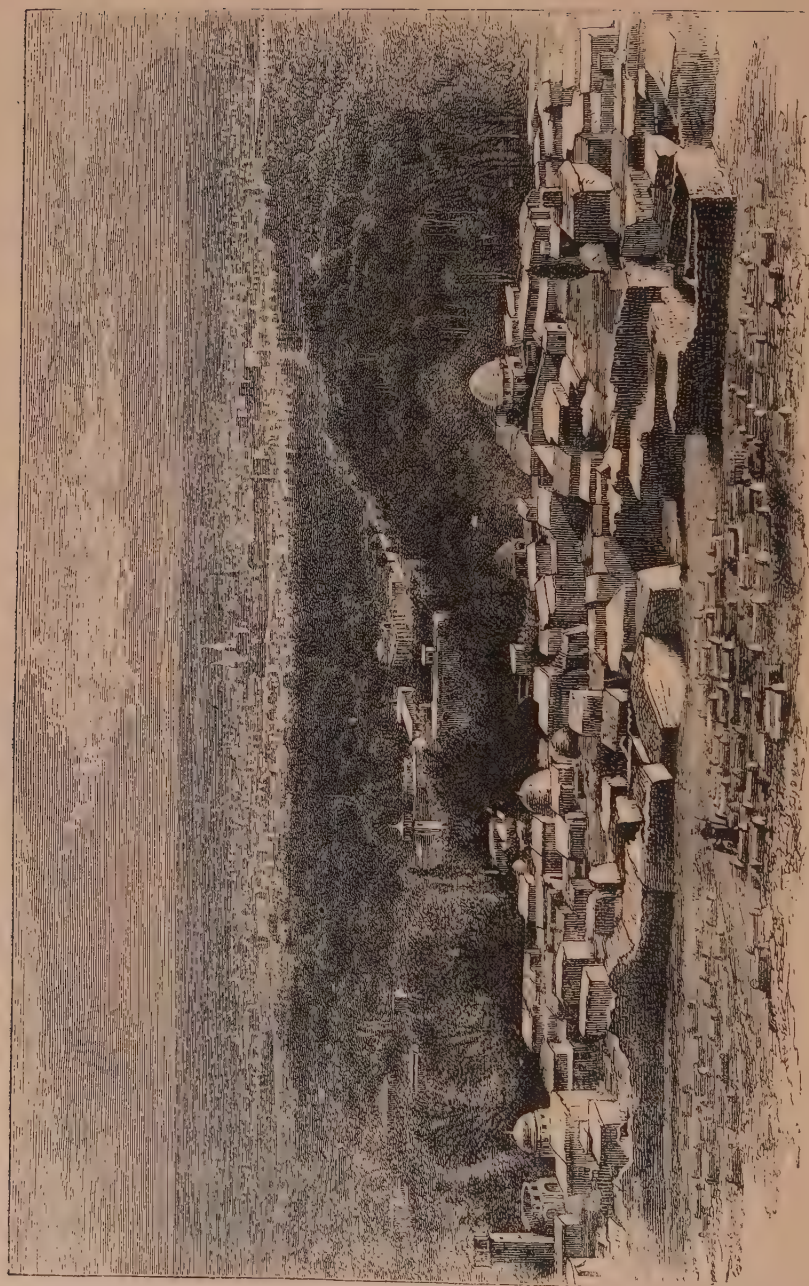
The road from Rukleh lies through a narrow wady, the sides of which are well covered with thorn-bushes, and from it we had a superb view of the villages of Zebdany and Bludan, and the peaks of the Anti-Lebanus rising above them. Deir el Ashayir, a village inhabited by Druses and Christians, stands at the edge of the plain in which the wady opens. Here are the ruins of another temple, much more extensive and perfect than those at Rukleh, but evidently not so ancient. The masonry is massive, and from the general style of the architecture I should think the ruins, as the name indicates, are those of a Christian church and convent. One hour down the plain brought us to the French turnpike leading from Beirut to Damascus. As our horses touched its firm, smooth surface we seemed to be instantly transported into European civilization. The effect was much as when a vessel suddenly passes from rough into smooth water. One hour and a half more and we branched off to the old road, and encamped on a hill-side by the village of Damias, four hours from Damascus.

The next morning we were in the saddle by six o'clock. A short gallop and we were again on the turnpike. The air was cool and bracing, and our horses moved rapidly over the hard and level road. The *diligence*, with the night mail from Beirut, passed us. We

also met the morning *diligence* from Damascus, well filled with passengers. For three miles the road crosses the flat, desert Plain of Sahra, and then strikes the Nahr Barada, the ancient river Abana. We met a train of fifteen large wagons, all heavily loaded with merchandise for Beirut. From the instant the road reaches the Barada, which rushes clear, cool, and swift in its narrow bed, the whole scene is changed: it winds at once amid groves of poplars, maples, and orchards of all manner of fruit-trees, until it ends in the city.

On crossing the bridge at Dummar, a villa-like place, we turned to the left on the old road. This road is much rougher than the turnpike, but approaching as it does the great valley in which Damascus lies, from a high hill, it allows the stranger to get at the first sight the best impression of the city. I had seen nowhere hills more sterile and unattractive than those we were now crossing. And it seemed as though they were interminable. At last, just ahead, was a wely perched on an eminence, which we knew overlooked the valley. Some of the party spurred their horses up to it, but I kept the road which winds to the left through a deep cut, and as I emerged from it the city lay before me. The effect was as if a vision were suddenly let down from heaven. As far as the eye could see, a broad strip of green, glistening like an emerald, stretched along the plain. Through this strip of green could be seen an occasional quiver of the Abana as it rushes along, sending out, like threads of sil-

ver, through innumerable canals, its life-giving waters to the roots of every tree, and to the homes and shops of the people. Amid and above a vast forest of trees rose domes, towers, and minarets, springing gracefully into the air, all shining in their whiteness with intense brilliance as the rays of the morning sun fell upon them. This was the picture, while the bare, gray, glaring mountains on either side of the valley furnished the frame-work. It is impossible for language to exaggerate the beauty of the scene; though often described, no description has ever yet done justice to the reality. I could not wonder at the tradition which relates that when Mohammed, in his earlier conquests, approached the city and saw it from an adjoining height, he reined up his charger, and after looking long in silence, said, "God gives to man but one paradise; I take mine in heaven;" and wheeling about, turned away forever.



DAMASCUS.

CHAPTER XXIX.

DAMASCUS.

WE descended from the hill whence we obtained our first view of the Plain of Damascus and entered the city on the north side, winding through crooked lanes between high mud walls, which inclose fertile gardens filled with all sorts of fruit-trees: the tall, spreading walnut overhanging the walls, the graceful pomegranate, the richly laden apricot, with fig, plum, pear, olive, and apple-trees. We struck into the French road, and followed it until, crossing the Barada by the Dervishes' Mosque, we found the customary camping ground by the side of the mosque. This greensward by the river's side was very delightful for the time, but proved too low and damp for healthfulness, and some of the company afterward suffered the consequence in repeated attacks of ague and fever.

Before lunch Dr. Fish and myself hastened over to the hotel to see our ladies, who expected to be there in advance of us. They were reported as having arrived two days previously, but had gone out for a ride, and we were obliged to return to camp without seeing them. Here, however, as in Jerusalem, I was quite willing to break the monotony of camp life by sojourning for a few

days at the hotel. One might be almost sure, from the whole air of the house, that there is no competition in this line. There is really only one hotel in Damascus. The proprietor, a native Greek, is very attentive, and the house is well kept. It is the most thoroughly oriental hotel that we visited, as Damascus is certainly the most oriental of cities usually visited by travelers. At its entrance there is a large gate-way, with small portals at the side, through which guests generally enter. The large gate is seldom opened; but later in the day, when our party came up in considerable numbers, at Mrs. Ridgeway's suggestion, it was swung wide open as a compliment to us. This habit of living with closed gate-way and well-guarded entrance has been maintained since the massacre of 1860, and with more reason than seemed apparent to us when we were on the spot, for during the last year Christians have been attacked by infuriated mobs, and the English consul has been insulted on the street. The low side gate answers to the needle's eye mentioned in Matt. xix, 24; the camel might walk proudly through the chief entrance, but could not be expected to pass through the smaller one.

Just inside the gate-way there are rooms on either hand, where dragomen, couriers, and servants of the house congregate. Passing into a quadrangular court, shaded by tall orange and lemon-trees, we found fountains playing and water rippling continually. On one side of this court is a recess and a *leewan* with divans, where gentle-

men lounge, and on the opposite side is a reception room, lighted from the court. In the center of this apartment an octagon fountain rises from a floor of marble mosaics, and over it hangs a crystal chandelier. On either side the floor is raised two steps; it is carpeted with Turkish rugs, the divans are richly upholstered and the ceilings are ornamented in arabesque, in dark colors and gilt. The next story is surrounded by a broad balcony, upon which the rooms open, so they are always shaded. Such surroundings, filled in with the various characters appearing upon the scenes, leave pictures in the mind that are not easily forgotten.

My first afternoon was spent in the bazaars, and indeed much subsequent time also. I was not disappointed in their character; they are wonderful for fullness and variety. They stretch out indefinitely in immense networks, and the uninitiated eye discovers no dividing lines. The trades and departments, however, are quite distinct from one another, and at night iron gates separate between them. In one place we see copper plates and pans, polished and ornamented, and sometimes very old; in another, saddles in all variety, with their trappings gayly trimmed; then came the department of arms, where are displayed pieces of various kinds, ancient and modern, some of them set with jewels. In one place only nargileh is manufactured and offered for sale, but so great is the variety of stem and bowl that one could not soon weary of examining them. There are the seed bazaar, the

tobacco bazaar, the sweetmeat bazaar, the tailors' and the shoemakers' bazaar, the silk bazaar, old clothes bazaar, the curious silversmiths' bazaar, the cabinet-makers' bazaar, and the book bazaar. Many European goods are on exhibition, though all the merchandise, of whatever description, is packed into narrow stalls, where it is difficult to make any display, but from whose hidden recesses goods of rare beauty and value may be brought out.

These bazaars are shaded, and were cool and comfortable, though the weather was extremely hot during our stay in Damascus. The latticed windows project far over the street, and matting is laid across, so that the sun does not penetrate. The thoroughfares are full of busy life. The Turk and Arab do not hurry, as an American might under similar circumstances, but they talk loudly and gesticulate violently, and seem very much in earnest even when the subject under discussion is rather trivial. Trains of heavily laden camels pass slowly along, turning their heads from one side to another; then an officer passes on a splendid and richly caparisoned horse; and donkeys trot briskly by, sometimes their panniers so projecting that the pedestrian must avoid near proximity. Sometimes they are carefully led along as they bear upon their backs some stately dame, who is veiled and well wrapped in her izar. The natives, both men and women, seemed as curious to notice us as we were to see them. On one occasion the curiosity of some women led them to finger the dress of one of our ladies; she smiled, and

encouraged them to count the plaits and note the details which had attracted them, because it brought us into nearer contact, and gave an opportunity for an interchange of questions.

Generally the stalls or shops of the bazaars have only one occupant, who sits calmly upon his rug waiting for business; if several persons come together to look at the goods, he readily commands assistants. Of course we cared most to see goods peculiar to Damascus—the soft rich silks for which it is famous, and cloths wrought in bright colors and curious designs. The chief emporium of such goods are khans, in the upper rooms of which we found large assortments. These khans open out from the bazaars through a narrow passage, and a dark stairway leads to their rich stores.

Michael, the guide whom we employed, a Greek Christian, was intelligent and attentive, and seemed to have our interests at heart. He would state to us the price of the merchant, and then insist earnestly and indignantly upon a change in our favor, which was generally conceded. When, upon later visits, we went to the same places without a guide, we found prices much less, and were made to understand by the merchants that they could afford to do better; and it is probable that instead of seeking our interests, the guide insisted upon high prices that his own commission might be the greater, for he must have known the real price of the article. One day we desired to buy some attar of roses, but

refused decidedly when we found what we should be obliged to pay. Michael assured us that such an article could not be bought for less. On the next day he led us to the place, and without consultation told us we could have it for what we had offered on the previous day; others of our company afterward bought a similar article for much less than we paid.

The merchants generally speak a few words of English, and we delighted to use a few leading Arabic words. We asked the price of an article that pleased us, and then declared it to be far too much. The owner instantly folded the article up with an air of indifference, and after a slight pause he suddenly asked, "How much you give?" We made an offer, which was invariably about half the price asked. This was met by a contemptuous little exclamation, answering to our pshaw, with which we became so familiar as to make it a by-word, but of which I cannot give an idea in print, except to say that it is caused by a peculiar suction of the tongue and teeth, and in sound is not unlike the note of the ordinary sap-sucker, (*picus varius*.) They would not, however, let us go away without the article if any tricks could induce us to buy. We were pleased to have it at our own price, though we often paid far more than the worth. We met only one Arab in all our dealings who was an exception to this mode of doing business. He had traveled, and learned a thing or two, and informed us at our first meeting that he did business "like

a European." He generally managed to make sales, and at good prices. He told us that he expected to attend the American Centennial, and to take oriental goods with him.

There was a constant temptation to buy, the goods were so beautiful, and seemed to us so cheap; but we were obliged to remember that we must not encumber ourselves with baggage, nor accumulate many articles which might be dutiable upon our return home. We bought at different times pretty *caffères*, and various specimens of silk manufacture—some articles of dress, such as are worn by men and women, some prettily chased silver cup-holders, and some specimens of wood-work inlaid with mother-of-pearl. We tried several kinds of sweetmeats: some that looked very nice were not very palatable to us, because olive oil is used as an ingredient, and makes them very rich. Ice-cream was offered on the corners of the street, frozen with snow brought from the Lebanons. It has a pasty taste, and after it is put into the cups it is flavored by sprinkling on it the essence of orange-blossoms.

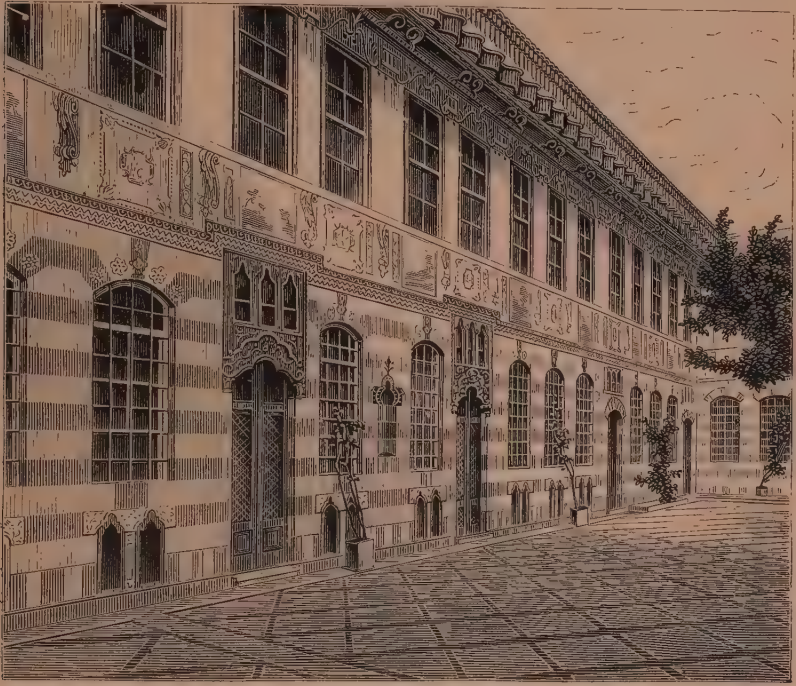
One afternoon we were induced by Michael to go to the house of an Arab who had antiques for sale. We had seen him at the hotel, to which he came evenings to exhibit his goods. We were assured that the distance was short, and felt some degree of impatience upon finding it a long walk, through narrow, filthy lanes. Several rooms were so filled with a great variety of wares that

the house seemed like a museum where was illustrated the customs of the Damascenes from time immemorial. Our purchases were light, but he was just as interested in calling our attention to his most valuable things. There were shelves around a good-sized room, and pieces of most delicate old china set around on boxes, or even on the floor, while the walls were hung with various sorts of ancient armor, among them scimiters of pure Damascus steel.

We learned that to some of the private houses strangers are permitted to have access. Our guide took us to two, which serve as specimens of the better class. In passing through the streets one can judge nothing of the interiors—only rough, blank walls are seen for the lower stories at least, and the more modern houses do not have the picturesque latticed windows which belong to the older architecture.

Our first call was at the house of a Jewish family. We entered a small, plain, cheerless court; but passed on through another gate into the central court, where the scene was almost fairy-like. Water splashed in marble fountains; over the tessellated pavement rose orange and citron-trees, affording agreeable shade; while the air was perfumed by flowering shrubs and vines trained over trellis-work. Rooms opened upon the four sides of the court; both the lower and upper stories being shaded by broad balconies supported by slender columns. In the center of one side was the open *leewan* to which we were

ushered. In the room on the right we caught a glimpse of some ladies, who were sitting on cushions on the floor



Interior of House at Damascus.

The room opposite was the reception room, and really gorgeous in its ornamentation. The walls were wainscoted, carved, and gilt, and the ceiling ornamented in arabesque designs. The *salon* consisted of two parts—first the *'alabeh*, low, paved with marble, and having a fountain in the center; the other, raised about two steps higher, was carpeted and surrounded by low divans, upholstered with satin. Two of the ladies joined us; they were the wives of two brothers, who jointly occupied the house. They were soon followed by two girls, younger

sisters of one of the ladies. The ladies were both very stout, they dressed in fine white muslin, made unbecomingly, and wore a profusion of very valuable and showy jewelry. On their feet were soft yellow slippers, and high, beautifully inlaid pattens, which clattered as they passed over the cold pavement; the latter were left in the 'alabeh. They seemed pleased at our admiration of their surroundings.

We went afterward to the house of a Greek Christian. Just as we were about to enter, a gentleman of elegant appearance met us on the street, who had been with us in the hotel at Jerusalem. He proved to be a friend of the family, and as he talked French he could communicate with our party. The gentleman and lady of the house met us cordially and modestly. Three young daughters came in without embarrassment. The ladies wore dresses of white net, wrought with figures in bright colors; the mother wore much jewelry, chaste and beautiful in style. The oldest daughter had attended school in Beirut, talked French easily, and seemed desirous to entertain our ladies. Azelma, the youngest, took Mrs. Ridgaway's hand, conducted her about the premises, and professed to be willing to accompany her to America. The reception room was not so elaborately ornamented as in the other house. It was divided, one part elevated above the other. Some of the gentlemen sat in the lower department, and servants stood near the door; the ladies were seated upon luxurious sofas, which, with all the

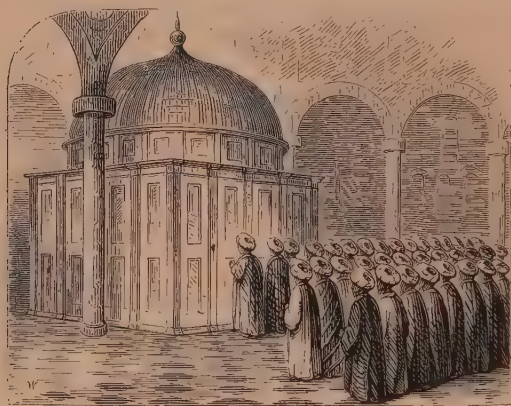
wood-work of the room, were inlaid with mother-of-pearl. Cigarettes were brought and offered to ladies as well as gentlemen, and coals passed in an iron stand. Then coffee was served, black and thick, but of delicious flavor. One large room, with marble floor, was said to be for music and dancing; and in another was the library, where the master of the house was accustomed to sit on rugs to write, and where his books lay piled about.

Of course it would be difficult to gain admission into Moslem houses, though ladies sometimes visit harems through letters of introduction from some resident English lady.

On Sunday we attended service at the Reformed Presbyterian Church. Our party made up almost the entire congregation, as the missionary families were absent, dwelling in mountain villages during the hot season. The mission is conducted jointly by the Reformed Presbyterians of Great Britain and America. In the Christian quarter a substantial fountain is built on the side of the street, with an inscription in English, stating that it was erected as a memorial of a lady who for years had taught a girls' school in Damascus.

The principal building of the city is the Great Mosque. We lingered long among the many columns of its interior and in the cloistered court, endeavoring to get an idea of the relation of all the parts to the whole, recalling its wonderful history, and tracing on the doors the remains of Christian symbols. This very spot has, without

doubt, been devoted to worship from very early ages. Here stood the magnificent heathen temple, the noble Christian church; and now, for many centuries, the Moslems have held control. Through all the changes the glory and splendor have been maintained, while in and about the present edifice Roman architecture, Grecian art, as well as Moslem taste, may be traced. A grand dome rises over the center; a little to one side is a small



Funeral of a Sheik in Great Mosque.

inclosure, the railings carved and gilt, believed to cover the spot beneath which, in a cave, is preserved the head of John the Baptist.

While strolling freely through the long aisles, a procession entered the building, and a bier was deposited before this sacred shrine. A few prayers were said, and the people quickly passed out. We were informed that they bore the body of a sheik, to whom, because of his high family connections, and because he had made the pilgrimage to Mecca, was accorded this unusual honor. We were told to keep at a respectful distance, and because one of our company pressed forward under the shadow of a neighboring column to observe the services more closely, there were expressions of anger and

threats that rather disturbed our dragoman. This was not to be wondered at when we remember how very recently it is that Christians have had any liberty that Mohammedans could forbid; how great has been their intolerance, and how bitter their hatred. For twelve centuries no Christian foot was allowed to enter these sacred precincts, and now we had to put off the shoes from our feet before crossing the threshold. I suppose our presence was only tolerated because of the income derived from the fees paid for the privilege of visiting the sacred place. Away off in a remote corner is a small, mean, cheerless apartment, in which the women may pray, for they



Peeping at Howadji.

never enter into the great congregation. While looking at it, a multitude of men and boys gathered at the window, and earnestly inspected us.

Going around to the bazaar, at the north entrance of the mosque, and at a little distance from the door, we went up to the housetop, and saw the columns and remains of an arch which belong to the Roman or Grecian period, and probably antedated the time of Christ. This must have been an entrance-way to the area of the temple. From grand arches, supported by pillars, stretched double colonnades, both east and west, to the great gates of the city.

Leaving this point, and going into the dingy, noisy silversmith's bazaar, we again ascended to a roof, and by

the aid of a ladder got where we could see the top of a richly ornamented triple gate-way, with its Grecian finish. Here, over the central arch, and underneath a cross, has remained during all these centuries the inscription, in Greek, "Thy kingdom, O Christ, is an everlasting kingdom, and thy dominion endureth throughout all generations." Surely the surviving of these words in such a place may be accepted by the Christian as a cheering augury. The Great Mosque and Moslemism, itself are falling to decay, but the cause of Christ increases in power throughout the earth.

We also ascended the minaret at the south-eastern angle, and from it obtained a fine view of all the city

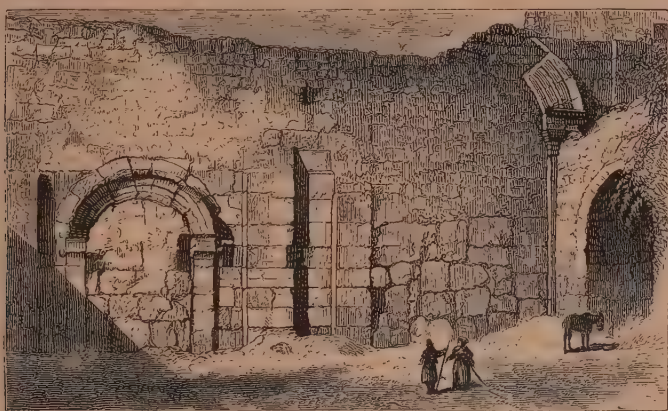


Street called "Straight."

and surrounding country. This is called the minaret of Jesus, Moslem tradition asserting that when Jesus comes to judge the earth he will first descend on it.

A ride of a few hours took us to the chief points of interest about the city. One of the first of these shown to the stranger is the "street which is called Straight." Acts ix, 11. A part of its course is through the bazaars, and it is not

now quite straight, but its identity is unquestioned. In Roman times, and long afterward, a noble street extended in a straight line from east to west through the city. It was a mile in length, and a hundred feet wide, and was divided by Corinthian colonnades into three avenues. Riding to the eastern terminus of this street we could distinctly trace the outline of the grand Roman portal, with its three gate-ways, though long since all have been walled up but one of the side gates, around which has been built a modern tower.



Ancient East Gate of Damascus.

On our riding around the south-east wall, the spot was pointed out where St. Paul was let down from the wall. It is marked by a door-way with an arch above, and also a break in the wall. Near by stands a tower on the wall, the foundation work of which is evidently Roman. We could still see houses built and standing in the manner, perhaps, of the time of Paul. Near by is the tomb of St. George, who, it is claimed, was the instrument

of Paul's escape from the city. A few hundred feet farther we came to the Christian cemetery. This is the traditional site where Saul of Tarsus was stricken to the ground when "suddenly there shined round about him a light from heaven." Acts ix, 3. There is another place, three and a half hours distant, also designated. From the language repeatedly used, "Near to Damascus;" "Arise, and go into the city;" "But they led him by the hand, and brought him into Damascus;" it seems that he could not have been so remote as three and a half hours away. Then, as I suggested on the spot, God meant to magnify his grace to the fullest extent; and it would seem consistent with this that he should allow the great persecutor to get near the city in the full flush of success, feeling that his victims were in his very grasp, and that his plans should then be overthrown. To locate the scene behind the range of mountains which must have concealed Damascus from Saul's view is to reduce the force of the miracle, and do violence to the plain statement of the word.

On returning, outside of the wall we saw a dilapidated, lonely house, which is used as a leper's hospital, and which is said to stand on the site of Naaman's house. Passing thence to the north side of the wall we came to an old mosque, where is buried one of Mohammed's most noted saints, and in the cemetery near by are the tombs of three of Mohammed's wives, and others of his family. Entering the city again through the east gate, we turned aside not far from the entrance to visit the house where Ana-

nias found Saul and baptized him. Acts ix, 17, 18. The ground floor is now at least ten feet below the present surface of the street, and a Latin chapel occupies a part of the grotto.

On the street Straight is the Greek Cathedral, rebuilt since the massacre and destruction of 1860, when all the Christian quarter was laid in ruins, and thousands of persons were murdered. This portion of the city is not yet fully rebuilt.

At another point a low Roman arch spans the entrance to a bazaar; the sides of the arch have been buried by masses of rubbish, over which houses have been built. Indeed, those who have taken time and trouble to examine the city thoroughly, say that few cities of Syria have more remains of ancient grandeur. They do not stand out, as is apt to be the case in those places where only ruins remain, but are so hidden and covered as seldom to be noticed by the ordinary traveler. In one place from thirty to forty columns stand in their original position, but are imbedded in houses built about them, or hidden behind piles of goods in the bazaars. Antique columns have been occasionally used for rebuilding, and some of the most beautiful are covered with plaster and whitewash.

The Castle occupies the north-western angle of the old city. Its massive towers look formidable, though the interior is scarcely more than a ruin. Its foundations are certainly ancient. Near by are the palace, and barracks

of more recent date. Many soldiers are always gathered here, for Damascus is the head-quarters of the army of Syria.

Damascus, called by the natives es Sham, is one of the most ancient, and is now, as it always has been, one of the most important of Oriental cities. It is the political capital of Syria, and occupies the most beautiful site in the land. It has always been a great commercial emporium. All this marvelous beauty, fertility, and life are derived from its rivers. The Abana, now called the Barada, forces itself down from the mountain and waters all the plain. The river rushes directly through the city, and its branches and canals run in all directions, supplying such an abundance of water that its sound is everywhere heard, and its sparkle is seen at every turn. About eight miles south of the city is a river rising in Hermon, with many branches watering the plain, called the 'Awaj, which probably answers to the Pharpar of antiquity. We scarcely wonder that Naaman asked, "Are not Abana and Pharpar, rivers of Damascus, better than all the waters of Israel?" 2 Kings v, 12. The Damascenes show in all respects an appreciation of the Barada. They throng its banks at eventide. As we would pass out about sunset to our camp it was a common thing to see fifty or a hundred men sitting in rows near a coffee-house on the street running by the river, all smoking and chatting. It has been said that "the Mohammedan came into power with the Koran in one hand and the sword in the other,

and that he will go out of power with the Koran in one hand and the pipe in the other."

June 16. We broke camp early in the morning, but did not leave Damascus until after lunch. We followed the French road out of the city as far as Dummar. All the way we were so well protected by the overhanging trees as scarcely to feel the heat. I observed that our pack train never used the turnpike. While natives must pay heavy toll, all Europeans are allowed to travel upon it free of charge. The ride by *diligence* over this road from Beirut to Damascus and return, winding over and among the Lebanon and Anti-Lebanon ranges, is one of the grandest and most comfortable in the world. It is easily made in about fourteen hours, and can be accomplished by any lady in ordinary health.

Leaving the turnpike at Dummar on the left, we crossed the Sahra amid white chalky cliffs, until, turning again to the left, we struck the Barada at a little village called Bessimah. On the right, through the side of the cliff, is a tunnel, which was once part of an aqueduct that conveyed the waters of 'Ain Fijeh to Damascus. We rode along the left bank of the river amid orchards of figs, apricots, olives, walnuts, etc., etc., which were vocal with the murmur of waters and the songs of birds, our horses now splashing in the stream, and anon mounting over an impending cliff, until we came to the noted fountain 'Ain Fijeh, the chief source of the Barada.

Here we found another wonder. From a cave under

a projection of the mountain a spring bursts up as from a boiling caldron, and with such force as to make a loud report. The body of water is six or eight feet in diameter, and as soon as it leaps from the cave it rushes away, a river thirty feet wide, and three or four feet deep, and rolling like "melted jewels" over a rocky bed for about eighty yards, joins the Barada proper. The remains of massive masonry, which are probably the ruins of an ancient temple, stand on the ledge near the fountain. This spot is a favorite resort of the inhabitants of Damascus, who come out to its cool, quiet shade for a day's excursion. Leaving this wild and beautiful glen we pursued the Valley of the Barada past the villas Dêir Mukurrin, Kefr ez Zeit, and Kefr el 'Awamid, and crossed the river by a bridge, and stopped for the night at Suk Wady Barada.

This village is supposed to be the ancient Abila, or Abilene. Luke iii, 1. It takes its present name, Suk Fair, from the fact that while the inhabitants, who were mostly Christians, were holding a fair in A. D. 634, the Saracens of Damascus came up and massacred them in cold blood, and plundered the town. A little west of the village the Barada cuts the Anti-Lebanon range, the cliffs rising on either side of it to two hundred or three hundred feet. In the sides of the cliffs are old tunnels, formerly aqueducts, which are now used as the common road, and numerous rock-hewn tombs, all of which show traces of the Roman power. Tradition places the tomb



WATERFALL OF THE ABANA.

of Abel in one of these cliffs; but, as we felt now, we could not turn aside, since nothing short of the tomb of Adam could beguile us into a climb which promised so little result.

After getting through the gorge we saw on our left a beautiful water-fall, where the Barada leaps over successive rocks as it comes down from its other source, higher up in the Anti-Lebanons. Near the water-fall are the ruins of two Roman bridges. A few more turns and climbs and we were upon a plain which gradually opens into Wady Zeb, or the Valley of Zebdany, eight miles long and three miles wide, and exceedingly fertile.

The village of Zebdany is embowered in fruit-trees and sweet-brier rose-bushes. It has about three thousand inhabitants. High up on the right, one thousand feet above the valley, is Bludan, the summer retreat of the missionaries of the United Presbyterian Board from Egypt and Damascus. Such sanitariums are indispensable to Europeans and Americans who live and work in Egypt and Syria. The highest peak of the Anti-Lebanons rises behind Bludan, seven thousand feet above the sea. A short distance farther and we entered the Plain of Surghaya, three miles long and one wide, and lunched at the village of the same name situated at its north-east end. The water bubbles out of the ground near by and runs north-west into the Litany. As we were eating, the natives gathered around, as usual, and an old man and a woman had a fierce quarrel. The woman's child broke a

sardine box which we had thrown away and which the old man claimed. He abused the woman, and she, walking toward the village, tongue-lashed him in return at every step. She was a Christian and he a Mohammedan.

We had now reached the water-shed whence the streams flow into the great Plain of Baalbec, and thence by the Litany, or Leontes River, into the Mediterranean. A Roman bridge over Wady Yahfufeh seemed as perfect as the day it was built. I noticed always that the span of the Roman bridge, however small, is much nearer a semicircle than bridges are now made. This may account in part for their greater durability. We encamped for the night on the banks of the Yahfufeh, and although the evening was cool and the water cold, some of us had a refreshing bath.

CHAPTER XXX.

BAALBEC—CEDARS—BEIRUT.

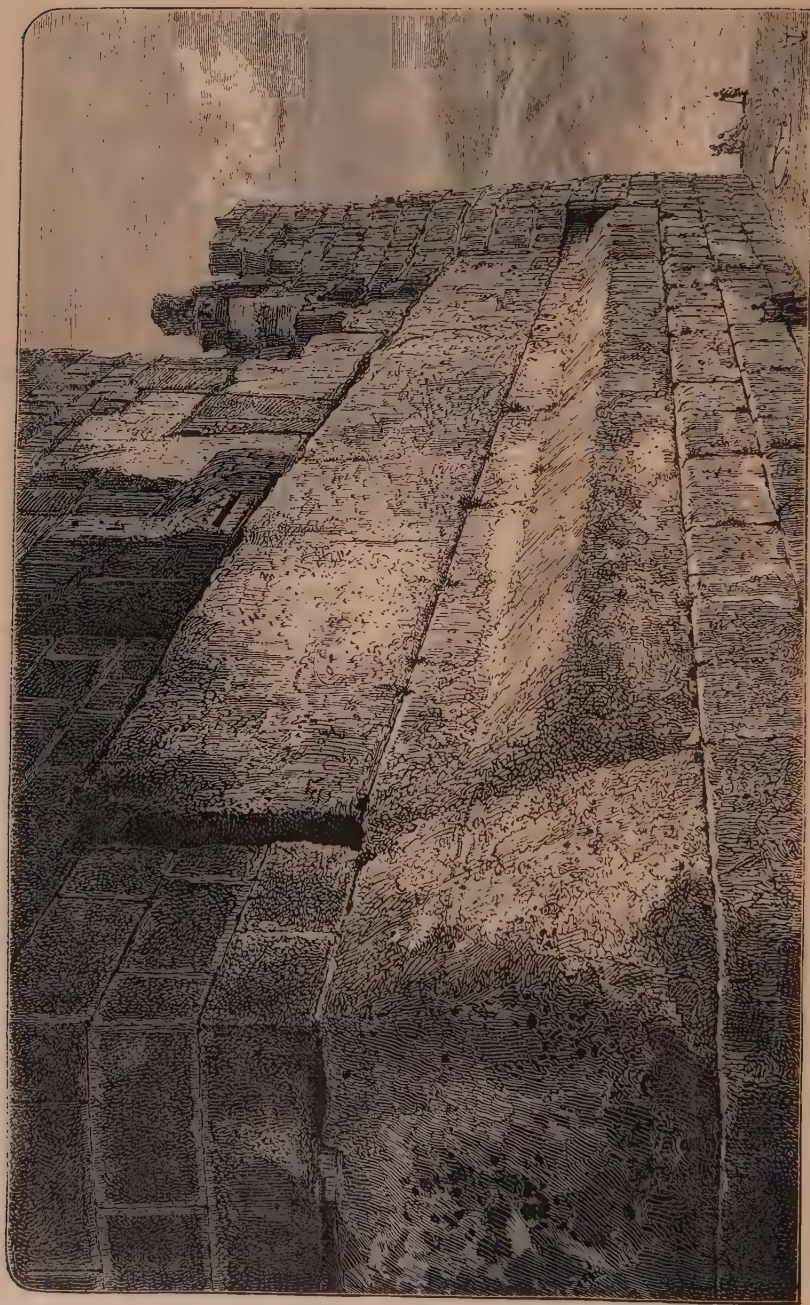
THREE roads lead from Yahfueh to Baalbec. We did not go to the village Neby Shit, and consequently failed to see the Tomb of Seth, from which the village takes its name, but, returning a few hundred yards on the road, ascended the steep cliffs to the north and kept directly along the western spurs of Anti-Lebanon. From these cliffs the Lebanon range rose before us, stretching far away in the distance, its summits covered, and its hollows filled, with snow. The effect of the morning sun upon these mountains, with their sides tinged with green, red, and blue, and their tips capped with snow, while the verdant Valley of the Buka'a lay spread out below, was very fine. The view was grand, and yet beautiful; the reddish color of the sandstone rocks imparting much the same effect as when the forests on our American mountains have put on their autumnal hues.

We were expecting to see the ruins of Baalbec for hours before reaching them; but at length, as we turned round the point of a hill, and descended rapidly into the village, they loomed up before us. Stupendous and grand, they stand in their loneliness, striking mementos of past

greatness; and yet I confess to a feeling of disappointment at the moment, such as is often felt upon a first hasty glance at the Falls of Niagara. Astonishment and admiration, however, increased upon a nearer approach and study.

Without halting in the town, we went immediately to the scene of interest. Winding through narrow and crooked lanes, passing the Circular Temple, and turning abruptly, we entered a dark, arched vault, which is one of three running under the platform of the great court of the Temple of Baal. Emerging from the vault, the mouth of which is so filled with *débris* as scarcely to allow the ingress and egress of horse and rider, we came out into the area of the great court. We took a hurried survey as we sat on our horses, and then went to lunch in the northern corridor of the Temple of Jupiter. We enjoyed a good lunch, and the greater luxury of a feast of art.

The first thing to notice is the magnificent site of this splendid "City of the Sun," between the two Lebanon ranges, and at the head of a great plain. The remains of extensive walls, which inclosed the city, may be readily traced. Here stood temples which, for exquisite beauty and grand proportions combined, have not been equaled anywhere in the world, though the temples of Athens may have been as beautiful, and those of Thebes in Egypt may have exceeded them in size. When and by whom these wonderful structures were built are questions



GREAT STONE WALL OF TEMPLE OF BAAL, AT BAALBEC.

which cannot be satisfactorily answered. The temples are of the purest Grecian art, and though their erection is not mentioned by contemporaneous writers, it was claimed some centuries later that they were erected during the reign of Antoninus Pius, early in the second century. For several reasons this seems probable. Inscriptions found on the pedestals of the great portico of the Temple of Baal prove Baalbec to have been the Heliopolis of the Phenicians, and one of the early writers asserts that the golden image worshiped at Heliopolis in Syria, was brought from Heliopolis in Egypt; so it is natural to suppose that the worship of the sun was common to both countries.

The substructures of the platforms upon which these temples stand are evidently of much greater antiquity than the temples themselves, and are thought to have belonged to the prosperous period of Phenician history. On the western side the platform rises to a height of fifty feet, and in its wall are the great stones which are so celebrated as to rank among the wonders of the world. Many of them are over thirty feet in length, and three of them measure respectively sixty-three feet, sixty-three feet eight inches, and sixty-four feet. They are raised twenty feet from the ground, and there is no means of determining how they were placed in position. Another of these enormous stones is seen in the quarry at the base of the mountains, half a mile distant, where it lies hewn and shaped, but not quite detached from its native

bed. It is even larger than the others—sixty-eight feet long, fourteen feet two inches high, and thirteen feet eleven inches broad. Surely these rival the obelisks of

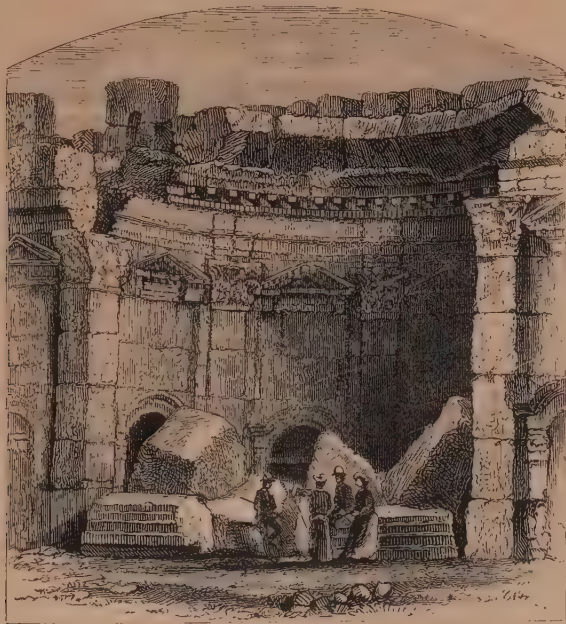


Great Stone in the Quarry.

Egypt. These stones were so accurately cut and placed together that, despite the ordinary ravages of time, and the extraordinarily destructive power of the earthquake, they remain so joined that the seams can scarcely be distinguished. To see this vast mass of masonry to advantage it must be viewed from the outside, so we rode around on horseback—a feat rather difficult to accomplish because of the piles of rubbish, in the shape of broken columns and immense stones, over and around which we must climb.

From the top of the western wall to the front of the great temple the distance is approximately one thousand feet, about the length of the vast temple at Karnak. By

an examination of the successive parts passing from the front to the rear the plan of the original structure may be comprehended. On a high elevation, and facing the east, is a portico one hundred and eighty feet long and thirty-seven feet deep. The steps by which the ascent was made are gone, and only the pedestals of twelve columns remain, but the ornamentation on the back wall and in the wing rooms is still well preserved. Through a triple gate-way we enter an hexagonal court two hundred feet across, on each side of which were rooms and recesses



A Recess of the Great Court.

filled with works of art, with columns in front of each; but all are now in ruins. Thence, through another and broader triple gate-way, we come into the great court, at

quadrangle four hundred and forty feet long and three hundred and seventy feet wide. Upon this court the temple proper opened. In the sides are niches that may have held colossal statues, and recesses of different sizes and shapes, which at a later period were likely chapels and oratories, and are profusely decorated. Some of them are still quite perfect, though all the many columns that adorned the place are prostrate and broken. This great court was undoubtedly at one time used as a Christian church, and was, it is supposed, rebuilt and adorned

by the Emperor Theodosius. Remains of Christian art are seen around.

We next enter the area of the great temple itself, two hundred and ninety feet long, one hundred and sixty wide. Every thing is in ruins, save six Corinthian columns that stand on the south side, still supporting an entablature which, for beauty of design and execution, probably is not excelled in the



Remaining Columns of Great Temple.

world. These noble columns are all that remain of the fifty-four that composed the peristyle. They stand on the same elevation with the portico platform of fifty feet, are

seventy-five feet high, and have a diameter of more than seven feet. The entablature above is about fourteen feet additional. They can be seen for several miles by those approaching from the plain. Incredible as it may seem, the Turks have willfully broken those which have been thrown down to obtain the iron that bound the several parts together, and for centuries Mohammedans have done what they could to deface and destroy the beauties of Baalbec. They built up towers of the ruinous materials, and broke loopholes through the solid walls, so as to make of the temple a fortification.

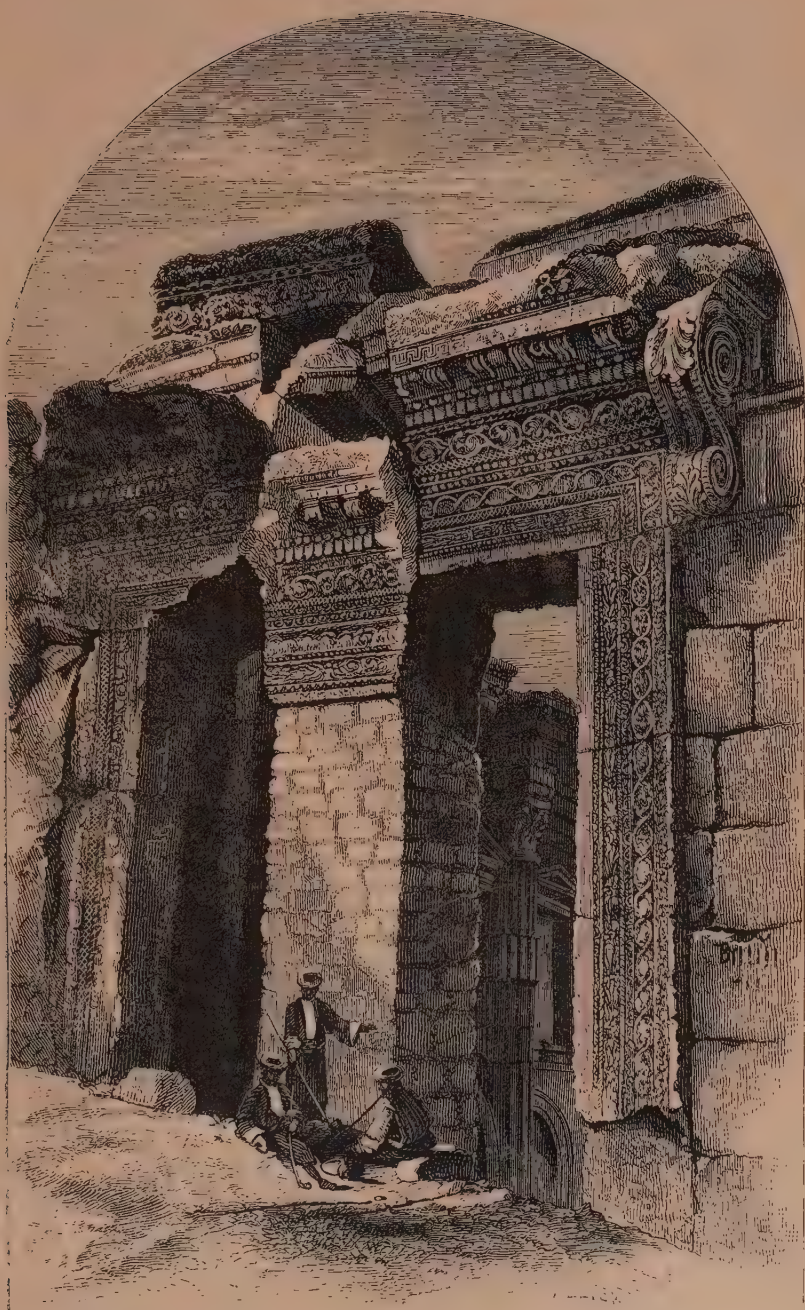
Standing at the western wall and looking through to the entrance at the extreme east the view is very imposing. How grand it must have been when all was in perfection, with unbroken colonnades rising toward the sky, statues of exquisite workmanship in great profusion, stately pavilions, and golden gates! Now, our camp was located in the great court, where the remains are most perfect; our animals were sheltered in the richly sculptured recesses.

Immediately adjoining the great Temple of the Sun, at the south, is the Temple of Jupiter, or Apollo, a smaller temple, and yet larger than the Parthenon at Athens. It measures two hundred and twenty-seven feet by one hundred and seventeen. Most of the columns of the peristyle have fallen, except on the northern side. Those standing are sixty-five feet long and support an entablature of exquisite workmanship. None of the ceiling remains in

position; earthquakes have shattered the most beautiful stones; yet the walls of the *cella* are entire, and the temple as it stands is the most perfect and magnificent ruin in Syria. The door-way is famous for its elaborate carving. Its height is forty-two feet, and its sides are each a single stone, while above are lintel, architrave, frieze, and cornice, richly ornamented. The central part of the lintel has partially fallen, and is now sustained by a pier of masonry built up from the ground.

We entered over heaps of rubbish, through this doorway, into the inclosure. The interior is surrounded with fluted columns, with beautiful Corinthian capitals. Delicately sculptured cupids, vines, fruits, and flowers, mark the position where stood a slightly elevated platform, which was portioned off from the main room. At each side of the great portal are towers, in which are stair-ways leading to the top. To gain admittance it was necessary for us literally to crawl through a low aperture, well-nigh filled with *débris*. We were on the top when the sun went down; the last beams lit up the snowy summits of Lebanon, on which rested a cloud which was thoroughly luminous. On Anti-Lebanon the sun yet shone. The valley spread out north and south as far as the eye could reach. A few hours later I again stood there and looked upon the same landscape under the light of a soft, full moon, in the clear, transparent atmosphere of this charming climate.

On the next day we examined more fully the whole



DOORWAY OF THE TEMPLE OF JUPITER, AT BAALBEC.

of these wonderful ruins. Every stone seemed more than ever a marvel of art, whether taken by itself or in connection with its fellows. The Circular Temple, which seems to have no connection with the others, and stands three hundred yards away, is of the same style of architecture, and, though comparatively small, is equally beautiful. The walls are now greatly shattered, and the domed roof which once covered it has fallen.

At the door of the government house in the village stands a mutilated statue, the pose and drapery of which are very fine. On the outskirts of the town is a dilapidated mosque, once a Christian church; granite and porphyry columns, which must have been brought from Egypt, stand and lie about in profusion. A little distance away, in an open field, is a large fountain, which is one of the sources of the Litany, and which undoubtedly had much to do with the location of the ancient city.

There is a tradition which makes Baalbec identical with Baalath, one of the garrison cities which Solomon built, and where he prepared a house for Pharaoh's daughter, who was his wife. 2 Chron. viii, 6; 1 Kings ix, 18. It bore the name Heliopolis, in the Græco-Syrian period, and, as I have stated, like the Heliopolis of Egypt, was probably devoted to the worship of the sun. Before that era, however, it was probably consecrated to the worship of Baal. Some authorities think it identical with Baal-gad, one of the cities which Joshua gave to Israel for a possession. Josh. xi, 17; xiii, 5. There is

certainly a remarkable similarity in the three names, Baal-gad, Baalath, Bâalbec. As Baal (lord) was applied to the sun by the Syrians, just as Jupiter was by the Greeks, it is easy to see how the original worship was perpetuated, and the Phenician name, Baalbec, changed to the Greek Heliopolis, both signifying City of the Sun.

As to the Plain of Buka'a, I incline to think, with Thomson, that it constituted the "entrance into Hamath," so often spoken of as the northern border of the possessions of the children of Israel. "This shall be your north border: from the great sea ye shall point out for you Mount Hor: from Mount Hor ye shall point out your border unto the entrance of Hamath." Num. xxxiv, 7, 8. Hamath was included in the dominions of Solomon. He built "store cities in Hamath." 2 Chron. viii, 4. By a modern writer this territory has been called the "Granary of Northern Syria." At Riblah, in Hamath, thirty-five miles north-east of Baalbec, Pharaoh-necho made his head-quarters during his attack on Syria, after defeating Josiah at Megiddo.

Before noon the ladies of our party, who had met us here, left, with their dragoman and escort, to intercept the Damascus stage at Stora, by which they returned next day to Beirut. We turned to ascend the Lebanon and visit the Cedars.

Two hours and a half brought us to Deir el Ahmar, on a spur of the Lebanon range. The ride across the plain was monotonous, save once, when we saw standing

alone a tall Corinthian column, from which all inscription has disappeared. It, perhaps, commemorated some Roman victory. I could but think of the vast armies of antiquity which had swept through this plain. For the next hour and a half we were ascending the lower platform of the Lebanon, over a rough road, where grow only low scrubby oaks, hawthorn, and other bushes. The mountains looked bare and smooth under the declining sun as we came to camp on a knoll near the village 'Ain 'Ata. Back of us was a deep ravine, through which runs a little stream that, coming directly from under the snows on Mount Sunnin, dashes on down the mountain in a series of tiny cascades. Some of us bathed in the water, which we found to be ice-cold. To the south lay the beautiful little Lake Yahmuneh.

At the table we had quite a discussion as to whether or not we should give up crossing the mountains with our pack-mules. The villagers reported that no party had crossed this season, and that our train could not get over the snow. To leave the pack-mules behind would oblige us to abandon our descent on the west side, after visiting the Cedars, since we could not go on without tents and supplies.

I said to Areph, "Have you any such word in your vocabulary as 'surrender?'"

He looked at me wonderingly, and rather quizzically, and, turning to our dragoman, asked, "What is the matter with the doctor? Is he sick?"

At length it was decided that we should pay twenty francs to extra men to accompany the muleteers and assist them with the baggage, and that we should go through, according to programme. The night was windy and cold.

June 20, we ascended by the pass very close to the highest summits of Lebanon. We crossed one body of snow, three hundred feet wide, which was hard and crisp under our horses' feet, and we had no trouble; but I heard at night that one of the mules slumped and injured himself, and that the baggage had to be changed several times. One and a half hours brought us to the top of the pass. After gaining the pass we rode aside to the nearest high point, when such a panorama burst upon us as is rarely to be seen. The wind was blowing a gale. For awhile the party debated the propriety of trying to ascend to the highest peak, but most of the company determined to descend directly to the Cedars. Four of us, however, were adventurous enough to follow the ridge of the mountain northward for an hour or more, passing successive peaks, until we reached what seemed to us the highest but one in the range. We thus stood on about the most elevated point in Syria, more than ten thousand feet above the level of the sea. We could look down upon Hermon; we were above the snow and the clouds. All about us was bleak and sterile, except a few little thorny flowers of a delicate pink color. Far below us were the deep glens of the Kadisha River,



CEDARS OF LEBANON.

and, beyond, the surface of the Mediterranean, only a few miles away, lay like a thread along the horizon.

On returning to the pass we found our company had gone on to the Cedars, and the guide was awaiting us. From this point it seemed as if the grove might be reached in a few moments, but we had a toilsome descent of an hour, over a path much rougher than that of the mountain ridge.

The Cedars are situated on a platform or recess, around which tower all the highest peaks of the mountain, some thousands of feet. They stand upon a knoll at the head of the wild gorge of the Kadisha, and there is no other sign of vegetation in the vicinity. As seen from above, the grove appears more remarkable than when it is approached from below. The seeming hollow part of the gorge immediately around the trees is several miles in extent, but the grove itself is not more than a half mile in circumference. About a dozen only of the oldest trees are left, but there are more than four hundred in all. The largest measure about forty feet in girth, and are thought to be several thousand years old. We lunched under the branches of these old patriarchs, and felt something of the hush which comes to the spirit when overshadowed with a sense of the remotest antiquity.

The interest attaching to the Cedars, which attracts so many visitors to this lonely spot, arises from their great age and scriptural associations. 1 Kings v, 6; Ezra iii, 7;



One of the Old Cedars.

Psa. xxix, 4, 5 ; xcii, 12 ; civ, 16 ; Ezek. xxxi, 3-10 ; Amos xi, 9. These trees are not like the American cedar, but more like our pine. The wood is of a whitish, close, and tough texture ; the bark is rough ; the branches extend horizontally, with a gentle upward inclination, and the cone is large and very compact. It was long thought by travelers that this clump contained the only survivors of the ancient historical trees ; but the same

kind have been seen at a few other points on the mountains, though they do not seem so old. The whole region undoubtedly once abounded in them; hence the expression, "shall shake like Lebanon," referring to the rustling of these giant trees when, as a vast forest, they covered the whole mountain.

It was something of a disappointment to find the silence and loneliness of this primeval forest intruded upon by the presence of a little Maronite chapel, whose priest gathers about him many of the shepherds from the neighboring villages. Many branches from the trees have been broken off to give shelter to these men or to kindle their fires. A great variety of birds make their home among the Cedars, some having bright plumage; as we sat around, the grove was full of song.

Upon leaving the Cedars, and descending from the plateau for several hundred feet, the scenery became remarkably picturesque. Our route lay directly across and down the glen of the Kadisha. Crossing to the left bank, our first surprise was the exceeding beauty of the village of B'sheireh, and of the wild but delicately cultivated valley. Green terraces rise one above another; the spindling poplars shoot up into the air; and far, far above, the bare, snow-capped mountain summits rear their heads; while tiny streamlets, leaping from terrace to terrace, form chains of cascades in different directions. Descending farther by one of the roughest paths that a horse's hoof ever touched, we passed directly through the village of Bez'un,

amid the gaze of men, women, and children. As we emerged from the village, and the whole valley lay before us, a landscape was presented, with combinations as numerous and varied as can be found in the Alpine region. A deep gorge to the right, winding on and down the terraced mountain sides; streams and water-falls; trees of divers species; a bold headland in front, resembling a fortress set for the defense and security of the quiet valley; the people in their picturesque costumes; the rocks glowing in rich colors—all bathed in a soft, clear atmosphere—united to form one of the rarest pictures to be found in any country.

M. Van de Velde, writing of Palestine, says: "In no part of the world have I seen such a variety of glorious mountain scenes within so narrow a compass. . . . Here there are woods and mountains, streams and villages, bold rocks and green cultivated fields, land and sea views. Here, in one word, you find all that the eye could desire to behold on this earth." Our observation verified this verdict.

Through these wild recesses of nature, and surrounded by such enchanting scenery, we came in two hours and a half from the Cedars to Hazrun, where, on the hill-side, under some old walnut-trees, our camp was already awaiting us.

At Hazrun we spent the Sabbath, our last Sabbath in camp, and we could hardly have been located in a more lovely spot, or had a more charming day. This

Hazrun was the utmost limit of the Promised Land, as pointed out by Moses: "And the goings forth of the border shall be to Zedad: and the border shall go on to Ziphron, and the goings out of it shall be at Hazar-enan." Num. xxxiv, 8, 9; Ezek. xlvii, 17. The village is wholly Christian, (Maronite.) The Maronites derive their name from one John Maro, who, having become a Monothelite, fled to these mountains about the seventh century, and became the first bishop of the Christians inhabiting them. In the twelfth century they gave in their adhesion to the pope, reserving the right to control their own affairs. They have a patriarch and twelve bishops, besides minor clergy, all of whom are at liberty to marry. As a people, they are remarkable for their industry, economy, simplicity, and bravery. This whole mountain region is studded with their villages, and through the entire district Christianity largely prevails. Each little parish has its church, and there are numerous chapels and monasteries scattered over the hills.

Since the massacre of 1860, at the instance of the allied Governments of Europe, there has been a Christian pasha governing the Lebanon by authority from Constantinople. The whole number of Maronites here and elsewhere in Syria is supposed to be about one hundred and fifty thousand.

We held religious services in our large tent, and had a good sermon from one of our company. Our camp

was surrounded all day long by swarms of children, some of them with fair complexions, and all well behaved. I asked one little girl if she was happy. She said, "No; I have not money enough."

Before dinner some of us walked over into the village. The houses are of stone, very rude, but showing signs of greater thrift and cleanliness than the houses of the Mohammedan Arabs. The women were neatly dressed, in some instances good-looking, and all polite. One young man joined us to show the way. We discouraged his attentions, as we had not backsheesh to give him. After persisting in showing us around, he actually left us without saying "Backsheesh." I do not think I heard the hideous word the whole day. The view from the extreme end of the village is remarkable. Two glens meet just below the town, and a bold rocky spur rises in front and above where they meet. These chasms cannot be less than two thousand feet deep. Every available spot on the hill-sides is utilized, and made green with vines and mulberry-trees. In the evening we enjoyed a magnificent sunset, and could discern the great sea.

Upon leaving Hazrun we were obliged to cross another lofty ridge. From this we looked back into the Kadisha, got our last glimpse of the Cedars, and looked westward toward the sea. At first we distinguished only a speck or two upon the water, which proved to be islands; then a tiny sail; then Tripoli, far out on a narrow strip of

land. Thick clouds were floating over the sea; we could look down upon their upper sides, which were white and fleecy.

In crossing the ridge we went, through mistake, a half hour out of our way. Before striking the road we lunched without shade, and did not find the sun uncomfortable. We had crossed several long snow-drifts, and the air could not fail to be cool in their vicinity. Ascending again toward Jebel Lubeh, a cone-shaped, castellated mountain, we reached a point from which we looked down into the Wady 'Akurah. Then we had a long, steep descent of an hour and a quarter to reach the village of 'Akurah, which stands at the head of the wady, and under a wall of rock nearly a thousand feet high. We arrived before our baggage train, and, stopping under a large walnut-tree, had a lively discussion as to what is known as the walnut-tree in America. Prominently in front of us, and to the south, as we caught the view, stood Mount Sunnin, crowned with snow. There was an avalanche of snow here the previous winter, which buried several houses and killed twenty-three persons.

A ride of three hours the next morning brought us to the Wady Afka, in which is situated the great fountain which is the principal source of the river Adonis—Nahr Ibrahim. This is a spot of strange wildness and rare beauty. The fountain bursts forth from a dark cave about one thousand feet below the summit of Mount

Sunnin. It comes out in great volume, makes two leaps, rushes several hundred yards through a dark ravine shaded by walnut and mulberry-trees, runs under a stone bridge, falls again, then, passing on, makes within a short distance one or two more falls before it reaches its main bed as it flows toward the Mediterranean. Inside the



Cave and Falls of Adonis.

cave is another fall, just where the water rushes out from the rock; thence, whirling around, it runs under a natural bridge, until it makes the first outside fall. On this nat-

ural bridge one can cross to another part of the cave, and walk to the point whence the water issues.

This picturesque spot is fabled as the scene of the loves of Venus and Adonis, and as the place where Adonis was killed by a wild boar; since which time, at certain seasons, the water is said to "run purple to the sea;" this is a fact, because when the river overflows its banks it takes a red tinge from the soil. On an elevation near the falls are the ruins of the Temple of Venus, destroyed by Constantine because of the licentiousness of the place. It covered about one hundred square feet. It is not surprising that a spot so enchanting should be associated with the goddess of love. The legend and worship of Adonis was probably but a continuation of the more ancient fable and worship of Tammuz by the Phenicians alluded to by Jeremiah (xvi, 6) and Ezekiel (viii, 14). The roar of waters, the dashing of spray, the rush of life, the forms of beauty, almost bewitch the senses as with a sort of delicious intoxication. Near by is the unimportant village of Afka.

For several hours we rode round a shoulder of the mountain, looking down into the glen of the river Adonis. In a sheltered nook we passed Neb'a el 'Asal, the "honey fountain," one of the main sources of the Nahr el Kelb, or Dog River. In half an hour we came to the chasm through which flows a stream coming from Neb'a el Leba, the "milk fountain," another source of the same river. At one point this chasm is spanned by a natural bridge,



Natural Bridge.

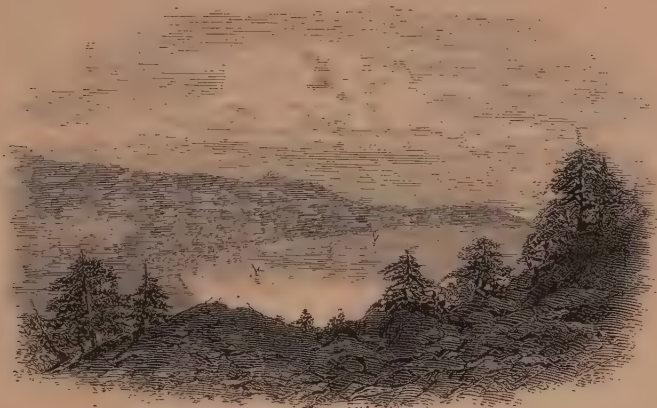
Jisir el Hajr, one of the wonders of Lebanon. Its span is one hundred and sixty-three feet in length and eighty feet in height. It is thirty feet thick above the arch, and the roadway on the

top has a breadth of from one hundred and twenty to one hundred and sixty feet.

At a short distance west of the bridge we encountered a group of ruins called Kula't Fukra. First is a massive tower, probably a tomb; then remains of a temple, the site for which was cut out of the solid rock, the rock forming its sides. In front had been a portico looking east, with Corinthian columns, and on one could be traced a head looking like the ordinary image of Baal. Piles of ruins lay near by, with immense stones, and evidences of an old tower. A farther tedious ride, steep and hard, brought us through the village of Haraya to Meiruba, where our camp was pitched. In this ride we crossed a bridge consisting simply of a few poles laid lengthwise over a chasm, covered with sticks and dirt, a rickety affair indeed.

The descent of the Lebanon now became increasingly precipitous; so steep was the road that no earth could

remain on its bed, which was covered all the way with sharp and rough stones and rocks. Our horses' joints were stiff, and their feet tender. Poor Nablousa was quite lame, and so chary of his steps that it was hard to urge him along. We were cheered, however, by the view of Beirut in the distance. Our irksome and painful rides would soon be at an end.



Distant View of Beirut.

All the way down we passed Maronite villages, showing signs of thrift. One of these was the home of our good and faithful cook. We cheered him lustily as he disappeared among a group of his friends. The hills are well terraced, and planted with abundance of grapes and mulberries. By the way-side are little oratories with rude figures and contribution boxes. I was surprised at the denseness of the population, and the number of conventual establishments.

We turned aside to explore the noted caves which are on Dog River, about six miles from its mouth. The

descent to their immediate vicinity is very steep and slippery. There are three of them. From the first the water rushes out in great volume. A little distance up the ravine is the second, which runs straight under the mountain for a little way, then descends into an abyss of water. Walking on for about fifteen minutes we reached the largest cave, whose entrance is quite concealed by large rocks. Creeping carefully over them, squeezing through a narrow entrance, we let ourselves down about twelve feet, and there was the mouth of the cave. With lights, we went in about a hundred feet, and then, sliding down the slippery sides of the cave to the depth of about twenty feet, we walked back two hundred feet until we came to a point where the river crosses the cave. This is evidently the same stream that flows out at the lower cave; it has been followed up under ground to a great distance even beyond the point where we stood. From the caves we ascended by the steep road over which we had come down, then descending westerly a mile we struck the Dog River again, and thence following the river, we came very soon to the bridge which spans it near its mouth. Riding under an old Roman aqueduct; and half a mile to the north of the river, we turned into camp for the last time in Syria.

The Nahr el Kelb flows into the sea between high projecting cliffs. The rocky ridge on the south bank forms a headland a hundred feet high. Around this high cliff, and overlooking this wild gorge, winds the

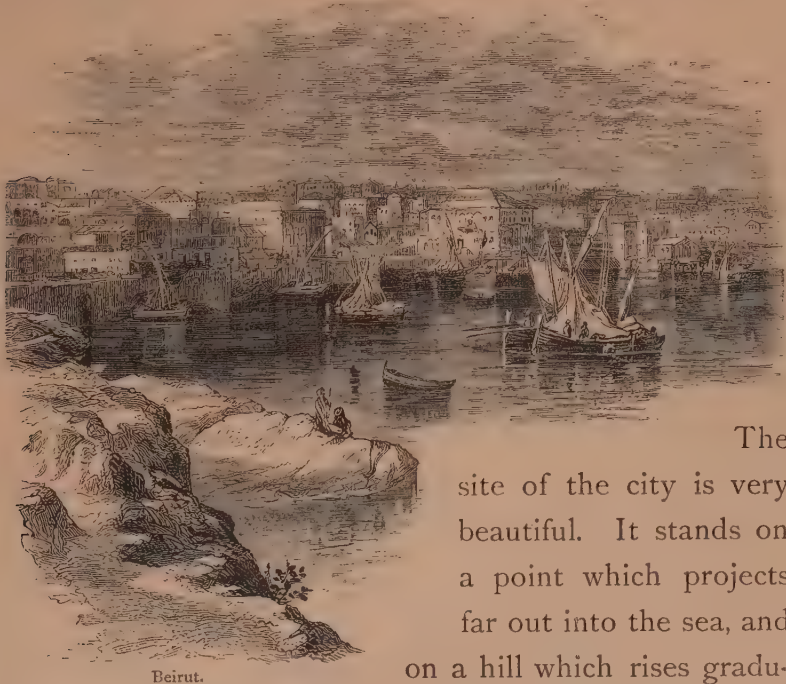
road of the pass, which is cut in the side of the rock. At the summit of the pass is a tablet, nearly perfect, stating the fact that the road was built during the reign of the Emperor Marcus Aurelius Antoninus. There was, however, a much more ancient road, traces of which can be seen, and which can only be ascended on foot. On the smooth faces of rocks on the side of the old road are sculptured tablets, for which the place is specially famous. Here victorious conquerors placed a record, which has endured through many centuries. The Egyptian tablets are said to bear the cartouches of Ramses II., who ruled in the fourteenth century before Christ, and three centuries before David came to his throne. The Assyrian tablets are more numerous, and are thought to have been the work of Sennacherib, though other Assyrian monarchs passed over this route. Just here we are reminded of the speech of Sennacherib, as reported by Isaiah: "By the multitude of my chariots am I come up to the height of the mountains, and to the sides of Lebanon." Isa. xxxvii, 24. Of this place Dr. Thomson says: "It is an assemblage of ancient mementos, to be found nowhere else in a single group, so far as I know. That old road, climbing the rocky pass, along which the Phenician, Egyptian, Persian, Babylonian, Greek, Roman, Frank, Turk, and Arab have marched their countless hosts for four thousand years, has much to tell the student of man's past history, could we but break the seal, and read the long roll of revelations."

The morning ride into Beirut was charming. The view from the bold headland above the river was very grand, embracing the broad expanse of sea, the mountains, and the city. Once down from the pass, our route lay along the sea-shore on a hard, smooth beach around St. George's Bay. The bay derived its name from the traditional spot, still pointed out, where it was supposed St. George slew the dragon that was spreading terror and devastation throughout the land.

Near the shore there were strewn water-pipes, preparatory for the new supply of water from the river. We saw the work in progress—tunnels opened and bridges built. Remains of an old Roman aqueduct, by which water was brought from the same source, may be seen, though in times comparatively recent the solid masonry has been taken apart for building purposes. Amid a stream of busy people, on horse and afoot, we entered the ancient city of Beirut, the commercial capital of Syria.

Beirut is at present the most prosperous town of Syria. It has grown rapidly during the last quarter of a century, and has lost many of the peculiar features of an Oriental town. Within only a few years the wall of the old city has entirely disappeared, streets have been improved, and carriages are used quite freely. To one long shut away from ordinary civilization, the signs of progress seen here are quite welcome, though the various phases of Oriental life never cease to charm and interest. It has

become the center of European trade for this part of the coast and the port of Damascus, and the residence of consular agents from the most important countries of the world, and to this foreign element is owing its rapid growth and great improvements. It is said to have at least eighty thousand inhabitants—about a thousand foreigners. There are narrow, rough streets, and bazaars running under dark arch-ways, and crowded *cafés*; but there are also broad streets, good-sized shops, fine residences, banking houses, warehouses, churches, hospitals, and schools.



The site of the city is very beautiful. It stands on a point which projects far out into the sea, and on a hill which rises gradually back from the coast. It is sheltered by a broad bay, into which vessels from all nations come. The Lebanon

mountains rise on one side, forming a wall of indescribable majesty, the higher peaks perpetually crowned with snow, while in sheltered nooks are many villages where the tillage is carried on by terracing the mountain side. Around the town are fruit-trees and vines, and countless mulberry-trees, which give to the environs an aspect of great verdure and beauty. The place was occupied and probably important under the Phenicians, but historical mention is made of it only two centuries before Christ. It was known as Berytus by the Greeks and Romans, and was very much adorned by some of the Roman emperors, so as to be regarded as the most beautiful city of Phenicia; but its chief renown came from its reputation as a school of learning. During several centuries it was the resort of scholars, some of whom came even from Alexandria and Athens. In the middle of the sixth century, while at the height of its beauty and fame, it was destroyed by an earthquake. Not long afterward Mohammedanism swept over the land. In the twelfth century the Crusaders took the town, and it was held by Christians for about a century and a half, after which it was wrested from them, and became a mere village of little importance.

Beirut has again come to be renowned for its schools of learning. It is now the educational center for Syria. Pupils come from Alexandria, and from far up the Nile, and from the islands of the sea, while Europeans resort thither to study Arabic. The Presbyterian Board of

Missions have had missionaries in this field for forty years, and they have come to be a power in the land. With Beirut for a center, they have important stations, with churches and schools in many of the mountain towns. In the city itself they have a commodious and tasteful Gothic church, with tower and clock; a printing-press, constantly at work publishing Bibles, papers, and books; a flourishing school for girls, in a large, well-arranged building, conducted by three American ladies; and they have recently erected, through the liberality of English and American friends, fine college buildings on one of the most desirable locations in the suburbs. To get possession of the land required time and tact, for it was in the hands of many petty owners, who would have refused to sell, or asked exorbitant prices, could they have known for what it was to be used.

The literary and medical departments of the college have separate buildings, which would be a credit to any institution, and the grounds, when graded and laid out, will be very ample and tasteful. The professors are very superior and cultivated men, and devoted to their work. The institution and its adjunct schools are making a grand impression. Their influence is extending through all Syria. Youths have gone out and are going out hence who must draw attention more and more to the worth of that vital Christianity which has planted them. As we rode into the grounds a group of as good-looking young men (natives) greeted us as can be found at any college.

Some English ladies have a school for native girls, which is doing a good work. The Prussian deaconesses also have a large school, where are gathered native orphan girls, and where foreigners may receive a good education. The Catholics, too, have their institutions. While visiting the school of the American ladies the girls sang for us very sweetly, in Arabic, "Jesus, lover of my soul." A difficulty in inducing and retaining girls in these schools is not only the prejudice against female education among the Mohammedans, but also the early age at which the girls are given in marriage among them. Think of a woman a grandmother at twenty! of another who takes her dolls for amusement on her bridal tour! The prejudices of the upper classes, however, are giving way. As showing this, and also the sacredness with which the veil is still regarded, I give the following incident: A pasha recently intrusted his daughter to the Prussian deaconesses' school, with the strict injunction that no man should ever see her face. On one occasion a gentleman, whose business it was to inspect the school, entered without the customary notice; this girl was at the moment unveiled. The poor creature shrieked, trembled, and swooned away, and it required a long time to restore and quiet her.

The Anglo-American congregation, with whom it was my pleasure to worship one morning, is not nearly so large as the native congregation. The appearance of this native congregation is very pleasing. The women

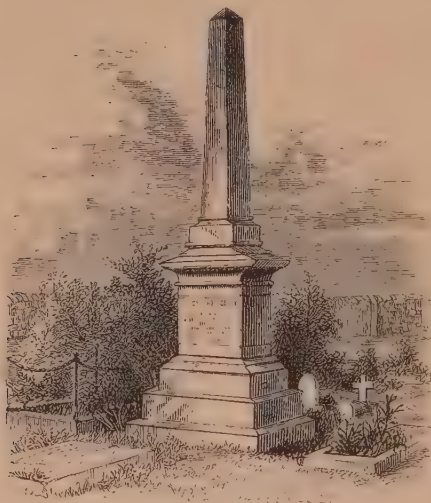
wear thin white or light silk dresses, deck their hair with bright ribbons or flowers, and throw over the head a white lace veil. When the church was first built a partition wall separated the men from the women. When some of the native male members proposed taking it down, as unsuited to the genius of Christianity, the missionary in charge hesitated to accede to the proposal, lest this might be an added objection to the very class whom they desired to attend the services. The wall, however, soon afterward disappeared.

The hotels of Beirut have more comfortable appointments than any others we met in the land. Nothing could be more pleasant than to sit upon the front balcony of Hotel Bellevue and to look out upon the broad Mediterranean, and watch the clouds while the setting sun gilded the Lebanon range. On one occasion while there Mrs. Ridgaway saw off near the horizon a water-spout; soon afterward a very heavy storm broke over the land, and mud was washed down from the streets in sufficient quantities to discolor the water for some distance. The atmosphere was immediately warmer.

The variety of languages spoken here is greater than at any other point. Sometimes a remark at table will be translated into several languages, so as to be understood by different persons near the speaker. Mrs. Ridgaway became acquainted with the young daughter of Mr. Vongopoulos, the proprietor of Hotel Bellevue, who was being educated at the Prussian school. She spoke Greek, be-

cause it was her native tongue ; Arabic, because all about her used it ; French, because it was the language of the school. With English and German she did not feel so familiar, but talked easily and correctly. She performed well on the piano, and played classical music, though regretting the want of opportunities for culture.

I took an early opportunity, after entering Beirut, to visit the grave of Bishop Kingsley. As a bishop of the Methodist Episcopal Church, he was making a tour of the world in order to visit the foreign missions of the Church. On reaching Beirut overland from Jerusalem, he died very suddenly April 6, 1870. It was decided by his friends that his grave should remain in the land where he had



Kingsley's Monument.

fallen. We found it in a small German cemetery out on the French road. The inclosure contains a few well-kept graves, has a substantial wall with arched gate-way, and is carefully guarded. The granite monument prepared in America had not yet arrived. There was a rumor that it had

been lost at sea, but, fortunately, this was not true. It has since reached its destination, and been placed in position. Coke, the first bishop of American Methodism, and

the founder of Methodist missions, made his grave in the sea on his way to India; Kingsley, a later bishop, found his on the land—the Land of Promise—after visiting the Oriental missions of American Methodism.

We found that from Beirut we could conveniently ship goods directly to Liverpool, so we gathered together the mementos of these months spent in Egypt and the Holy Land, and all superfluous articles, such as might be no longer needed, and filled a box with odds and ends of very little intrinsic value, but such as were prized for their associations. A tedious red-tape routine had to be gone through before the box could be safely got on board the freight ship, and I was obliged to hasten from this ship to join my companions, who were already on board the steamer *Aurora*, of the Austrian Lloyd line, bound for Constantinople.

We sailed soon after seven in the evening; the twilight yet lingered, and the day was still bright as we bade adieu to Syria, with mingled feelings of thankfulness and regret. The journey of journeys, the most arduous, the most perilous, the most instructive and romantic of life, was ended.

We had traveled from one end of the Bible Land to the other, well-nigh two thousand miles, on camel and on horse—much of the time among comparative savages, and far away from ordinary human habitations, yet all the while with a feeling of safety and contentment—and now had come to the consummation of our plans

with increased bodily vigor, and with mind and heart enriched.

The noble steamer glided swiftly out to sea, and the beautiful city faded in the distance. As we sat on the upper deck, aft, watching the shore, a bright light appeared over the tops of the Lebanon, and suddenly the moon rose, full-orbed, and cast across the distance a long line of beams, which sparkled upon the water. She seemed to say, in her queenly beauty, Farewell! Farewell, our hearts responded, to the Lord's Land, the land of all lands!



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THE END.

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GLOSSARY OF ARABIC TERMS.

Aba—Outer garment for men.

'*Ain*, pl. *Ayin*—Fountain.

Arabah—Desert.

Bab—Gate.

Beit—House.

Bir, pl. *Birjâh*—Well.

Birket—Pool.

Deir—Convent.

El, ed, en, er, es, esh, ez—(el Me-dineh) the city.

Elah—Oak, Terebinth.

Fellahin—Cultivators of the soil.

Gibeah—High hill.

Haj—Caravan.

Howadji—Gentleman, traveler.

Izâr—Outer garment for women.

Jebel, Ghebel—Mountain.

Khan—Caravansary, inn.

Kubbet—Dome.

Maghârah—Cave.

Merj—Plain.

Mesjid—Sacred inclosure.

Mia—Water.

Nagb—Pass.

Nahr—River.

Neb'a—Large fountain.

Nebi—Tomb.

Neby—Prophet.

Piaster—A small coin of copper or silver.

Ras—Head, cape.

Sîk—Narrow pass through rocks.

Sûk—A market or fair.

Tell—Hill or mound.

Wady—Valley.

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